

248 PAGES

RAMPA

The Years Of Milk and Tar

**Two Complete
and
Corrected Books:
Feeding The Flame
and
The 13th Candle**

Introduction by Tim Swartz

Prelude by William Kern

Lobsang Rampa

Now it was evening, and Eva said, "It is a glorious day for your spirit has come to me and spoken."

And he answered, "Was it I who spoke only? Did I not also listen?"

Then the Avatar descended the steps to the river Lethe and all his comrades and friends followed him.

And he reached his ship and stood upon the deck, and facing the friends again, he raised his voice and said: "People of Earth, the wind bids me leave you. Less hasty am I than the wind, yet I must go. We wanderers, ever seeking the lonelier way, begin no day where we have ended another day; and no sunrise finds us where sunset left us. Even while the earth sleeps we travel. We are the seeds of the tenacious plant, and it is in our ripeness and our fullness of heart that we are given to the wind and are scattered.

"My days among you were brief, and briefer still the words I have spoken. But should my voice fade in your ears, and my love vanish in your memory, then I will come again, and with a richer heart and lips more yielding to the spirit will I speak. Yes, I shall return with the tide, and though death may hide me, and the greater silence enfold me, yet again will I seek your under standing.

"I go with the wind, friends of Earth, but not down into emptiness; and if this day is not a fulfillment of your needs and my love, then let it be a promise 'til another day. Know, therefore, that from the great silence I shall return.

"The mist that drifts away at dawn, leaving but dew in the fields, shall rise and gather into a cloud and fall as rain, and not unlike the mist have I been. In the stillness of the night I have walked in your streets, and my spirit has entered your houses, and your heart-beats were in my heart, and your breath was upon my face, and I knew you all.

"Aye, I knew your joy and your pain, and in your sleep your dreams were my dreams, and oftentimes I was among you as a lake among the mountains. I mirrored the summits in you and the bending slopes, and even the passing flocks of your thoughts and your desires. And to my silence came the laughter of your childhood, and the longing of your youth. And when they reached my depth the streams and the rivers were singing still.

"But sweeter still than laughter and greater than all longing, you, my love, are boundless in me, and in beholding all these things of Earth I beheld you and loved you. For what distances can love reach that are not in that vast sphere? What visions, what expectations and what presumptions can outsoar that flight?

"And though this heavy-grounded ship awaits the tide upon these shores, yet, even like an ocean, we can neither hasten our tides nor wish them away.

THE YEARS OF MILK AND TAR

Lobsang Rampa

Featuring Two Complete and Corrected Books:

Feeding The Flame and The Thirteenth Candle

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EXAMINING THE STRANGE WORLD OF DR. T. LOBSANG RAMPA

by Tim Swartz

It was a time when people were questioning their beliefs. Christianity and organized religion seemed stagnant and out of touch with a new generation who were seeking spiritual truths rather than undefined platitudes. People were seeking answers, but no one knew what the question was.

The time was ripe for a new beginning, and from the other side of the world a fresh breeze was blowing that would herald in a new age of understanding for teachings that were thousands of years old, but offered a new hope for those who were looking for ultimate truth.

In 1956 *The Third Eye* hit the stands with an amazing story that was allegedly the autobiography of a young Tibetan noble, Tuesday Lobsang Rampa, who, at the age of seven was sent to the Chakpori medical lamasery. *The Third Eye* details Rampa's early life at Chakpori where he was taught the secrets of Tibetan religion and the mystical arts. Rampa's own psychic abilities were helped to develop when he underwent an operation of the third eye, in which a hole was drilled in his forehead. This dangerous procedure opened a closed up part of the brain to the energies of the universe, releasing its potential and enabling it to grow beyond the boundaries of physical reality.

The Third Eye was an almost instant success. In the first year it sold over 60,000 copies and was translated into German, French and Norwegian. Even though skeptics universally panned the book, the public was eager to read about the exotic secrets of Tibet and the ancient ways of Eastern philosophy and religion.

In the 1950s Tibet was in the headlines due to the Chinese invasion of Eastern Tibet in 1949, and their total annexation of the country in 1951. Before that time little was known about the Himalayan country, its people and their beliefs. But as

people fled before the Chinese occupation, they brought with them their rich customs which fanned the flames of interest in the West about anything Tibetan.

A WORLD IN TURMOIL

The release of *The Third Eye* could not have come at a more perfect time. World War Two was still fresh in the minds of Europeans who had borne the brunt of the worst that humankind could perpetuate upon itself. The Church offered little solace to those who survived and were left to wonder how a God who was supposed to be watching out for the world could allow such horrible things to happen. It seemed as if everything that people had been brought up to believe in, to trust, had let them down. Governments, leaders, the Church, had done nothing to stop the horrors of war, and in fact appeared to embrace the evil with no regard to those who would suffer the most.

People were disillusioned with authority. The Church preached “have faith,” but could really offer no other answers to why the world was as it was. In fact, the Church blamed the victims on why bad things happen. “All men are born with original sin” said the Ministers. “It does not matter how good you are or how many good and unselfish deeds you do; you are born a sinner and will die a sinner.” This is hardly inspirational words to those who are seeking real answers.

The Third Eye, however, revealed a whole new world to those seekers. It offered a spiritual and philosophical system that resonated in a way that Christianity and Western ideals did not.

Even more appealing, it offered an easy access point for those Western minds dulled by years of materialism and instant gratification that might not have been able to grasp the intricacies of Eastern mysticism.

The Third Eye allowed a whole new generation to learn that there is more to this world, this universe, than had been taught to them by modern science and traditional Christianity. It started a new movement of understanding that is still with us today. All thanks to one controversial writer.

CONTROVERSY

It was not long before controversy embroiled the Rampa movement. Perhaps due to *The Third Eyes* popularity, there were those who felt it was their duty to bring down the growing movement before it threatened the Church and possibly political systems. A group of scholars living in Britain were certain that Rampa was a fraud, so they hired a detective by the name of Clifford Burgess to determine the validity of Rampa’s tale. It is now known that this effort was financed by a group representing not only the Church of England, but also high level British Government officials who were worried that interest in Eastern religions would

undermine democracy in the Western world.

Clifford Burgess discovered that T. Lobsang Rampa had never been to Tibet, nor had he ever had any operation done to his forehead. Instead Rampa was actually Cyril Henry Hoskins, born in Devon, England, and son of a plumber named Joseph Henry Hopkins.

When the press confronted Hoskins with this revelation, Hoskins freely admitted that he had never “physically” been to Tibet. In reply to his critics, Rampa stated: “The Third Eye is absolutely true and all that I write in that book is fact. I, a Tibetan lama, now occupy what was originally the body of a Western man, and I occupy it to the permanent and total exclusion of the former occupant. He gave his willing consent, being glad to escape from life on this earth in view of my urgent need. One should not place too much credence in ‘experts’ or ‘Tibetan Scholars’ when it is seen how one ‘expert’ contradicts the other, when they cannot agree on what is right and what is wrong, and after all how many of those ‘Tibetan scholars’ have entered a lamasery at the age of seven, and worked all the way through the life as a Tibetan, and then taken over the body of a Westerner? I HAVE.”

The public, however, continued to believe in Rampa and to buy his books. Rampa’s subsequent books give more details of experiences which he encountered after the period covered by *The Third Eye*. He included stories about Chinese atrocities against Tibetan monks and lamas, ancient civilizations, encounters with the Yeti, gilded mummies of an extraterrestrial super race, and hidden cities deep within lost caverns. What makes Rampa’s books especially popular is his practical esoteric teachings from which the ordinary person can learn and develop spiritually.

In his later books, Rampa even wrote about UFOs and life on other planets. Two controversial books are *My Visit to Venus*, originally published by Gray Barker, and *My Visit to Agharta*, published by Inner Light Publications. Both of these books have been criticized by Rampa’s followers who are unaware of his interest in UFOs and extraterrestrials. However, those familiar with his later writings are certain that both books were written by him, but were possibly withheld from publication due to their controversial nature. Only by reading the books can the reader make the judgment for themselves.

Truth is, very few of the Rampa books were ever made available in the U.S.; with several exceptions the majority of them were printed and distributed solely in the U.K. where Rampa made his home most of his life. Now deceased for well over a decade his works have been largely ignored by an entirely new generation of metaphysically and occult minded readers. It was only through the foresight of William Kern at Kerson Publishing Company that a decision was made to bring a few of Rampa’s most controversial works to this “side of the pond” so that

open minded readers might tackle the ideas that the lama put forth.

These initial works included, ***Between Two Worlds***, featuring “The Third Eye” and “Doctor From Lhasa;” ***World Of Illusions*** featuring “The Rampa Story” and “Cave of the Ancients;” ***Secrets of the Ages*** featuring “Living With the Lama” and “The Saffron Robe;” ***The Arrow of Time*** featuring “Candlelight” and “Twilight;” and ***Time in the Stone*** featuring “The Hermit” and “The Tibetan Sage.”

In keeping with Rampa’s traditional values and to quell a continued thirst for more of his books, we feel it is time to shed more light onto a darkening world with the release of **WISDOM OF THE MASTERS** featuring “You Forever” and “Wisdom of the Ancients;” and **THE BOOK OF LIFE**, featuring “Chapters of Life” and “Beyond The Tenth,” concerning subjects few dared to tackle in his lifetime.

Publisher Kern has promised reissue other of Rampa’s earlier works if there is sufficient demand for this catalog of information.

“Hopefully,” says Kern, “these composite books will start a new trend and there will be a clarion call to bring Rampa’s works back into print. Perhaps this will start a new movement of spiritual seekers eager to move away from the world where terrorism, first strike initiatives, end time fanatics, global pollution and rampant materialism has replaced the inner peace and harmony that Rampa saw as our birthright.”

We can say with almost certainty that Rampa’s works are ageless and his wisdom is needed now more than ever. He saw a New Age emerging, and perhaps we can still promote his vision of a Brave New World.

COMPILER'S NOTE: Two of Rampa's books are contained in this single volume. The texts were carefully proofed to correct a number of scanning and editing errors which have been found in all editions of the books that were republished after the originals went out of print. Duplicated paragraphs, sentences and paragraphs that were misplaced, and spelling errors have been corrected to provide today's interested readers with the most compete and accurate editions of Rampa's books that it is possible to produce.

We will continue to proof and correct earlier editions of Rampa's books and hope to produce all of them by the end of 2015.

William Kern-DBA: Kerson Publishing Company

PRELUDE

Who can separate their faith from their actions, or their belief from their occupations?

Who can spread their hours before them, saying, "This for my love and this for myself; this for my spirit and this other for my body"?

All your hours and days and years are but wings that beat through space and time from one self to another.

Whosoever wears their mortality as their best garment were better naked, for the wind and the sun will tear no holes in their skin.

And whosoever defines their conduct by ethics imprisons their song-bird in a cage, for the freest song comes not through bars and wires.

In reverie you cannot rise above your achievements nor fall lower than your failures. In adoration you cannot fly higher than your hopes nor humble yourself lower than your despair. And if you would know Peace, be not a solver of riddles.

Rather look about you and you shall see your love running and laughing with the children. Look into space; you shall see him hovering in the cloud, outstretching his arms in the lightning and descending in rain. You shall see him smiling in flowers, then rising and waving his hands in trees.

You would know the secret of death? But how shall you find it unless you seek it in the heart of life?

The owl whose night-bound eyes are blind unto the day cannot unveil the mystery of light. If you would indeed behold the spirit of death, open your heart wide unto the body of life, for life and death are one, even as the river and the sea are one.

In the depth of your hopes and desires lies your silent knowledge of the

beyond; and like seeds dreaming beneath the snow your heart dreams of spring.

Trust the dreams, for in the dreams is hidden the gate to eternity.

What is it to die but to stand naked in the wind and to melt into the sun? And what is it to cease breathing but to free the breath from its restless tides, that it may rise and expand and seek Joy unencumbered?

Only when you drink from the river of silence shall you indeed sing, and when you have reached the mountain top, then you shall begin to climb, and when the earth shall claim your limbs, then shall you truly dance.

Now it was evening, and Eva said, "It is a glorious day for your spirit has come to me and spoken."

And he answered, "Was it I who spoke only? Did I not also listen?"

Then the Avatar descended the steps to the river Lethe and all his comrades and friends followed him.

And he reached his ship and stood upon the deck, and facing the friends again, he raised his voice and said: "People of Earth, the wind bids me leave you. Less hasty am I than the wind, yet I must go. We wanderers, ever seeking the lonelier way, begin no day where we have ended another day; and no sunrise finds us where sunset left us. Even while the earth sleeps we travel. We are the seeds of the tenacious plant, and it is in our ripeness and our fullness of heart that we are given to the wind and are scattered.

"My days among you were brief, and briefer still the words I have spoken. But should my voice fade in your ears, and my love vanish in your memory, then I will come again, and with a richer heart and lips more yielding to the spirit will I speak. Yes, I shall return with the tide, and though death may hide me, and the greater silence enfold me, yet again will I seek your understanding.

"I go with the wind, friends of Earth, but not down into emptiness; and if this day is not a fulfillment of your needs and my love, then let it be a promise 'til another day. Know, therefore, that from the great silence I shall return.

"The mist that drifts away at dawn, leaving but dew in the fields, shall rise and gather into a cloud and fall as rain, and not unlike the mist have I been. In the stillness of the night I have walked in your streets, and my spirit has entered your houses, and your heart-beats were in my heart, and your breath was upon my face, and I knew you all.

"Aye, I knew your joy and your pain, and in your sleep your dreams were my dreams, and oftentimes I was among you as a lake among the mountains. I mirrored the summits in you and the bending slopes, and even the passing flocks

of your thoughts and your desires. And to my silence came the laughter of your childhood, and the longing of your youth. And when they reached my depth the streams and the rivers were singing still.

“But sweeter still than laughter and greater than all longing, you, my love, are boundless in me, and in beholding all these things of Earth I beheld you and loved you. For what distances can love reach that are not in that vast sphere? What visions, what expectations and what presumptions can outsoar that flight?

“And though this heavy-grounded ship awaits the tide upon these shores, yet, even like an ocean, we can neither hasten our tides nor wish them away. And like the seasons we are also, and though in our winter we deny our spring, yet spring, reposing within, smiles in her drowsiness and is not offended.

Think not I say these things in order that you may say the one to the other, “He praised us well. He saw but the good in us.”

“I only speak to you in words of that which you yourselves know in thought.

“I have found that which is greater than wisdom. It is a flame spirit in you ever gathering more of itself, while you, heedless of its expansion, bewail the withering of your days. It is life in quest of life in bodies that fear the grave.

“But, my darling rosebud, there are no graves on that distant shore. These mountains and plains are a cradle and a stepping-stone. Whenever you pass by the field where you have laid your ancestors look well thereupon, and you shall see yourselves and your children dancing hand in hand with your mother and father.

“Less than a promise have I given, perhaps, and yet more generous have you been to me. You have given me my deeper thirsting after life.

“Surely there is no greater gift to a man than that which turns all his aims into reality and all life into a fountain. And in this lies my honour and my reward,— That whenever I come to the fountain to drink I find the living water itself thirsty; And it drinks me while I drink it.

“You are not enclosed within your bodies, nor confined to houses or fields. That which is you dwells above the mountain and roves with the wind. It is not a thing that crawls into the sun for warmth or digs holes into darkness for safety, but a thing free, a spirit that envelops the earth and moves in the ether.

“If these be vague words, then seek not to clear them. Vague and nebulous is the beginning of all things, but not their end, and I would have you remember me as a beginning. Life, and all that lives, is conceived in the mist and not in the crystal. And who knows but a crystal is mist in decay?

“This would I have you remember in remembering me:

“That which seems most gentle and bewildered in you is the strongest and most determined. Is it not your breath that has erected and hardened the structure of your bones? And is it not a dream which none of you remember having dreamt, that built your city and fashioned all there is in it? Could you but see the tides of that breath you would cease to see all else, and if you could hear the whispering of the dream you would hear no other sound.

“But you do not see, nor do you hear, and it is well. The veil that clouds your eyes shall be lifted by the hands that wove it, and the clay that fills your ears shall be pierced by those fingers that kneaded it.

“And one day you shall see. And one day you shall hear.

“Yet you shall not deplore having known blindness, nor regret having been deaf. For in that day you shall know the hidden purposes in all things, and you shall bless darkness as you would bless the light.”

After saying these things the Avatar looked about him, and he saw Charon, the pilot of his ship, standing by the helm and gazing now at the billowing sails and now at the distance.

And he said:

“Ah, patient, over patient, is the captain of my ship. The wind blows, and the sails are restless; even the rudder begs direction; yet quietly my captain awaits my silence. And these my mariners, who have heard the choir of the greater sea, they too have heard me patiently. Now they shall wait no longer. I am ready.

“The river has reached the sea, and once more the great mother holds her son against her breast. Fare you well, people of Earth. This day has ended. It is closing upon us even as the water-lily upon its own tomorrow. What was given us here we shall keep, and if it suffices not, then again must we come together and together stretch our hands unto the giver. Forget not that I shall come back to you.

“A little while, and my longing shall gather dust and foam for another body. A little while, my darling rosebud, a little while longer; a moment of rest upon the wind, and another woman shall bear me.

“Farewell to you and the youth I have spent with you. It was but yesterday we met in a dream. You have sung to me in my aloneness, and I of your longings have built a tower in the sky. But now our sleep has fled and our dream is over, and it is no longer dawn. The noontide is upon us and our half waking has turned to fuller day, and we must part. If in the twilight of memory we should meet once more, we shall speak again together and you shall sing to me a sweeter song. And

if our hands should meet in another dream we shall build another tower in the sky.

“Kiss me now as I go so that when I awaken on that far shore, I will remember what lulled me so gently to sleep: the touch of your lips on mine.”

So saying he made a signal to the seamen, and straightaway they weighed anchor and cast the ship from its moorings, and they moved eastward. And a cry came from the comrades and friends as from a single heart, and it rose into the dusk and was carried out over the sea like a great chorus.

Only Eva was silent, gazing after the ship until it had vanished into the mist. And when all the people had gone, she stood alone upon the sea-wall, remembering in her heart his saying: “A little while, my darling rosebud, a little while longer; a moment of rest upon the wind, and another woman shall bear me.”

As Dr. Lobsang Rampa lay, desperately ill, in a Canadian hospital, he looked up with pleasure to see his old friend and mentor, the Lama Mingyar Dondup, standing by his bedside. But it was with some dismay that he listened to the message that the Golden Figure had brought.

Lobsang Rampa's work on this plane was not, as he thought, completed; he had to write another book, his eleventh, for there was still more of the mystic truth to be revealed to the world.

Here then is that book. Feeding the Flame is mainly concerned with answering some of the any questions which Dr. Rampa's readers have put to him over the years. It covers such subjects as Life after Death, Suicide, Meditation and Quija Boards, and includes many invaluable observations on the modern world. Dr. Rampa's many admirers will be delighted that, despite the pain and suffering of his illness, he has been spared to write this fascinating and inspiring book.

FEEDING THE FLAME

It saves a lot of letters if I tell you why I have a certain title; it is said, 'It is better to light a candle than to curse the darkness.'

In my first ten books I have tried to light a candle, or possibly two. In this book, I am trying to Feed the Flame.

RACE OF TAN

Copper is this man,

A man of daytime white,

Yellow is that man,

And one of dark night. . .

The four main colours,

All known as Man,

Tomorrow's unity will come

Forming the Race of Tan.

Poem by W. A. de Munnik of Edmonton, Alberta.



THE YEARS OF MILK AND TAR

CHAPTER ONE

The more you know the more you have to learn. The letter was short, sharp, and very much to the point.

'Sir,' it said, 'why do you waste so much paper in your books; who likes to read these pretty-pretty descriptions of Tibet? Tell us instead how to win the Irish Sweepstake'. The second one followed the theme very well. 'Dear Dr. Rampa' wrote this brash young person, 'Why do you waste so much time writing about the NEXT life? Why not tell us how to make money in this one? I want to know how to make money now. I want to know how to make girls do what I want now. Never mind the next life, I'm still trying to live this one.'

The Old Man put down the letter and sat back shaking his head sadly. 'I can write only in my own way,' he said, 'I am writing TRUTH, not fiction, so . . .'

Fog lay heavy on the river. Trailing tendrils swirled and billowed, redolent of sewage and garlic it swept yellow feelers like a living creature seeking entry to any habitation. From the invisible water came the urgent hoot of a tug, followed by furious yells in the French-Canadian patois.

Overhead a dark red sun struggled to pierce the odorous gloom. The Old Man sitting in his wheelchair peered disgustedly around at the clammy building. Water dripped mournfully from some moldering concrete wall. A vagrant breeze added a new dimension to the world of smells conjured up by the fog - decaying fish-heads. 'Pah!' muttered the Old Man, 'What a crummy dump!' With that profound thought, he propelled his chair back into the apartment and hastily closed the door.

The letter thumped through the letter-box. The Old Man opened it and snorted. 'No water tonight,' he said, 'no heat either.' Then, as an afterthought, 'and it says that for some hours there will be no electricity because some pipe or something has burst.'

'Write another book' said the People on the Other Side of Life. So the Old Man and Family Old Man went off in search of quiet. Quiet? Blaring radios, rumbling hi-fi's, and yowling children shrieking through the place. Quiet? Gaping sightseers peering in

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through windows, banging on doors, demanding answers to stupid questions.

A dump where quiet is not, a pad where nothing is done without immense effort. A pipe leaks, one reports it. Much later a plumber arrives to see it himself. He reports it to his superior, the Building Superintendent. HE comes to see it before reporting it to 'the Office'. 'The Office' reports it to his Superior. He gets on the telephone, a conference is held. Much later a decision is reached. Back it comes from 'Montreal Office' to the Superior who tells the Building Superintendent who tells the plumber who tells the tenant that 'Next week, if we have time, we will do it'

'A crummy dump' is how one person described it. The Old Man had no such delicate way of describing the place. Actions speak louder than words; long before his tenancy expired the Old Man and Family left, before they died in such squalid surroundings. With joy they returned to the City of Saint John and there, because of the strains and stresses in Montreal, the Old Man's condition rapidly worsened until, very late at night, there was an urgent call for an ambulance, hospital . . .

The gentle snow came sliding down like thoughts falling from the heavens. A light dusting of white gave the illusion of frosting on a Christmas cake. Outside, the stained glass window of the cathedral gleamed through the darkness and shed vivid greens and reds and yellows on the falling snow. Faintly came the sounds of the organ and the sonorous chant of human voices. Louder, from right beneath the window, came the music of a tomcat ardently singing of his Love.

The hiss of braking tires on the snow-clad road, the metallic clang of car doors slamming and the shuffle of over-shoe-clad feet. A fresh congregation filing in to the evening service. Muttered greetings as old friends met, and passed. The solitary tolling of a tenor bell exhorting the tardy to hurry. Silence save for the muted buzz of distant traffic in the city. Silence save for the amorous tomcat singing his song, pausing for a reply, and commencing all over again. Through a broken pane of the cathedral window, smashed by a teenage vandal, came a glimpse of the robed priest in solemn procession, followed by swaying, jostling choir boys singing and giggling at the same time. The sound of the organ swelled and diminished. Soon came the drone of a solitary voice intoning ancient prayers, the rumble of the organ and again a glimpse of robed figures returning to the vestry.

Soon there came the sound of many footsteps and the slamming of car doors. The sharp bark as engines coughed into life, the grating of gears and the whirring of wheels as the cathedral traffic moved off for another night. In the great building lights flicked off one by one until at last there was only the pale moonlight shining down from a cloudless sky. The snow had ceased, the congregation had gone, and even the anxious tomcat had wandered off on the eternal quest.

In the Hospital facing on to the cathedral, the night staff were just coming on duty. At the Nurses' Station, just facing the elevators, a lone Intern was giving last-minute instructions about the treatment of a very sick patient. Nurses were checking their trays of drugs and pills. Sisters were writing up their Reports, and a flustered Male Orderly was

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explaining that he was late on duty through being stopped for speeding by a policeman.

Gradually the Hospital settled down for the night. 'No Breakfast' signs were fixed on the beds of patients due for operations the next day. Main lights were extinguished and white-clad attendants moved to a screened bed. Silently a wheeled stretcher was moved behind the screens. Almost inaudible grunts and muttered instructions, and a still figure entirely covered by a sheet was pushed into sight. On whispering wheels the burden was carefully moved into the corridor. Silent attendants stood while the summoned elevator slid to a stop, then, as if controlled by a single thought, the two men moved in unison to propel the laden wheeled stretcher into the elevator and so down to the basement mortuary and the great refrigerator standing like an immense filing cabinet, the repository of so many bodies.

The hours dragged by as each reluctant minute seemed loathe to give up its brief tenure of life. Here a patient breathed in stertorous gasps, there another tossed and moaned in pain. From a side cubicle came the cracked voice of an aged man calling incessantly for his wife. The faint squeak of rubber soles on stone flooring, the rustle of starched cloth, the clink of metal against glass, and the moaning voice ceased and soon was replaced by snores rising and falling on the night air.

Outside the urgent siren of a fire engine caused many a sleepless patient to wonder briefly 'where it was' before lapsing again into introspection and fear for the future. Through the slightly open window came the raucous sound of a late reveller being heartily sick on the flagstones. A muttered curse as someone shouted at him, and a string of Hail Mary's as the alcohol fumes made him retch again.

The Angel of Death went about His merciful mission, bringing ease to a tortured sufferer, ending at last the useless struggle of one ravaged beyond hope by cancer. The stertorous gasps ceased, there was the quick, painless reflex twitch as a soul left a body, and the attendants with their whisper-wheeled stretcher moved forward again, and, later, yet again. He, the last one was a man noted in politics. On the morrow the yellow press would dig in their files and come up with the usual inaccuracies and downright lies—as ever.

In a room looking out over the cathedral close, and from whence a sparkling glimpse could be obtained of the sea in Courtenay Bay, the old Buddhist lay inert, awake, in pain. Thinking, thinking of many things. A faint smile flickered on his lips and was as quickly gone at the thought of an incident early in the day. A nun had entered his room, a nun more holy-looking than usual. She looked sadly at the old Buddhist and a tear glistened in the corner of each eye. Sadly she looked and turned away. 'What is the matter, Sister?' queried the old Buddhist, 'You look very sad.'

She shrugged her shoulders and exclaimed, 'Oh! It is sad, you will go straight to Hell!' The old Buddhist felt his mouth drop open in amazement. 'Go straight to Hell?' he said, wonderingly: 'Why'

'Because you are a Buddhist, only Catholics go to Heaven. Other Christians go to Purgatory, Buddhists and other heathens go straight to Hell. Oh! Such a nice old man as

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you going straight to Hell, it is so sad!' Hastily she fled the room, leaving an amazed old Buddhist behind to puzzle it out. The Angel of Death moved on, moved into the room and stood looking down at the old Buddhist. The Old Man stared back. 'Release at last, eh?' he asked. 'About time too. I thought you would never come.'

Gently the Angel of Death raised His right hand and was about to lay it on the head of the Old Man. Suddenly the very air of the room crackled and a Golden Figure appeared in the blue gloom of the midnight shadows. The Angel stayed his hand at a gesture from the Visitor. 'No, no, the time is not yet!' exclaimed a well-loved voice. 'There is more to be done before you come Home.'

The Old Man sighed. Even the sight of the Lama Mingyar Dondup could not console him for a further prolongation of his stay upon Earth, an Earth which had treated him so badly through hatred fostered and encouraged by the perverted press. The Lama Mingyar Dondup turned to the Old Man and explained, 'There is yet another book to be written, more knowledge to be passed on.

And a little task connected with auras and photography: Just a little longer'

The Old Man groaned aloud. So much always to do, so few to do it, such a chronic shortage of money—and how could one purchase equipment without money?

The Lama Mingyar Dondup stood beside the hospital bed. He and the Angel of Death looked at each other and much telepathic information was passed. The Angel nodded his head and slowly withdrew and passed on to continue elsewhere the work of mercy, terminating suffering, setting free immortal souls imprisoned in the clay of the flesh body. For a moment in that small hospital room there was no sound. Outside there were the usual night noises, a stray dog prowling about the garbage bins, an ambulance drawing in to the Emergency Entrance of the hospital.

'Lobsang,' the Lama Mingyar Dondup looked down at the Old Man lying there in pain upon the hospital bed. 'Lobsang,' he said again, 'in your next book we want you to make it very clear that when you leave this Earth you will not be communicating with back street Mediums, nor guiding those who advertise in the cult magazines.'

'Whatever do you mean, Honorable Guide?' said the Old Man. 'I am not cooperating with any Mediums or cult magazines. I never read the things myself.'

'No, Lobsang, we know you do not, that is why I am telling you this. If you had been reading those magazines we should not have had to tell you, but there are certain unscrupulous people who advertise consultative services, etc., and pretend that they are in touch with those who have passed over. They are pretending that they are getting advice and healing and all that from beyond this Earth which, of course, is utterly ridiculous. We want to make it very clear that you are not in any way encouraging that trickery or quackery.'

The Old Man sighed with some considerable ex-aspiration and replied, 'No, I never read any of those magazines, neither English nor American. I consider they do more harm than good. They accept misleading advertising, and much of it is dangerous, and

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they have such personal bias and such personal dislike of anyone not in their own little clique that they actually harm what they pretend they are helping. So I will do as you say, I will make clear that when I leave this Earth I shall not return.'

Reader, Oh, you most discerning of people, may I have your attention for a moment? In fulfillment of my promise I want to say this: I, Tuesday Lobsang Rampa, do hereby solemnly and irrevocably state that I shall not return to this Earth and act as a consultant for anyone who claims that I am so acting, nor shall I appear at any mediumistic group. I have other work to do, I shall not have time to play about with these things which I personally dislike. So, Reader, if you see any advertisement at any time which purports to imply that such-and-such a person is in spiritual contact with Lobsang Rampa, call the Police, call the Post Office authorities and have the person arrested for fraud, for trying to use the mails, etc., for fraudulent purposes. I, when I have finished with this Earth in this life, am moving on a long, long way. So there it is, I have delivered that special message.

Back in the green-tinted hospital room with a window looking out over the cathedral and with its glimpse of the waters in Courtenay Bay, the Lama Mingyar Dondup was stating what was required.

'This, your eleventh book,' said the Lama, 'should give answers to many of the questions you have received, questions which are just and reasonable. You have lit the flame of knowledge, and now in this book you need to feed the flame that it may get a hold on peoples' minds and spread.'

He looked grave and quite a bit sorrowful as he went on, 'I know you suffer greatly. I know that you will be discharged from this hospital as incurable, as inoperable, and with little time to live, but you still have time to do one or two tasks which have been neglected by others'

The Old Man listened carefully, thinking how unfair it was that some people should have all the health and all the money, they could do anything and get on with their own tasks in the easiest conditions possible, whereas he had suffering, continuous persecution and hatred from the press, and shortage of money. He thought how sad it was that there was no Medicare in this Province and how expensive medical bills were.

For some time the two, the Old Man and the Lama Mingyar Dondup, talked as old friends will, talked of the past, laughed over many incidents which were not funny at the time they occurred but were most amusing in retrospect. Then at last there was a shuffling of footsteps as a night orderly went about his duties. The Lama Mingyar Dondup bade a hasty farewell and the golden light faded, and the bare hospital room was once again in the blue gloom of early morning.

The door was pushed open and a white-clad orderly just moved in with his flashlight forming a pool of light round about his feet. He listened to the sound of breathing, and then quietly withdrew and went on about his rounds. From across the corridor came the uproar and cries as the aged man incessantly called for his wife. Another voice farther down the corridor broke in with a torrent of Ave Maria's endlessly repeated, mo-

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notonously repeated, reminding the Old Man of some of the almost mindless monks who repeated Om Mani Padme Hum incessantly without a thought as to what it actually meant.

From somewhere far away a clock struck the hours, one, two, three. The Old Man tossed restlessly, the pain was acute and made more acute by the strain through which he had just gone. On the day before he had had a total collapse, and even in a hospital a total collapse is a matter of some concern. Three o'clock. The night was long. From somewhere out in the Bay of Fundy a tug boat hooted as it and some others went out to bring in an oil ship waiting to berth by the oil refinery.

A shooting star hurtled across the heavens leaving a glowing trail behind it. From the cathedral tower an owl hooted, and then, as if suddenly ashamed of the noise he was making, emitted a squawk of fright and flapped off across the city.

Four o'clock and the night was dark. There was no moon now, but suddenly the shaft of a searchlight wavered across the Bay and came to rest on a small fishing boat which probably was fishing for lobsters. The light snapped off and into sight came a tug towing a very large oil ship. Slowly they ploughed through the turgid waters of Courtenay Bay, slowly the bright red light on the port side of the oil ship came into view and moved across the field of vision, to be hidden behind the Old Peoples' Home standing close.

Outside in the corridor there was sudden hushed commotion, whispering voices, the sound of controlled hurry. Then a new voice, an Intern hurriedly roused from his bed. Yes, an emergency and the need for an immediate operation.

Quickly the orderly on duty and a nurse got the patient on to the wheeled stretcher, quickly it was hustled past the doors and down in the elevator to the operating area two floors below. For some minutes there were whispering voices and the rustling of starched clothes. Then all noise stopped again.

Five o'clock. The Old Man started. Someone was standing beside him, a white-clad orderly. Brightly he said, 'I just thought I'd tell you there's no breakfast for you this morning. Nothing to drink either.' Smiling to himself he turned and walked out of the room. The Old Man lay there marvelling at the crass idiotic stupidity which made it necessary to awaken a patient who had just gone to sleep, awaken him that he could be told there was no breakfast for him!

One of the most frustrating things is lying in a hospital bed, hungry and thirsty, and having just outside one's open door an immense contraption stuffed with food - ready prepared breakfasts for every patient who could have breakfast on that particular floor. But the Old Man glanced to his right and there it was, 'No Breakfast', plain as could be. He stretched out his hand for a drink of water, but—no, no water either. Nothing to eat, nothing to drink. Others were having their breakfast; there was a clatter of dishes and the noise of trays being dropped and slammed around. Eventually the turmoil ceased and the hospital was setting about its ordinary morning business, people to go to the Theatre, where they wouldn't see a good show either, people to go to X-ray, people to go to Pathology, and the lucky ones to go home. Perhaps the luckiest ones of all were those who had passed over to one's 'true Home.'

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The Old Man lay back in his bed and thought of the pleasures of passing over. The only difficulty is that when one is dying it is usually the physical breakdown of some part - some portion of one's anatomy has been invaded by a dread disease, for instance, or something is being poisoned.

Naturally, that causes pain. But dying itself is painless, there is nothing to fear in dying. As one is about to die there comes an inner peace, one gets a sense of satisfaction knowing that at last the long day has ended, work has ceased, one's task has either been done, or, for the time being it is being suspended. One has the knowledge that one is 'going Home.' Going Home to where one's capacities will be assessed and where one's spiritual health will be built up.

It's a pleasant sensation really. One is ill, one is in the last stages, pain suddenly ceases to be acute and there is a numbness followed quite speedily by a feeling of well-being, a feeling of euphoria. Then one becomes aware that the physical world is dimming and the astral world is brightening. It is like looking at a television screen in the darkness; the picture is darkening, there is nothing to distract from the picture on the television screen if everything else is in darkness. That television screen represents the life on Earth, but let the dawn come, let the rays of the sun come shining in the window to impinge on the television screen, and the brightness of the sun will make the television picture disappear from our sight. The sunlight represents the astral day.

So the physical world which we term 'Earth' fades away. People look faint, their images look faint, they look like shadows, and the colours of the Earth disappear and the Earth becomes peopled with gray phantoms. The sky, even on the brightest day, turns purple, and as one's sight on the Earth fades one's sight in the astral brightens. About the deathbed we see helpers, kind people, those who are going to help us to be reborn into the astral world. We had attention when we were born into the world which we call Earth, perhaps a doctor, perhaps a midwife, perhaps even a taxi driver. No matter who, it was someone to help. But waiting for us to deliver us on to the Other Side are highly experienced people, highly trained people, people who are completely understanding, completely sympathetic.

On Earth we have had a hard time, a shocking time. Earth is Hell, you know. We have to go to 'Hell' for all sorts of things. A lot of children think school is Hell too. Earth is the school of wayward humans. So, we are in a shaken condition, and most people fear death, they fear the pain, they fear the mystery, they fear because they do not know what is to happen. They fear they are going to face some wrathful God who will stick a hayfork into some part of their anatomy and toss them straight down to old Satan who will have the branding irons all ready.

But all that is rubbish. There is no such thing as a wrathful God. If we are to love God then we have to love a kind and understanding God. Talk of fearing God is nonsense, it is criminal. Why should we fear one who loves us? Do you fear a really kind and understanding father? Do you fear a really kind and understanding mother? Not if you are sane. Then why fear God? There is a God, very definitely there is a God, a kind God. But, back to our deathbed.

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The body is upon the bed, the sight has just failed. Perhaps the breath is still struggling in the chest. At last that too fades, ceases and becomes no more. There is a twitch which journalists would probably call a convulsive shudder of agony. It's nothing of the kind. It's painless, or, to be more accurate, it is a pleasurable sensation. It's like shrugging out of a cold and clammy suit of clothes and being able to get the warm air and sunlight on one's body. There is this convulsive jerk, and then the astral body soars upwards. The feeling is indescribable. Can one imagine what it is like to be swimming in champagne with all the little bubbles bounding against one's body? What is the most pleasurable holiday you have had? Have you been on the sands somewhere, just lazing away with the sunlight pouring upon you and the sounds of the waves in your ears, and a gentle scented breeze ruffling your hair? Well, that's crude, that's nothing compared to the reality. There is nothing which can describe the pure ecstasy of leaving the body and 'going Home'.

The Old Man thought of these things, delved back in his memories, and knowing what was and what was to be, the day was passed, the day was endured would perhaps be a better statement, and soon night came again. In this hospital there were no visitors, no visitors at all. An epidemic in the whole area had caused all the hospitals to be closed to visitors, so patients were on their own. Those in public wards could talk to each other. Those who were in rooms alone, stayed alone - and it was jolly good for meditation, too

At last, a day or two later - it seemed an eternity—the Old Man was sent home. Nothing could be done, no cure, no operation, no hope. And so he decided to do as requested by those knowledgeable people on the Other Side of life, write the eleventh book. And it is going to be answering people's questions.

For several months past the Old Man had been carefully combing the forty or so letters which arrived every day, and picking out those which had questions which seemed to be of most general interest. He wrote to a number of people in different countries suggesting that they should do a list of questions they wanted answered, and some very good friends were made. We must not forget our old friend, Mrs. Valeria Sorock, but the Old Man wants to thank in particular these for providing questions which will be answered in this book:

Mrs. and Miss Newman.

Mr. and Mrs. 'Yeti' Thompson.

Mr. de Munnik.

Mrs. Rodehaver.

Mrs. Ruby Simmons.

Miss Betty Jessee.

Mr. Gray Bergin.

Mr. and Mrs. Hanns Czermak.

Mr. James Dodd.

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Mrs. Pien.

Mrs. Van Ash.

Mr. John Henderson.

Mrs. Liliash Cuthbert.

Mr. David O'Connor.

The Worstmann Ladies.

So the Old Man was sent home. 'Sent home.' Simple little words, probably it means nothing to the average person, but to one who has never had a home until fairly recently, until fairly late in life, it means quite a thing. 'Sent home' - well, it means being with loved ones in familiar surroundings where sorrows are not so great, sorrows shared are sorrows halved or quartered. So, the Old Man was sent home. Miss Cleopatra and Miss Tadalinka were there with their most serious manners to see what sort of strange creature came back from the hospital. There was much wrinkling of noses, much hard sniffing. Hospital smells are strange smells, and how was it that the Old Man was still in one piece instead of having lumps cut off? He still had two arms and legs, of course he hadn't a tail but he didn't have one before. So Miss Cleopatra and Miss Tadalinka inspected him most gravely and then came to a decision. 'I know,' said Miss Cleopatra, 'I know exactly what has happened. He has come back to finish the book "Feeding the Flame" before he is taken off to feed the flame at the local crematorium. That's going to come as sure as eggs is eggs.'

Miss Tadalinka looked very grave indeed, 'Yes,' she said, 'but if he loses any more weight there won't be anything with which to feed the flames. I think they must have starved him. I wonder if we should give him some of our food.'

Miss Cleopatra jumped on the Old Man's chest and sniffed around, sniffed his beard, sniffed his ears, and had a good sniff of his mouth. 'I think he's underfed, Tad,' she said. 'I think we shall have to have a word with Ma to get him stuffed up a bit with food to fill out all those hollows.' But no matter what Miss Cleopatra said, no matter what Miss Tadalinka said, no matter how good Ma's intentions, the Old Man was on a diet for the rest of his life, a miserable, horrifying diet, hardly enough to keep body and soul together.

Miss Tadalinka rushed under the bed to Miss Cleopatra, 'Say Clee,' she yelled, 'you know something? I've just heard them talking, he's losing a pound a day, so that means that in two hundred and seventy days he won't weigh anything at all.'

Both cats sat there thinking about it, and then Miss Cleopatra nodded her head very wisely, with all the wisdom and sagacity which comes to a Little Girl Cat four years of age. 'Ah yes,' she exclaimed, 'but you've forgotten one thing, Taddy. The hungrier he is, the sicker he is, the more clairvoyant he becomes. Soon he'll be seeing things before it happens.'

'Phooey to that!' said Miss Tadalinka, 'he does already. Look at the telepathic mes-

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sages he sent us from the hospital. Still, it's good preparation for the start of his book. I think we'd better help him all we can.'

The radiator was quite warm and both little cats jumped up to the sill above the radiators. There they stretched out full length, head to tail, and went into the usual state of introspection before communicating all the thoughts of the day to the local cats. The Old Man? Well, the Old Man was glad to get in bed. He lay back for a time and thought, 'This wretched book, suppose I have to write it. I have to live and even if I don't eat much nowadays I have to pay for what I do eat. So, on the morrow, he decided, let's start this book with the hope that it would be finished, and here it is. It's started, you are reading the first chapter, aren't you?

Quite a lot of people have written asking things, asking all manner of questions. Well, it would be a good idea if this book were devoted to answering what appear to be common questions. People have a right to know, otherwise they get weird ideas such as those who think that death is a terrible thing, such as those who think there is no afterlife. Well, it always amuses me when people say there is no afterlife just because they don't know about it. In the same way a person living in a remote country area can say there is no London, no New York, no Buenos Aires because they haven't actually seen it. After all, pictures can be faked, I have seen a lot of faked pictures about life on the Other Side, and that is quite a pity. There is a very, very good 'Other Side', and it is the depth of absurdity when crooks and perverted 'seers' produce a lot of faked stuff. It's so easy to produce the actual reality, easier in fact.

I had hoped to get on with the aura research. Unfortunately I have had to leave it through lack of money, and now—well—there is no medical health scheme here, not like in England, and everything is frightfully expensive. So the aura work will have to be left for others.

There is another project which I wanted to develop and it is this: it is absolutely possible to make a device which will enable one to 'telephone' the astral world. It has actually been done, but the man who did it had such a barrage of doubts, suspicions, and accusations from the press that he got tired of it, he lost heart, and driven by the insane press he smashed his apparatus and committed suicide.

It is quite possible to make a telephone with which to telephone, the astral world. Consider speech now; when we speak we cause a vibration which imparts its energy to a column of air, which in turn energizes some receiving apparatus, for example, someone's ear, and so they hear the sounds we make. It is interpreted as speech. No one has ever yet succeeded in standing atop a radio mast and shouting to the world, and being heard all over the world. For that the vibrations are transformed into a different form of energy and messages spoken and transformed into this energy can be heard, with suitable apparatus, all over the world. I listen to England, Japan, Australia, Germany—everywhere. I have even heard little America in the South Antarctic.

A device to telephone the astral is something like that. It transforms present day radio waves into something incomparably higher just as radio waves in turn are very much higher in frequency than is speech.

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In days to come people will be able to telephone those who have newly passed over in much the same way as a person can now telephone a hospital and, if he is lucky and the nurse is feeling good tempered, can speak to a patient who is recovering from an operation. So it will be that those who have newly passed over and are recuperating from the strain of passing over, just as a mother and baby recuperate from birth strains, so while this recuperation process is taking place relatives can telephone a reception area and find out 'how the patient is doing'. Naturally, when 'the patient' is quite recovered and has gone to yet other dimensions he or she will be too busy to be bothered by the petty little affairs of this Earth.

This Earth is just a speck of dust existing for the twinkle of an eye in what is the real time.

For those who are interested, I have actually seen such a telephone and actually seen it in use. It's a pity that the idiot press is not subject to censorship because they should not be permitted to take foolish actions just for the sake of sensation, and so inhibit what are real developments. So now let us consider this as a start, and the ending of the first chapter. We will go on together and see what we can do to answer some questions in the second.

CHAPTER TWO

Never reply to criticism; to do so is to weaken your case.

The Old Man was alone at home. Ma, Buttercup, Miss Cleopatra and Miss Tadalinka were out about the ordinary business which seems to surround all households, out shopping, because even in the best ordered communities there is always the inevitable shopping. Potatoes, soap flakes, various other things including—well, let us whisper it—unmentionable requisites without which in modern days we cannot easily manage. So the Old Man was lying back in his bed listening to the radio.

Reception was good. The program was coming along on the African Service of the B.B.C. very clearly and with good volume. Someone was playing the new musical hits. The Old Man smiled at one piece with the unlikely title of 'Astral Journey'. He had to stop his program because the telephone was ringing, the telephone beside his bed. With that disposed of, he switched on again in time to hear one of the latest hits. An announcer of the B.B.C., or disc jockey, or whatever he was, announced in a decidedly Cockney voice that he was just going to put on the latest record, 'Without the Night There Would be no Sunshine'.

Without the night there would be no sunshine. Did the fellow know that he uttered a great truth there? One has to have extremes in order to have anything. Sometimes from the U.S.A., particularly on a Sunday, there comes by way of the short waves a horrible program sent out by some gang of revivalist missionaries. The uproar, the ranting, is enough to turn anyone against Christianity. And then from a Station in South America just by the Equator there is another religious revival gang, they fairly hoot about the terrors of not being a Christian. Everyone not a Christian according to this Station, is damned

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and will go to Hell. Surely not the way to conduct a sane religion.

Without the night there can be no sunshine; without evil there can be no good; without Satan there can be no God; without cold there can be no heat. Without extremes, how can there be anything? If there were no extremes there would be only a static condition. Think of when you breathe, you force out your breath, that is one extreme because to all practical purposes you have no breath within you and you are in danger of suffocating. Then you take in breath and you have a lot of air in you, and if you take in too much breath too quickly you are in danger through hyperventilation. But again, if you do not breathe out and you do not breathe in, then you have nothing and you can't live.

Some remarkably foolish person in Nova Scotia sent me a silly, badly duplicated, purplish effusion about sinners and Satan. Apparently the idea was that I should send them some money as that would help wipe out Satan. Wipe out Satan? Perhaps they were going to get some of the latest detergents and spread it on a new floor cloth, or something, and try to rub out old Satan that way. Anyway all that garbage went where it should go—in the garbage.

There must be negative or there cannot be positive. There must be opposites or there is no motion. Everything that exists has motion. Night gives way to day, day gives way to night; summer gives way to winter, winter gives way to summer, and so on. There just has to be motion, there just have to be extremes. It's not bad to have extremes, it just means that two points are separated from each other as far as they can be. So, good old Satan, keep him going for a time because without Satan there could be no God, without God there could be no Satan because there wouldn't be any humans either. The worst 'Satan' is the awful driveller who tries to ram some religion down the throat of a person of another religion. I am a Buddhist, and I definitely resent all the stupid creeps who send me Bibles, New Testaments, Old Testaments, pretty pictures, purely imaginary of course (or should it be 'impurely'?) of Crucifixions, etc., etc., ad lib, ad nauseam. I am a Buddhist. All right, I am an extreme from Christianity, but Christians are extreme from me as a Buddhist. I do not try to get any converts to Buddhism, in fact a vast number of people write and ask me if they can become Buddhists, and my invariable answer is that they should remain affiliated with the religion to which they were born unless there is some great, great overriding condition or circumstance.

I do not like people who change their religion just because it is 'the done thing', or the newest thing, or because they want a thrill and have people point them out saying, 'Look, he's a Buddhist!'

But without the darkness there can be no sunshine. Yes, Mr. Announcer with the Cockney voice, you certainly said a great truth there. Don't let's persecute old Satan so much, he's got to live otherwise there is no standard of comparison, is there? If there was no talk of Satan, how would you judge good? If there was no bad there could be no good. Obviously not, because there would be no standard of comparison, because one must be able to compare X with Y, then we have good and bad just as in U.S.A. and Canada, it seems, there have to be 'good guys' and 'bad guys'. The good guys are always the red-blooded he-men, all American with Ivy League suits and the Pepsodent smile, whereas

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the bad guy is automatically the poor Indian who was swindled out of his country with a lot of specious promises. But think of the television program, wouldn't it be dull if there were no good guys who could fight against the bad guys, or if there were no bad guys who could show how good the good guys really were? So, to all you people who write in and say don't I think Satan should be bumped off or rubbed out or excommunicated or sent to Russia, or something, let me say now—No, I think Satan is a good guy in that he provides a fall guy for good, he provides a standard against which we can measure good. So let's drink a toast to Satan, but just for luck let's have some sulfuric acid and brimstone in a glass and tip it upside down, it's safer that way.

The Old Man groaned as he unfolded the letter, 'I wrote to England for a Touch Stone,' he read, 'four weeks it was and I sent them the money, but I haven't had an answer. I think I am being swindled.'

The Old Man groaned aloud. Then he looked at the envelope and groaned again. First of all the Old Man is not in any way connected or interested in any business concern or venture. Sometimes a firm will branch out and claim that it is associated with Lobsang Rampa, etc., etc. There is only one case, and that is with a firm in England. They have permission to use the name of The Rampa Touch Stone Company. But, again, the Old Man wants to make it very, very clear that he is not connected with nor interested in any business enterprise. There is one firm with whom the Old Man is extraordinarily displeased because they advertise a mail order company using the name of the Old Man's first book, entirely without his permission, definitely with his disapproval.

So, there it is, that's business for you.

But the Old Man groaned as he looked at the envelope, and he groaned because neither on the envelope nor on the letter was there any address. In the U.S.A. and Canada people sometimes put their name and address on the envelope but rarely on the letter where it should be. In England and Europe the letter sheet itself bears the name and address of the sender, and so one can always reply to letters from England and Europe, yet this particular person groaning so bitterly and so libelously about being swindled had no address to which one could reply. What should one do then?

The signature was just 'Mabel', nothing else, no surname, no address, and the postmark - well, that could not be read even with a magnifying glass. So you people who complain that you have had no reply who complain that you are being swindled, ask yourself—Did you really put your address on the letter or on the envelope?

A little time ago we had a letter and we couldn't read a single word of it. Probably it was in English, but we just couldn't read any part of it, so it had to go unanswered. The purpose of a letter is to make something known, and if the writing cannot be read the letter fails in its purpose, and if there is no address on it, well, it is just a waste of time. The Old Man listening to his programme; the Overseas Programme of the B.B.C., pondered upon sounds. A few years back music was a very pleasant thing, a soothing thing or a rousing thing, but now - what has happened to the world? The stuff that is coming from England is like a horde of tomcats with their tails tied together. It isn't music, I don't know what it is. But sounds, well, different sounds are peculiar to different cultures. People

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have certain sounds which are alleged to do them good, such as the sound of 'OM' correctly pronounced. Yet there are other sounds which are not socially acceptable. The sounds of certain four letter words, for example, are not socially acceptable, and yet perhaps those same sounds are absolutely permissible in the language of another culture. There is a certain four letter sound which is naughty, naughty, very naughty indeed in English, and yet the sound in Russian is perfectly correct, perfectly decent, and used many many times a day.

Do not place too great a reliance on sounds. Many people get almost demented wondering if they are pronouncing 'OM' correctly. Of itself 'OM' is nothing, it doesn't mean a thing — of itself, not even if you pronounce it as it should be pronounced in Sanskrit. It is useless to pronounce a 'metaphysical word of power' correctly unless you also think correctly.

Consider this; think of your radio programme. You have certain sounds which, of themselves, cannot be transmitted. Those sounds can only be transmitted if first of all you have a carrier wave. A carrier wave is similar to the light you have to show before you can transmit a cine picture or a television picture, or show your slides on a screen. The slides themselves, without light, are nothing. You have to have a light beam as a carrier, and in precisely the same way you have to have a carrier wave before you can transmit your radio programme.

Again, in exactly the same way the sound of 'OM', etc., or some other 'word of power' merely acts as a carrier wave to correct thoughts.

Do you want it made clearer? All right. Suppose we made a phonograph record which had nothing but 'OM' correctly pronounced, OM, OM, OM, OM, OM, you could play that record for ever and a day provided it did not wear out first, and you just wouldn't do any good because the phonograph player, or gramophone, if you happen to be in England, is an unthinking machine. OM is useful only when one is thinking correctly as well as 'sounding' correctly. The best way to improve is to get one's thoughts right and let the sound take care of itself.

Sounds! What a powerful thing a sound can be. It can add impetus to one's thoughts. Music, good music, can stir one and lift one up spiritually. It can lead one to a greater belief in the honesty of one's fellows. Surely that is a most desirable attainment in itself. But music specially designed can make a rabble into a warlike army. Marching songs can help one march correctly and with less effort: But now - what's happened to the world? What's all this stuff worse than jazz, worse than rock 'n' roll? What's happened that young people are trying to drive themselves crazier with discordant cacophony which seems to be designed to bring out all the worst in them, drive them to drug addiction, drive them to perversions, and all the rest of it. That's what happens, you know.

People subjected to the wrong sound can have a longing for drugs. Drinking songs can make people desire to drink more, some of the old German biergarten songs were much the same as salted nuts provided, apparently, by some bars to increase the thirst and enable one to drink more to the greater glory of the publicans' income.

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Now there are wars, revolutions, and hatreds and disturbances all over the world. Man fights against Man, and things will get much worse before they get much better. Sounds, bad sounds, cause it. Screaming, ranting agitators rousing the worst thoughts in the rabble just as Hitler, a most gifted but distorted orator, was able to rouse normally staid, sensible Germans to a frenzy, to an orgy of destruction and savagery. If only we could change the world by eliminating all the discordant music, all the discordant voices who preach hate, hate, hate. If only people would think love and kindness and consideration for others. There is no need for things to go on as they are. It needs just a few determined people of pure thought to produce those necessary sounds in music and in speech as would enable our poor sorely stricken world to regain some semblance of sanity instead of all the vandalism and juvenile delinquency which assails us daily. Then, too, there should be some censorship of the press for the press always, almost without exception, strives to make things appear more sensational, more bloodthirsty, more horrendous than really is the case.

Why not all of us have a period of meditation, thinking good thoughts, thinking and also saying good thoughts? It's so easy because the power of sound controls the thoughts of many people. Sound, provided it has a thought behind it.

The Old Man lay back in his bed, the poor fellow had no choice. Miss Cleopatra was lying on his chest with her head nestling in his beard, purring contentedly she gazed up with the bluest of blue eyes. Miss Cleopatra Rampa, the most intelligent of people, the most loving and unselfish of people, just a little animal to most people, although an exceptionally beautiful animal. To the Old Man this was a definite, intelligent Person, a Person who had come to this Earth to do a specific task and who was doing it nobly and with entire success. A Person with whom the Old Man had long telepathic conversations, and he learned much from her. In the electric wheel chair Miss Tadalinka Rampa was curled up snoring away, every so often her whiskers would twitch and her eyes would roll beneath her closed eyelids.

Taddy was a most affectionate Person, and Taddy loved comfort, comfort and food were Taddy's main preoccupations, and yet Taddy earned her food and her comfort. Taddy, the most telepathic of cats, did her share in keeping in touch with various parts of the world.

There came a light tap at the door and Friendly Neighbour came in and plonked a solid behind with a resounding 'thwack' upon a seat which seemed inadequate to contain such bulk. 'Love your cats, don't you Guv?' said Friendly Neighbor with a smile.

'Love them? Good gracious, yes! I regard them as my children, and as remarkably intelligent children at that. These cats do more for me than humans.'

By now Tadalinka was alert, sitting up ready to growl, ready to attack if necessary because both little cats can be very very fierce indeed in defense of what they regard as their responsibilities. At one apartment a man had tried to enter at night. Both cats had rushed to the door and nearly scared ten years of growth on to the poor fellow, because a Siamese cat in a fury is quite a frightening sight. They puff out, every hair of their fur

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stands straight out at right angles to the body, their tails fluff out, they stand on tiptoe and they look like something out of the inferno. They should not be called cats really because they are unlike cats. They roar, growl and fume, and nothing is too dangerous for a Siamese cat protecting a person or property. There are many legends about protecting by Siamese cats, many legends originating in the East about how this or that Siamese cat protected important people or sick people. But—enough. No one else tried to enter our apartment without our knowledge, the story of ‘the fierce Rampa cats’ went the round, and people are more frightened of wild Siamese cats than they are of mad dogs, it seems.

So it was, or, should it be, now it is, that now with the Old Man so disabled the two little cats are ever alert to rush to his defense.

Oh yes, among our questions, here is a question from a lady who asks about animals. Where is it now? Ah, here! ‘Can you tell us what happens to our pets when they leave this Earth? Are they utterly destroyed, or do they eventually reincarnate as humans? The Bible tells us that only humans go to Heaven. What have you to say about it?’

Madam, I have a lot to say about it. The Bible was written a long time after the events related happened, the Bible is not the original Writings either. It is a translation of a translation of a translation of another translation which had been retranslated to suit some king or some political power, or something else. Think of the King James Edition, or this Edition or that Edition. A lot of things written in the Bible are bunk. No doubt there was a lot of truth in the original Scriptures, but a lot of things in the Bible now are no more truth than the truth of the press, and anyone knows what a lot of bilge that is.

The Bible seems to teach humans that they are the Lords of Creation, that the whole world was made for Man. Well, Man has made an awful mess of the world, hasn’t he? Where are there not wars, or rumors of wars, where is there no sadism, no terror, no persecution? You will have to move off this Earth if you want an answer to that. But we are dealing with animals and what happens to them.

In the first case there are many different species of creatures. Humans are animals, whether you like it or not humans are animals, horrid, uncouth, unfriendly animals, more savage than any of the Nature type animals.

Because humans have a thumb and fingers they have been able to develop along certain lines because they can use their hands to fabricate things, and that animals cannot do. Man lives in a very material world and only believes that which he can grasp between his fingers and his thumb. Animals, not having thumbs and not being able to grasp a thing in two hands, have had to evolve spiritually, and most animals are spiritual, they do not kill unless for the absolute necessity of eating, and if a cat ‘terrorizes and tortures’ a mouse—well that is an illusion of the human; the mouse is quite oblivious of it because it is hypnotized and feels no pain. Do you like that?

Under stress a person’s sensations are anaesthetized, so in times of war, for example, a man can have an arm shot off and apart from a very dim numbness, he will not feel it until loss of blood makes him weak. Or a person piloting a plane, for instance, can be shot through the shoulder but he will go on piloting his plane and bring it down safely

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and only when the excitement has ended will he feel pain. In the case of our mouse by that time the mouse doesn't feel anything any more.

Horses do not reincarnate as daffodils. Marmosets do not reincarnate as maggots or vice versa. There are different groups of Nature people, each one in a separate isolated 'shell' which does not impinge upon the spiritual or astral existence of others. What that really means is that a monkey never reincarnates as a man, a man never reincarnates as a mouse although, admittedly, many men are mouse-like in their lack of intestinal fortitude which is a very polite way of explaining—well, you know what.

It is a definite statement of fact that no animal reincarnates as a human. I know humans are animals as well, but I am using the accepted, the commonly accepted term. One refers to humans and one refers to animals because humans like to be buttered up a bit, and so one pretends that they are not animals but a special form of creature, one of God's chosen—humans. So—the human animal never never reincarnates as a canine animal or feline animal, or equine animal. And, again, our old friend vice versa.

The human animal has one type of evolution which he must follow, the—which shall we say?—other has a different, and not necessarily parallel, form of evolution to follow. So they are not interchangeable entities.

Many Buddhist Scriptures refer to humans coming back as spiders or tigers or something else, but of course that is not believed by the educated Buddhist, that started as a misunderstanding many centuries ago in much the same way as there is a misunderstanding about Father Christmas, or about little girls being made of sugar and spice and all things nice. You and I know that all little girls are not nice; some of them are very nice, some of them are proper stinkers, but, of course, you and I, we only know the nice ones, don't we?

When a human dies the human goes to the astral plane about which we shall say more later, and when an animal dies it, too, goes to an astral plane where it is met by its own kind, where there is perfect understanding, where there is perfect rapport between them. As in the case of humans, animals cannot be bothered by those with whom they are incompatible, and now study this carefully; when a person who loves an animal dies and goes to the astral world, that person can be in contact with the loved animal, they can be together if there is absolute love between them. Further, if humans were more telepathic, if they were more believing, if they would open their minds and receive, then loved animals who had passed over could keep in touch with the humans even before the humans passed over.

Let me tell you something; I have a number of little people who have passed over, and I am still very definitely, very much in contact with them. There is one little Siamese cat, Cindy, with whom I am in daily contact, and Cindy has helped me enormously. On Earth she had a very bad time indeed. Now she is helping, helping, always helping. She is doing absolutely as much as anyone on the Other Side can do for anyone on this Side.

Those who truly love their so-called 'pets' can be sure that when this life has ended for both, then they can come together again, but it's not the same.

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When humans are on the Earth they are a disbelieving crew, cynical, hard, blasé and all the rest. When they get to the Other Side they get a shake or two which enables them to realize that they are not the Lords of Creation they thought they were, but just part of a Divine Plan. On the Other Side they realize that others have rights as well, when they get to the Other Side they find that they can talk with utmost clarity to animals who are also on the Other Side, and animals will answer them in any language they care to use. It is a limitation on humans that most of them while on Earth are not telepathic, most of them, while on Earth, are not aware of the character and ability and powers of so-called 'animals'. But when they pass over it all comes clear to them, and humans then are like a person born blind who suddenly can see.

Yes, animals go to Heaven, not the Christian Heaven, of course, but that is no loss. Animals have a real Heaven, no angels with goose feathers for wings, it's a real Heaven, and they have a Manu, or God, who looks after them. Whatever Man can obtain or attain on the Other Side, so can an animal—peace, learning, advancement - anything and everything.

Upon the Earth man is in the position of being the dominant species, dominant because of the fearful weapons he has. Unarmed a man would be no match for a determined dog; armed with some artificial method such as a gun, a man can dominate a whole pack of dogs, and it is only through Man's viciousness that the telepathic power of communication with animals has been lost, that is the real story of the Tower of Babel, you know. Mankind was telepathic for general use, and mankind used speech only in local dialects for communicating with members of the family when they did not want the community as a whole to know what was being said. But then Man lured animals into traps by false telepathy, by false promises. As a result mankind lost the telepathic power as a punishment, and now only a few people on this Earth are telepathic, and for those of us who are it is like being a sighted person in the country of the blind.

Well, madam, to answer the question in your letter briefly —No, humans do not reincarnate as animals, animals do not reincarnate as humans. Yes, animals go to Heaven, and if you truly love your pet then you can be together after you pass over IF your love is truly love and not just selfish, senseless desire to dominate or possess. And, finally on this subject, animals are not an inferior species. Humans can do a vast number of things that animals cannot, animals can do a vast number of things that humans cannot. They are different, and that's all there is to it— they are different, but not inferior.

Now, Miss Cleo, resting so comfortably, looked up with those limpid blue eyes and sent a telepathic message: 'To work, we have to work or we do not eat.' So saying she rose gracefully and most delicately walked off. The Old Man, with a sigh, turned to another letter and another question. 'Are there Mantras for sending dying animals to higher realms, and, if so, what are such Mantras?'

One doesn't need Mantras from humans to animals; just as humans have their own helpers waiting on the Other Side of life to help the dying human to be reborn back into the astral, so animals have their own helpers. And so there are no Mantras necessary to help dying animals enter the astral world. Anyhow animals know by instinct, or by pre-

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know-ledge, far more about such things than do humans.

One should not wait until an animal is dying before one is ready to help. The best way to help an animal is while it is alive and well on this Earth because animals are beautiful creatures, and there are no bad or vicious animals unless they have been made bad and vicious by the ill-treatment, conscious or otherwise, of humans. I have known many cats, and I have never known a cat who was naturally vicious or bad tempered. If a cat has been tormented by humans, or by human children most likely, then of course it does adopt a protective fierceness, but soon with a little kindness all that goes, and one has a gentle, devoted animal again.

You know, a lot of people are scared stiff about Siamese cats, saying how fierce they are, how destructive, how everything bad. It isn't true, there isn't a word of truth in it, not a word. Miss Cleopatra and Miss Tadalinka never, never do anything to annoy us. If something irritates us, then we just say, 'Oh, don't do that, Clee!' and she doesn't do it again. Our cats do not tear up furniture or draperies because we have a pact with them; we provide a very easily made scratching post, actually we have two. They are sturdy posts, strongly mounted on a square base, both are covered with heavy carpet, not old scruffy carpet on which one has upset the garbage pail, but new carpet, actually off-cuts. Well, this carpeting has been securely fixed to the posts and on top of the posts there is room for a cat to sit.

Several times a day Cleopatra and Tadalinka go to their scratch posts, and they have such a long beautiful stretch that it makes one feel better just to watch. Sometimes they will walk up the post instead of jumping to the top, and that is very good for their muscles and very good for their claws. So, we provide the scratch posts and they provide the tranquility because we do not have to fear for any furniture or any draperies.

Once I thought of writing a book about Cat Legends and the real story of cats. I'd love to, but increasing decrepitude makes it improbable that I ever shall. I would like to tell, for instance, how, on another world, in another system, far removed from the solar system, there was a high civilization of cats. In those days they could use their 'thumbs' as humans could, but, just as humans are doing now, they fell from grace and they had a choice of starting a Round all over again or going to another system to help a race not yet born.

Cats are kind creatures and understanding creatures, and so the whole race of cats and the Manu of cats decided to come to the planet we call Earth. They came to watch humans and report to other spheres on the behavior of humans, something like having a television camera watching all the time, but they watch and report not to harm humans, but to help them. In the better regions people do not report things to cause harm but only so that defects may be overcome.

Cats came to be naturally independent so they would not be swayed by affection. They came as small creatures so that humans could treat them kindly or treat them harshly, according to the nature of the humans.

Cats are benign, a good influence on Earth. Cats are a direct extension of a Great

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Overself of this world, a source of information where much information is distorted by world conditions.

Be friendly with cats, treat them kindly, have faith in them knowing that no cat has ever willingly harmed a human, but very very many cats have died to help humans.

Well, Miss Tadalinka has just rushed in with a telepathic message, 'Hey, Guv, guess what? There's seventy-eight letters for you today!' Seventy-eight letters! It's about time I got down to answering some which are waiting.

CHAPTER THREE

The right Path is close at hand yet mankind searches for it afar. 'What is life like in Lhasa today? Are novices having their "third eye" opened? What has happened to all the people you describe in the first book?'

The Lhasa of 1970 under the terrorist rule of the Red Chinese is very, very different from the Lhasa of the era before the Chinese invasion. People are furtive, people look over their shoulders before venturing to speak to even the closest acquaintance. There are no beggars in the streets now; they have either been nailed up by their ears and are long since dead, or they have been sent to forced labor. Women are not the happy, carefree people they used to be. Now in Chinese dominated Tibet women are forcibly mated with Chinese men who have been deported from China and sent to Tibet to be the first colonists.

The Chinese are guilty of genocide, they are trying to kill the Tibetan nation. Chinese men were torn from their families in China and sent to Tibet to till the hard soil and to scrape a living somehow, sent to Tibet to mate with unwilling women and to be the fathers of a race of half-breeds, half Chinese and half Tibetan. As soon as a child is born it is taken away from the parents and placed in a communal home where it is taught as it grows up to hate all things Tibetan and to worship all things Chinese.

Tibetan men are being dealt with so that they are men no longer, so that they can no longer be fathers: Many men, and many women too, have escaped perhaps to India or perhaps to the higher mountain recesses where the Chinese troops cannot climb. The Tibetan race will not die out, the Tibetan race will continue. It is a tragedy that the high ranking Tibetans now in India do not stir up interest in saving Tibet.

At one time I had the fond hope that some of these higher-ups would put aside their petty jealousies and petty hatreds and they would have cooperated with me. I have long had the great desire to speak as a representative of Tibet before the United Nations. I am not dumb, I am not illiterate, I know the side of the East and I know the side of the West, and it has long been my most fervent desire to serve Tibet by appealing to the Free Peoples of the world on behalf of the people now enslaved, now facing determined attempts to extinguish the whole race. But unfortunately I have been called many things, and those higher-ups, living in comfort in India, have not seen fit to do much about saving Tibet. However, that is another matter, and is 'one man's ambition', an ambition,

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though, which is entirely unselfish for I sought nothing for myself.

My books are true, every single one of them, they are absolutely true, but unfortunately the press saw fit to attack me, after all it's so much easier and so much more sensational for the press to try to pull down a person and try to make a blood-and-thunder tale out of something which doesn't exist than to admit the truth. It seems to me, looking back through the years, that those high ranking Tibetans in India, now living there in considerable comfort, are afraid to support me in the mistaken idea that if they did so they would lose the support of the press. Who cares about the press, anyhow? I don't!

People I have known in Tibet? The most highly placed of them have been killed, tortured to death. For example, Tibet's Prime Minister was dragged behind a speeding car through the streets of Lhasa, a rope was tied around one ankle, the other end of the rope was tied to the back of a car. The car was loaded with jeering Chinese, and off it started pulling an eminent man through the streets, turning and twisting on the rocky road, tearing off his nose, tearing off his ears, tearing off other things, until, raw-red and soaking with blood, he was just tossed aside on a garbage heap for dogs to devour.

Women whom I knew? Well, their daughters have been publicly raped in front of their families as well. Many eminent women have been forced into brothels for Chinese troops. The list could go on long about such happenings, but there is no point in it.

Certain cowardly men of high estate capitulated to the Chinese demands and became lackeys of the Chinese, obeying their every whim, aping them, fawning upon them, and remaining in positions of 'trust' until their masters tired of them and liquidated them.

Yet others escaped into the mountains to continue the fight against the Chinese. Many, of course, went to India. Well, that's their choice, but again the thought comes - why would not the Great Ones, safely in India, do something to help those who were not safe?

In the Great Temples and at the Potala itself all the gold sheets forming the roof have been torn off and carried away to China where, presumably, the gold has been melted down and made into money or something. Sacred Figures have been melted down for their gold and silver content, precious jewels have been removed and taken to China, and other things, books, manuscripts, paintings and carvings, have been tossed upon a great bonfire and the whole lot burnt up, and with it the history of a harmless, innocent country devoted only to the good of mankind.

Lamaseries are now brothels or barracks. Nunneries— well, the Chinese regard them as ready-made brothels. Ancient monuments have been torn down to afford easier passage for armored columns.

Lhasa now is the capital city of terror, where people are tortured and killed without knowing the reason why. All that was beautiful has been destroyed. Unless alert men could save those things in time, and painfully carry them off to mountain refuges where they would be stored for coming generations, all that was beautiful has been destroyed. Tibet will rise again, there is no final battle until the last battle, and only the last battle is

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decisive. Tibet will rise again. Perhaps there will be some strong man emerge who will be a great Ruler, perhaps he will revitalize those who now have merely sought safety and comfort in flight.

Tibet now is ringed with great roads, great barrack-like buildings housing workers who are trying to make some sort of order out of high barren land. It is not a happy task because the Chinese men, who have been forced against their own wishes to be immigrants or colonists, hate the land, hate the people, all they desire is to return to their own homes, to their own families. But the Tibetans are treated as sub-humans, the Chinese colonists are treated as prisoners and kept in Tibet against their will, and any who try to escape are tortured and publicly executed.

Meanwhile the nations of the world go about their own everyday business of having a few wars here and there -Korea, Viet Nam, Israel and the Arab countries, Africa, the Chinese/Russian border, and quite a few other places. But if there was a suitable Voice perhaps some of the more astute nations of the world would listen to a plea for help from an accredited representative of Tibet who could augment the spoken word by the written word, who could appear before the United Nations, who could appear on television, and who could write and write seeking aid for a stricken people before it is too late.

From the corridor came a roaring like a town bull on double overtime. A crash at the door and Outsize Neighbor came striding in. Face flaming like the setting sun he plonked down on a chair with a crash that seemed to shake the building. 'Know what?' he bellowed; 'those — 's in Halifax want to put up my rent!'

The Old Man, propped up in bed, tried to think of some good words to say about 'Halifax', but he had to admit that everything was going up, milk, rent, postal charges, freight charges, the works!

Downstairs in the main lobby the Superintendent, Angus Robichaud, worked hard at cleaning the carpet. So much to do, far too much to do and far too much responsibility. Angus Robichaud is a good man, a loyal man, and one who successfully treads the narrow path between doing what his employers demand and doing as much as he can for his tenants. A rare man, of a type becoming increasingly hard to find.

In the Superintendent's Apartment his Wife, Mrs. Robichaud, was fighting to preserve patience and sanity between conflicting telephone calls. Mrs. Schnitzelheimer of 1027 was calling bad-temperedly: 'I vant ze 'eat you should turn off yes, already. My 'usband 'e say 'e got fried on 'is skin the 'eat she is too much, yes.' No sooner had she hung up with a bad-tempered bang than the phone rang again. 'Say, Ma'am, you just tell your husband to turn up that heat a lot pronto or I phone the Boss and make a complaint. What you think I pay for here, eh? To be refrigerated?'

Everything going up? The Old Man guessed that Mr. Robichaud's pay was not. What a pity, he thought, that some of these Apartment Building owners were so blind that they put a man in charge of a building that cost a few million to build—and probably pay him hardly enough to keep body and soul together. Yes, prices were going up to make money for those who already had plenty!

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Pay? Pay? The price of everything is going up? Yes, that's a good question. I am asked why do occultists expect to be paid for giving advice, for information. It's wrong to charge for occult knowledge.

All right, Mrs. So-and-So, you go along to your lawyer or to your doctor or to your food store, go anywhere you like, and if you expect something you will have to pay for it. Your lawyer had to pay a lot of money for this training, he had many lean years as a student, and as a graduate lawyer. He invested money and time in knowledge, specialized knowledge, and he expects, and rightly expects, to have an adequate return on his investment.

Your doctor also had many years of hardship as a medical student. He had to study, he had to walk the wards, and then he had to pass a severe medical examination to see how much he knew and how little he knew. If he is any good as a doctor he is still studying, still keeping up with current developments, still reading about the results of research. He spent a lot of money on his studies, invested in the future, and like the lawyer, like a stockbroker, like anyone, he expects to get an adequate return on his investments.

Try going to a local store and getting free groceries. Tell the storekeeper it's criminal for him to have so much food upon his shelves while you have none on yours, tell him that it's criminal — him with so much food and you with none — for him to charge you. Do that, and you'll probably find yourself hustled off to the local mental home as being non-compos mentis.

The genuine occultist or metaphysician - and I am one -has spent a long time learning and suffering. As such, while we gladly do anything we, can to help people, we still have the right to live, the right to eat, the right to wear clothes, as such we make a charge. Ask your doctor, your grocer, or your lawyer if that is not correct.

There is another question on the same letter; perhaps we should deal with that at the same time; it is pertinent to the remarks above.

The question is—'I have been to Vancouver and I live in British Columbia. There is a man there who charges large sums of money for answering questions. He says he is a student of yours, and he works very closely with you and you advise him whenever he is in difficulties. This man has taken a lot of money from me, and he has given me information which is completely and utterly false. What have you got to say about that?'

In the first case, I am not working with anyone. I have no students whatever. It is utterly false to say that I am working closely with any fortune-teller; I don't believe in fortune-tellers. Too often if one 'fortune tells' one induces a person to do what he or she would not normally do, but we will deal with that in a moment.

If you have reason to believe that person is posing as a student of mine and that person is obtaining money from you by falsely pretending to be a student of mine, then all you have to do is to go to the local Police Station and see someone in the local Fraud Squad. Explain things to him, and if you like you can show him this book, show him this page, where I state most definitely that I have no students whatever and that I do not work at all with fortune-tellers or anyone of that ilk.

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Tell him also that I have no disciples, I do not want disciples, actually they are a darn nuisance! But, of course, that's between you and me, Disciples bumble around, 'Yes Master this, yes Master that,' they get under foot, they creep out from the woodwork like termites. So many, many years ago I decided that I would never have students and I would never have disciples, and all this makes your fortune-teller in Vancouver, British Columbia, sound a bit silly, doesn't it?

No madam, don't blame me for false information. I give none, I don't even sell any. I write my books, and here again you have my positive, my definite statement, that all my books are true. I wouldn't swear it on a stack of Bibles because I am not a Christian and that would not mean any more to me than swearing on a bundle of old newspapers, but, I repeat, all my books are true.

It's unwise, you know, to bother with fortune tellers. After all, each and every one of us comes to this, Earth as students to a school. Now supposing you went to College and during a vacation or half day off you pattered over to some old biddy who probably wears great big earrings and a scarf over her head, and you said in effect, 'Hi, Biddy, what am I going to do next term? I won't tell you anything, you tell me all.'

Well, the old biddy couldn't tell you much, could she? She wouldn't know what course you were taking, she wouldn't know what your secret ambitions were, what your weaknesses were. No! And the average fortune-teller is much like that.

Now, read this carefully, get it engraved on your memory; no human can consult the Akashic Record of another human without 'Divine Permission'. And you can take it that Divine Permission is rarer than hair on an egg, so if people say they are just going to buzz off for a moment, have a look at the Akashic Record and come back with a blueprint of your past life and your future life, just tell them what you think and if you are wise just call in the Fraud Squad if any money is involved.

Every one of us is here to do something, and if we listen to fortune-tellers who do not really know what they are telling, then we might be sidetracked and instead of making a success of our life we may be heartily disillusioned, discouraged, or disenchanted. The best thing is to meditate properly, and if you do that you can know an awful lot about yourself - and usually it is quite awful. You see things where you have gone wrong through listening to others. Of course, you can listen to others, but you have to make a choice yourself and go your own way with full responsibility for yourself.

One of the most foolish statements ever made is to the effect that no man is an island unto himself. Silly, isn't it? Of course everyone has to be 'an island unto himself'.

If you join cults and groups, then you are not being an individual you are being just somebody living in a community. If you become a member of a cult or group you are not accepting your responsibility as an individual human. No doubt this will cause a considerable uproar among all those people who advertise metaphysical correspondence courses where you pay high sums for life and get little back, but the whole truth is this: no matter what your mother told you to do, no matter what your group leader told you to do, or the high mystical holder of the symbolic key of the correspondence college, when

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you pass over from this life you, and you alone have to answer to your Overself for what you did or for what you did not do. It is utterly futile for you to think that you can say, 'Oh, you can't blame me for that, I only did what my mother told me to do. If she were here she would tell you so herself' But that is idiotic. You have to take the responsibility, and you alone. So, if you have to take the responsibility, and you most certainly have, then why allow yourself to be persuaded to do something by a gang of people who are out to get your money or out to get a bit of power through heading a group? That type of person is not going to stand by you when your Overself is judging your life. Again let me repeat, you, and you alone, have to answer to your Overself, so you, and you alone should live your life and make your decisions, and accept or reject responsibilities just as you and you alone think fit.

It is useless to listen to Mr. Dogwalloper, the President of the Hog's Tooth Metaphysical Society who will tell you this and tell you that and tell you something else, and who will tell you that if you do as his cult suggests you will get a reserved seat in Heaven with free harp playing lessons thrown in. You won't know. If Mr. Dogwalloper knew enough he wouldn't talk such a lot of bilge, he would be so busy trying to clear up his own life and preparing for his own judgment that he wouldn't meddle with your responsibilities.

In the same way it is stupid to be swayed or influenced by those old women of both sexes who prate and yowl that you should join their religious group, telling you how damned you will be if you don't, telling you how wonderful you will be if you do join them. Well, again, remember that all these people will not answer for you later.

Too many people bleat about 'God's blessing be upon you.' They come pretending that they have direct authority from God to bless one and to give one absolution for things already done. Well, God must be awfully busy! These people are just the same as you, and you, and you—no better and perhaps no worse. They might be deluded, they might think that because they wear their collar the wrong way round, or because they read a book that they automatically have become a saint.

Having a knowledge of metaphysics does not necessarily make one spiritual, you know. According to legends old Satan himself knows quite a trick or two in the metaphysics line, but you are not going to call him spiritual, are you, not in the right way, that is. To come down to brass tacks, anyone can learn metaphysical things, it doesn't matter how bad the person, he or she can learn such things, he doesn't have to be of a certain degree of spirituality first. But a great and merciful Providence nearly always, not always but nearly always, arranges matters so that if we get a double-dyed villain studying metaphysics he changes first to a once-dyed villain and some of the dye washes out, he might even be a decent fellow beneath. But don't believe all the advertisements about the 'Saintly So-and-So who is now a Swami'. A Swami is a Mr., do you know that? It is no mystical title, that little word Swami really carries weight with a lot of people, but don't you be fooled by it.

Now, I see there is another question here which really we have just answered. The question is, 'Tell me why people shouldn't do metaphysical things in groups but should do it alone.'

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I have already answered that, but perhaps I can add to it. A short time ago I was sent some 'literature' from a group who wanted me to join them. They boasted about their vast classes who were all meditating together. Did you ever read anything more stupid than that – 'who were all meditating together?' Well, if they had a scrap of meta-physical knowledge they would know that you can't meditate together. Do you know why?

Every human radiates energy, radiates waves, waves of thought, waves of prana, and everyone is to some extent telepathic, so if you get a whole group of people all meditating about their own affairs—well, they certainly do gum up the works and it is impossible to do any worthwhile meditation for oneself when in a group.

You get the same sort of thing in big crowds. Take a football crowd, for instance; here you get a few thousand normal people, some of them fairly well balanced, some of them as crazy as coots, and they all congregate together. They are thinking about the game, and then something happens, someone thinks a certain thing and says a certain thing, and here in this crowd you get a sudden group personality, you get mass hysteria. People get trampled underfoot, immense damage is done to the football ground buildings, seats collapse, people come storming out through the gates yelling and shouting, and roughing up any one in their path, and later, when the crowd breaks up, the responsible ones feel quite dreadful and shamefacedly they wonder whatever happened to them.

The same thing happens in group meditation. Everybody thinking on a certain thing can cause the law of Reversed Effort to take place. I said, 'thinking about the same thing'. The mere fact of meditation, of meditating is enough because if one is meditating then it is a definite act, and every person meditating adds his or her own grain to the newly formed thought form or group personality, and unless there are some highly trained people—there rarely are—who can control things, you get all sorts of nervous illnesses resulting from the meeting. So, again I say, if you want this to be your last life on this Round do not join groups or cults, live your own life, accept your own responsibilities, make your own decisions. Oh yes, by all means, consider the advice of others, consider advice, weigh up the different advice you get, and then decide for yourself. Then when you have left this Earth and you are in the Hall of Memories with your knees knocking together with fright, and you get the judgment of your Overself upon your sins of omission and commission, you might get a few words of praise for yourself, and you might come out thinking, 'Yes, yes, I'm glad I followed Lobsang Rampa's advice. He was right after all.'

With the closing of the day 'the Family' were gathered about the Old Man's bed. Miss Cleopatra was looking out at the ships in the harbor, Miss Tadalinka was sitting on the Old Man's lap. Ma put down the first pages of the typescript which she had been reading and almost simultaneously Buttercup put down the copy which she had been reading.

'Well?' queried the Old Man, 'What do you think of it?'

Ma rubbed her ear and said, 'It's all right, it made me laugh so that should be test

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enough.'

'And how about you, Buttercup, what do you think about it?' the Old Man said.

Buttercup — well, she looked down at the typescript again and then looked up at the Old Man as she said, 'You repeat yourself, you know. That bit about Metaphysicians getting paid, well, you said something like that in "Beyond the Tenth".'

'But sure I repeated myself,' said the Old Man in some exasperation. 'How do I know if the person who is reading this book has read "Beyond the Tenth"? And these things, to my mind, are so important that surely a repetition is justified. After all, if you go to school the teacher doesn't say a thing just once and expect you to have it for ever and three days, does he? He repeats it'

Ma broke in—almost as if to prevent a fight!—'You say about no disciples, about not being interested in anything, how about John?'

The Old Man remembered his blood pressure, remembered his various complaints and sat gamely on his safety valve—if bodies have safety valves—But anyway, he suppressed, as so often of late he had had to suppress, the various comments which rose almost unbidden.

'All right, we'll make an exception about John. All right, we'll clear up one or two things which you say are not adequately covered so far.' So—here goes.

Every so often one comes across a man or a woman who has a deep urge to obey spiritual impulses and to improve the nature and show that Karma can be overcome. Such a person is John Henderson. We are very fond of John Henderson—er, let me qualify that; his hobby is acting and he is a very good actor except when he tries to act the role of an Irish priest. His Irish accent is more like the Bronx in New York, that, though, is a digression. John Henderson is a good man who is trying and succeeding. I have suggested to him most strongly that later, when he is a bit older, he starts a Spiritual Retreat so that he can help those who need help. He won't be telling fortunes, he won't be trying to delude anyone. Instead, as a truly spiritual person he will be trying to help. So perhaps in three or four years you will be reading about John Henderson, in the best way of course, that's understood.

Buttercup said, 'But how does metaphysics help people to be more spiritual? You say that anyone can study metaphysics and usually even the bad ones turn good when they study metaphysics. How?'

Well, before the Communist takeover in Tibet there were various inscriptions carved on the lintels of lamasery entrances, such as 'A thousand monks, a thousand religions', or 'The saffron robe does not a monk make'. Unfortunately there are many arrant fakers and phonies in occultism, so much is hard to disprove and so much appeals to what people want to know. Some of the bums who study metaphysics, or pretend to study metaphysics, gather a little knowledge and then act as if they were Gods who know everything, plus. Actually most of these people really are just that—ignorant bums and nothing more. They are not truly studying with the intention of progressing, they are not

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truly studying with the desire to help others. They are trying to get a fast-talking smattering of occultism so they can make a fast buck. They are just pursuing a cult or even trying to start a fresh cult. They set out with a gang of so-called 'disciples' and they perpetrate all sorts of spiritual crimes, they lead people astray and they divert people from what should be their real task.

At the present time, within the past very few years, a great horde of people have come on the scene, people whom one could justifiably call 'the great unwashed'. Most of them are not merely unwashed, they stink with it physically and spiritually. They seem to take a pride in wearing tattered rags of clothing, and they take an ever greater pride in being uncouth and coarse, well, uncouth is being coarse, isn't it?

But anyway, they are uncouth and they are also coarse with it. Let me tell them, as I so often tell them in letters, that there is no virtue in being dirty, in fact with many of them I would like to get busy with a pig scraper and remove the first few layers of dirt to see what really was beneath.

Now for that question from Buttercup as to why people should study metaphysics; in studying metaphysics they are just getting back what should be a birth right. Metaphysics has a scruffy name, but that is because scruffy people have abused the name. Actually, in years gone by everyone had metaphysical ability, that is, everyone was clairvoyant and telepathic, but through abusing those powers they lost the ability, the ability atrophied. You get the same sort of thing with a person who has to stay in bed a long time. If a person is confined to bed and not permitted to exercise the leg, then the person loses the power of walking, forgets how to do it, and when the illness which caused the poor wretch to stay in bed has been cured he or she has to be taught to walk all over again.

A person who has been born blind and suddenly through some advance in science has been given sight, has to be trained in the art of seeing because when you see for the first time you cannot comprehend what it is that you are seeing. One has to be taught to see things in 3D, one has to be taught to be able to judge distances. On this I have much personal experience because I have been blind, and recovering sight suddenly is quite a shock.

So people study metaphysics so that they may regain powers which their ancestors had and lost. And how does metaphysics help even bad people become less bad and more spiritual? Easy! When one studies metaphysics it actually raises a person's vibrations, and the higher a person's vibrations are the more spiritual he becomes. So if a real thug suddenly has a change of heart and starts to study metaphysics, the mere act of studying occult knowledge makes him a better man, while reducing his value as a thug.

CHAPTER FOUR

Success is the culmination of hard work and thorough preparation.

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‘But why do crowds get out of control?’ Buttercup would not let the question drop. ‘You say that football crowds get out of control, well, we know that is so, but why do, how do they, what mechanism is employed?’

The Old Man gave a sigh because he wanted to discuss something quite different, but a question is a question, and there may be many people who are interested in why, how, etc.

Every person has a magnetic field around him—oh yes, naturally we include ‘her’ in that, and sad to relate all too frequently the magnetic field around the female of the species is stronger than that of the male. Possibly that is why the female of the species is supposed to be dangerous! Everyone, then, has a magnetic field around the body. This magnetic field is not the aura, it is the etheric, and if you find it difficult to visualize think that instead of a collection of people you have a collection of bar magnets. Naturally enough they will be standing on end the same as people do, so let us say the North points up and the South points down.

Well, immediately you have a lot of magnets with their fields interacting, some are stronger, some are weaker, some are perhaps a bit warped, and together they build up quite a formidable force and they have a strong effect upon nearby structures.

In a very similar way humans, with their built-in magnets, interact upon each other. Some of the magnetic fields are disturbing fields rather opposed to others, and they will create a ripple of discontent which can grow and affect people who are normally quite sensible and stable. In a football crowd everyone is thinking more or less about the same thing, that is, about the game. Yes, we know that perhaps half the crowd want one side to win, and the other half want the other side to win, but we can disregard that because they are both thinking of substantially the same thing—‘a win’.

So all the time the game is in progress the magnetic field is being increased, and increased, and increased by the positive thoughts of ‘a win’. When some player does something wrong one side is overjoyed and gets a surge of power, while the other side is despondent and has a reverse of power which, again, causes a discordant note in what one might term the basic frequency of humans.

Under certain conditions mass hysteria is generated. People who are normally quite decent and well behaved lose control of themselves, and do things of which they are heartily ashamed after.

You know that everyone has a built-in censor, that ‘little inner voice which keeps us on the straight and narrow path’, and when mass hysteria occurs the Kundalini of people is affected and the reverse current (note carefully that it is a reverse current) surges along the spinal column, overpowering the good impulses of the Kundalini and overpowering and temporarily paralyzing the human built-in censor.

With the censor overpowered there is no limit to the destruction, to the vandalism, and to the outright savagery of which a human is capable. Every fresh act seems to lend power. People become oblivious to hurts they receive themselves, they get bruises, cuts and assorted gashes in the melee, and they do not notice them.

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The weaker people fall to the ground and are trampled on. Panic sets in and the whole mass of people will charge the exits or barricades, and by sheer weight of numbers will crash through leaving many injured behind them. When the crowd disperses the magnetic buildup fails and dissipates, and so people 'come to their senses'. Those who can get away to their own homes have time to feel heartily ashamed of themselves at home, whereas those who are carted off in a Black Maria or Paddy-Wagon, cool off in what the Police inelegantly term 'the cooler'. The cooler, of course, is a cell where hot tempers soon subside.

Oh yes, of course, on a lesser degree such things can occur with groups and cult meetings. You can get much the same sort of thing when a whole horde of people get together and imagine they are meditating, but they are not, they are building up quite a reversed current which does more harm than good.

Ladies and Gentlemen, those of good intention, those who try to do good for others, your attention please for something which is of vital importance to sufferers.

Do you ever try to do so-called 'absent healing'? Do you ever dash off a bunch of prayers for those who are afflicted? Do you think you are doing a lot of good helping to cure and all that? As a victim of such very well intentioned efforts I want to utter a shriek of protest on behalf of the sufferers.

Supposing one has three, or four, or five, or six people all wanting to do absent healing on to one poor sufferer. These three, four, five or six people may have absolutely the purest intentions but they do not know the exact nature of the illness afflicting the sufferer, they try to cast a blanket cure and, believe me, I have definitely been injured by such so-called blanket coverage.

It is very, very dangerous to hypnotize a person into believing that he has no illness when, in fact, he is almost dying from some complaint. It is equally dangerous to do this absent healing stuff unless you are a qualified doctor and know the nature of the disease and what side effects there can be from that disease. Again we have our old friend, or more likely, old enemy, the Law of Reversed Effort, with which to contend.

Under certain conditions if one too ardently desires a thing and one concentrates untrained thoughts on a certain thing, then instead of getting a positive thing, a positive result, one gets a negative result. When you get five or six people all doing the same thing the suffering of the victim— well, I've had some!

My strong recommendation based on the most unfortunate personal experience is that none of you try absent healing without knowing the precise nature of the complaint, without knowing what side effects might be expected, without knowing the severity of the complaint.

Have you ever been in a really populated area and tried to get a radio program, and there seemed to be stations coming in from everywhere, each interfering with the others so the result was nothing but jangled cacophony with nothing clear in the whole bunch? That's what you get with absent healing. I do a lot of short wave listening, it's about my only entertainment now, and sometimes a station will be jammed by Russia or

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China, and the whining and wailing and weirdy-woos make one have to switch off in a hurry.

Unfortunately it's not so easy to switch off when a group of people are trying ill-advisedly and in conflict with each other to do absent healing. Mind you, the people concerned can have the highest motives, but unless they are trained as priests or as medical practitioners it's a thing which cannot be recommended.

The other day a taxi driver asked Buttercup a question. He said, 'Don't you agree that young people today are far more alert and far more intelligent than were their fathers?' Buttercup had her own comments about that, and probably they were the same as the comments I make:

Do I think that young people of today are more aware than were their parents at a similar age?

No, by golly, I don't, I think they are a lot dimmer. I think some of them nowadays are just a gang of exhibitionists going about with their long hair and their scruffy tattered rags of clothing, and the stench which comes from them is enough to lift one's hat off. Not only that, but so many of them appear to be downright stupid:

A few years ago, when parents, or—no, let's go farther back - when grandparents were teenagers they had to work, they had to study, they couldn't go watching television all the time or blaring hi-fi. They had to do things, they had to make their own entertainments. It taught them to think.

Nowadays young people do not seem able to make themselves understood in what should be their own language, they are illiterate, downright crummy in fact. There are some children nearby of school age and their command of English is not a command at all, it's a complete disorder. They seem to be as illiterate as Hottentots who don't even know what school is.

Personally I think children and teenagers are going like this because both parents go out to work and ignore the absolutely essential requirement that the rising generation shall be taught by the generation whom they are replacing.

I think, too, that television and the cinema are largely to blame for the illiteracy and the general mental sluggishness of the average teenager.

The films, the television shows, well, they show an absolutely artificial world, an absolutely artificial set of conditions. They show wonderful houses, wonderful estates and fantastically expensive furnishings, and the film stars seem to have fleets of Cadillacs and hordes of boy friends or girl friends. Immorality is not merely condoned, it is actually encouraged. Actress Dinah Dogsbody, for instance, boasts of how many men she has run through and left weak-kneed and shaking, while actor Hector Hogwash boasts of having perhaps fourteen wives, presumably divorcing them one after the other, but anyway, what is the difference between prostitution and these actors and actresses who change partners almost at the drop of a—well, drop of a hat; I was going to say something different, but perhaps there are ladies reading this.

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My answer, then, is that I think the general standard of education is falling rapidly. I think the education in Europe is far, far higher than it is in the U.S.A. and Canada, but then in Europe there is still some semblance of parental discipline.

Nowadays mere children can do a menial sort of job, work short hours and get enough money to run wild, to buy all sorts of expensive radios, to buy a car, and almost anything they set their mind to. If they do not have the cash then they soon get a credit account and they are hooked for life just as surely as if they were on drugs.

What is the point of giving people education when the major part of that education seems to be teaching them that they should have things which they have no possible chance of obtaining? I think there should be a return to religious discipline, not necessarily Christian, not necessarily Buddhist, not necessarily Jewish, but a return to some religion because until the world has some spiritual discipline, then the world will continue to turn out worse and worse specimens of humanity.

Quite a number of young people write to me and tell me I am an old fuddy-duddy because I do not approve of drugs. Now these young people, sixteen, seventeen or eighteen years of age, they think they know all, they think the whole fount of knowledge is open to them instead of realizing that they have hardly started to live, instead of realizing that they are hardly out of the egg.

I am definitely, utterly, and irrevocably opposed to drugs of any kind unless they are administered according to strict medical supervision.

If a person goes and chucks a dollop of acid in the face of another person, then the results are apparent, the flesh peels away, the eyes burn out, acid scores deep grooves in the chin and runs down to the chest, and the result is generally horrible. But that is a kindly act compared to what happens when people become drug addicts.

Drugs wrongly used, and all drugs used without medical supervision are wrongly used, can sear the astral body just as acid can sear the physical body.

A drug addict who dies and passes over to the astral world has a truly horrible time. He has to go to what is in effect an astral mental hospital because his astral body is warped and distorted, and it may take a long, long time before the most skilled attention that he can receive can restore that astral body to anything like a workable condition.

People rave about this entirely evil drug L.S.D. Think of the number of suicides there have been, the ones that are reported, and think of the ones that have not been reported, think of the harm that has been caused in terms of insanity and violence. L.S.D., marijuana, heroin, all those things, they are all devilishly evil. Unfortunately young people do not seem able to accept the advice of older people, people who have the experience.

It is true that, for example, L.S.D. will get the astral body separated from the physical body, but all too often, unfortunately, the astral body goes down to one of the lower hells, one of the weirdy astral planes, and when it comes back the subconscious itself is seared with the horrors it has undergone. So, young people who should be reading this, stay away from drugs, never mind if you do think drug X or drug Y is harmless, if they are

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taken without medical supervision, you might have some idiosyncrasy which will make you particularly susceptible to those drugs and very quickly you will be hooked beyond hope of recovery. Remember, all these drugs are harmful, and although by some remote chance it might now show on your physical for the time being, yet it will show very definitely upon your astral and on your aura.

By the way, if people do take drugs and they damage their astral bodies, then they come under the same category as do suicides, and if a person commits suicide then he or she has to come back to this Earth to finish his or her sentence, which is one way of looking at it, or to complete his or her lessons, which is another way of looking at it. Whichever way you look at it there are no dropouts from the Heavenly Fields, no dropouts from this Earth either. If you gum up the works this time and do not learn the things which you came here to learn, then you come back and back and back again until you do learn your lessons. So this drug business is a very serious thing indeed and no action taken by the government can be in any way too severe to deal with the drug problem. The best way to deal with it is for each and every one of us to decide that we will not take drugs. In that way we shall not be spiritual suicides, and we shall not have to come back to this Earth into steadily worsening conditions.

In the last paragraph I referred to spiritual suicides—repeating the remarks in others of my books—about suicides. I receive an amazing number of letters from people who tell me that they are going to commit suicide. Perhaps they have been crossed in love, perhaps they weren't crossed in love and lived to regret it, but whatever it is I have been appalled at the number of people who write to me saying they are going to commit suicide. Let me state once again, as I have stated constantly, suicide is never, never justified. If one commits suicide one just gets slapped back to this Earth to 'enter class' once again. So, do not think that you can escape your responsibilities by cutting your throat or slashing your wrists, or anything like that; you can't.

Some years ago a boy who was somewhat unstable apparently committed suicide and left a note to say he was going to come back in a few years' time. Well, unfortunately, a copy of one of my books (You — Forever) was found near him, and the press really had a Roman holiday, they went delirious with joy, they raked up everything they could think of and then they called in other people to see if they could think of anything else. And, you know, the most amazing thing of all is that it was reported in the press that I encouraged suicide. Actually, I have never encouraged suicide. I often think I would like to murder press people, but that fate would be far too good for them. Let them go on making their mistakes and let them pay for it after. I personally believe that the majority of press people are subhuman. I personally believe that the press is the most evil force on this Earth today because the press distorts things and tries to whip up excitement or frenzy, tries to drive people to war. If Government leaders could sit down together and discuss matters without the press blaring out a collection of lies and ruining friendly relations, then we should have more peace. Yes, emphatically, based on my own experiences, I am firmly of the belief that the press is the most evil force on this world today.

I mention all this because even the press reported that the boy thought he would come back and start again. Well, that was right, the boy would have to come back again.

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But let me again repeat, I never, never encourage suicide. As I have stated unchangingly for the whole of my life, suicide is never justified, and while some Buddhists apparently do it in the belief that it is going to help the Buddhist cause or the cause of peace; I still maintain that suicide is never justified. So -my strong recommendation is do not even contemplate suicide, it doesn't help, you will have to come back under worse conditions. And if you stick it out here nearly always it's not so bad as one fears. The worst things of all never happen, you know, we only think they might.

Suicides, dead bodies, etc., etc. Now here is a question which came only yesterday. A lady asks, 'The cloud which stays over a body for three days—is it the soul or the astral body? Doesn't the soul leave soon for the Other Side?' Well yes, of course. The soul leaves the body with the cutting of the Silver Cord just the same as a child is entirely detached from its mother's body as the umbilical cord is detached. Until that umbilical cord is severed then the child is in coexistence with its mother. In the same way, until the Silver Cord is disconnected the astral body is coexistent with the physical body.

The cloud which hangs over a dead body for three days or so is just the accrued energy dissipating. Look at it in another way; suppose you have a cup of tea, the tea is poured out and before you can drink it you are called away.

The tea stays hot, but becomes cooler, and cooler, and cooler; so, in the same way, until the body has lost all the energy built up during the lifetime, a cloud hovers over the body gradually dispersing over three days.

Another illustration; suppose you have a coin in your hot little hand and you suddenly put down that coin, the energy imparted in the form of heat from your hot little hand lost all the energy built up during the lifetime, a cloud hovers over the body gradually dispersing over three days. Another illustration; suppose you have a coin in your hot little hand and you suddenly put down that coin, the energy imparted in the form of heat from your hot little hand doesn't suddenly disperse, it takes a certain amount of time for the heat put in the coin by your hand to go, and for the coin to return to the ordinary temperature surrounding it. In the same way an astral body can be quite detached from the physical body, but by the principle of magnetic attraction it can still sense the charge around the physical body, and so until all that charge has gone it is said that the physical body and the astral body are connected.

One of the horrors of dying in this part of the world is the barbaric practice over here in North America of embalming people. It seems to me to be much the same as stuffing chickens, or something, so in my own case I am going to be cremated as that is far better than to be handled and messed around by the embalmer and his mate. And, as a certain lady cat said, 'The Old Man is trying to complete Feeding the Flame before he feeds the flame.' May I for my part say that I hope they will not put on the crematorium door (when I am inside) 'Frying tonight.'

A lady—I am sure she is a lady because she writes in such an elegant manner—takes me to task somewhat, 'Why do you occultists always say this is so, and that is so, but offer no proof? People must have proof. Why do you not give proof? Why should we believe anything? God has never said a word to me, and the astronauts have not seen

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any sign of heaven in space.'

Proof! That's one of the biggest things, but tell me this; if one is a sighted person in the country of the blind, how does one give proof that there is sight? Moreover, how do you give proof when so many people will not believe a thing when it's stuck slap in front of their nose?

There have been many very eminent scientists (I can only think of Sir Oliver Lodge for the moment), quite a number of famous names have been interested in proof, in science cooperating with the occult world. For example, Sir Oliver Lodge, a most spiritual man, addressed a very important Association in 1913 in England. Sir Oliver said, 'Either we are immortal beings or we are not. We may not know our destiny, but we must have a destiny of some sort. Science may not be able to reveal human destiny, but it certainly should not obscure it.' He went on to say that in his opinion the present-day methods of science would not work in securing proof. He said also that it was his belief that if reputable scientists were allowed to work free without all the scoffers and doubters, then they could reduce occult occurrences to physical laws, and that is obviously very much so. People who demand proof demand proof in the terms of bricks standing upon bricks, they want proof while all the time they are trying to prevent that proof. People who go into occult studies just trying to get a material proof are like people who go into a dark-room and turn on the lights to see if there is any image on the yet undeveloped film. Their actions definitely inhibit any manifestation of proof.

In the occult world we are dealing with intangible matters, we are dealing with matters of an extremely high vibration, and the way people go along nowadays is something like using a pneumatic road drill to excavate in order that fillings may be put in one's teeth. Before proof can be given in a materialistic sense scientists have to be trained in what can be and what cannot be, it's useless for them to charge like a bull at a gate, they are not breaking bricks, they are trying to find out something which is as basic as humanity itself. If people will be honest with themselves, if they will stay away from the television screens and the cinemas and all that stuff, and if they will meditate properly, then they will have an inner awareness that such a thing is, they will become aware of their own spiritual natures, always assuming that their spiritual nature is not so debased as to preclude any other manifestation.

For years in addition to wanting to photograph the aura which I see around every person I have wanted to develop, as I have already stated, a telephone which would enable the ordinary people, non-clairvoyant, non-clairaudient people to telephone the Other Side. Think what fun it would be looking up a Heavenly telephone directory and having to ask for information—Did he go up or down? I suppose the nether regions would have an exchange called Brimstone, or something similar. Anyway, in years to come when scientists are less materialistic, then it will be that there will be such a telephone. Actually there has been, but that is another story.

Perhaps I should head the next bit 'Stop press news' because there has been a telephone call from John Henderson, some three thousand miles away. He has now had some proof of people on the Other Side of this life. A message came to him and he had

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the sensation that he was having his head kicked which is what I once told him I would like to do to him! But anyway, he just phoned to say that at last he has GOT THE MESSAGE. That message was directed from the Other Side and not at all impelled by me. Some day perhaps John Henderson may write a book, he should, and if he tells about this occurrence many people will probably say, 'Well, I never! I wouldn't like such things to happen to me!'

'Hi, Guv,' said Miss Taddy, jerking to a full awake after being soundly and noisily asleep for some time. 'I've got a question which any human would like answered.'

'All right, Tadikins, what is it?'

So Miss Tadikins sat down and folded her arms and said, 'Well, it's like this; we cats know what arrangements are made on the Other Side, but why don't you tell humans how they plan their life on Earth?'

Personally I thought I had dealt with that ad nauseam and I don't want Buttercup to come jumping at me telling me that I am repeating myself, and after writing so much about suicide it might be something akin to suicide if I start up again writing about life after death, so perhaps I can get over it by calling this answer 'Life Before Birth'.

On the Other Side of this life an entity has decided that he or she must go to school again to take a special course. Perhaps certain lessons were learned previously and the return Home has enabled those lessons to be digested and weaknesses to be perceived. So then the entity who is he or she, sits down and thinks things over.

On Earth many students discuss their future with a counsellor, they discuss what courses are required in order that they shall obtain a certain qualification. For example, a nurse in England wants to become a surgeon; obviously she has some knowledge of anatomy, so what does she need in order to enter Medical School? She discusses what she has to do, and then goes to it. In the same way our he or she on the Other Side of life on Earth decides with considerable help what lessons have to be learned, what tasks have to be surmounted, and what difficulties have to be endured. Then the whole thing is planned very carefully.

Do you play chess? Well, if you do you will know all about those chess problems which appear in certain magazines. The chess board is all set up with pawns and knights and rooks, and all that, in certain predetermined positions. You, poor soul have to think and think until your brain nearly cracks and work out a way in which to win that game. It's something like that in planning the life to come. All the obstacles are set up, all the conditions are laid down; what do you have to learn, do you have to learn poverty and how to overcome it? It's no good going to a rich family, then, is it? Do you have to learn how to be generous to others, how to handle money? Then it's no good going to a poor family, is it? You have to decide what you want to learn, you have to decide what sort of family will best meet your requirements.

Are you coming to a tradesman's family or to a professional family? Or are you coming as one of a noble family? It all depends, you know. It's like actors on a stage, an actor may be a king in one play and a beggar in another, and it's just the same with life,

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it depends on what you have to learn.

You come to the station, to the conditions, to the difficulties, to the problems and obstacles which you yourself have decided upon. Before you come you set up your problems in very much the same manner as a chess problem is set up and then left for someone else to solve.

So you have your problems set up in front of you, and instead of just sitting down and scratching your head, and anywhere else which is troubling you at that moment, and trying to work it out, you do something about it. You look about and find the family, the country, the locality which will best enable you to live the problems which you have set up and solve them by the mere act of your living and enduring the difficulties and tests.

After all, a student perhaps going to a postgraduate course, he knows he is going to have some hardships, he knows he has to get a certain percentage of marks otherwise he won't pass, otherwise he's got to come back again. He knows that he'll have to 'serve' a certain time in the classrooms, but he knows all these things and he wants to go through it because he wants the qualifications or the knowledge that comes after. So you planned everything, but none of your plans ever included suicide. If you commit suicide, then it means you are a dropout, it means you failed, and if a person is a dropout it means he can't advance through lack of qualification and through lack of intestinal fortitude.

Always without any exception those who drop out of life through suicide come back and start all over again with a fresh bunch of problems just tagged on for luck.

Next time you look in some newspaper or in some magazine, and you see a chess problem all set up so nicely on the black and white squares of print, well just remember you set up problems like that for yourself before you came to this Earth.

How are you solving them? Are you making out all right? Do not be disheartened, you started it, you know!

CHAPTER FIVE

A hundred men may make a camp; it takes a woman to make a home.

'Tsk, tsk,' said the Old Man to Miss Cleo who was sitting admiring the sunshine coming in through a parting of the curtains. She turned her head wisely and gazed through those beautiful blue eyes. 'Tsk, tsk,' he repeated as if enjoying the sound. 'I wish I were a rich author,' he said, 'and had an extensive reference library. Do you know how many books I have, Cleo?' The Old Man turned his head and looked at the only books he possessed, a dictionary, a diabetics' manual, a medical handbook for ships' captains, a book about countries' flags, a Payette catalogue about radio stuff from Montreal, a Canadian type catalogue from Toronto, and, of course, a very large atlas, so large that it just about takes two men and a dog to lift the thing, it's certainly an atlas too large and too heavy for a poor wretch confined to bed. 'And that's all this author's library, Cleo,' said the Old Man with that wry laugh. 'Rather a pity, though, because the number of things people ask, well, it would be enough to make my hair stand on end if I weren't bald. Still, this is

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wasting time; we have to get on with our book, Miss Clee, and you and Taddy can go and enjoy the sunshine while I work for the daily bread.'

Mrs. Sorock—our old friend Valeria Sorock—asks about sleep. Good gracious me, Mrs. Sorock, don't you know what sleep is? Anyway, quite a number of people have asked the same thing so let's see what we can do about it.

On the physical plane a body works and builds up a lot of toxins, a lot of poisons accumulate in the muscles. When we work too hard at a given task using the same muscles, crystals form in the muscular tissue and, being wretchedly sharp things, they dig in when we continue moving and make us feel 'stiff', so we soon stop moving.

All the organs of the body get suffused with toxins and so after a time it is necessary for Man to lie down and go to sleep so that the body mechanism slows down, becomes almost static, and during that period of sleep the toxins which cause tiredness and muscular stiffness, dissipate or disperse so that when we wake up we are as good as new. All the stiffness has gone, all the aches and pains have gone, and people feel very refreshed, at least they do if they go to bed early enough and get enough rest, otherwise if people have been out drinking they have overloaded the body mechanism badly and they suffer from a hangover. But we are not discussing drunks and their ilk, we are discussing your attitude towards sleep, you, the sensible people.

So on the ordinary physical plane, when we sleep it is with the purpose of dissipating toxins and crystals which make one sluggish, tired, and full of aches and pains. But there is more to sleep than this. Just as school children go home at the end of the school day, so does the human psyche have to go home at frequent intervals.

If a human had to stay completely awake all the time he would find life insupportable, all manner of strange physical manifestations would occur. So he goes into a period of sleep to the astral world for recuperation. Think of school children who had to stay in class for twenty-four hours a day; well, of course, they couldn't do it, but supposing they had to, soon they would not be able to learn anything, soon they would be completely insane with fatigue. The same with adults.

During sleep the physical body is left prone upon a bed, most times it's upon a bed, anyhow, enough times in fact for us to say 'prone upon a bed'. At such times the physical body is resting there and just sleeping off the effects of existing for yet another day. The driver of the body, the psyche, is away so the body mechanism called the subconscious takes over, and all sorts of reflex actions occur in the body. Often the eyes will roll behind shut eyelids, often the body will gasp and groan or snort, and there is much threshing about because the body exercises a certain amount during sleep in order that crystals and toxins may be dispersed and dissipated more rapidly. That is why people are moving quite a lot when they are asleep, and no one ever stays completely immobile during sleep. If they did they would have a fresh load of toxins at the point of contact between the body and the bed because all the time the same flesh would be compressed.

The subconscious during this sleep period is completely freed from the control of the psyche, and so it, in effect wanders among the memory-file cards something like an

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idiot boy who can grasp a file card here, or perhaps two or three file cards there.

If one card only is picked—and remember that we should have put ‘card’ in quotes to show that it’s not really a card, but we are just using a symbolic item. If you like, we could, to make it clearer say that a memory cluster is tapped—if that memory cluster, then, is tapped we get a dream which can be quite clear about one specific event. But if two or three memory clusters (let’s call them cards and have done with it!) are picked, then the dream becomes a fantasy because, purely as an illustration, we can have a dream or adventure in which a fish is riding down the road on horseback because the memory picked up may have been of a big fish, and then superimposed upon it will be the memory of a person on horseback. If these two memory cards are superimposed, then we get the distorted impression of a fish on horseback.

If you go in for slide projection with 35 mm transparencies you will know that you can get a very clear picture by having just one slide in your projector, but if you stick in two slides then you get something which never happened, you get one picture superimposed on the other. And if you get three slides in, well, then you get confusion. It’s the same with your dreams, the dream is a simple thing, just an ordinary straightforward memory, but when it becomes tinged or overpowered with a different memory card, then you get fantasy or even nightmare. You dream of things which are quite impossible, things which could never happen, and then if you have retained any control of your memory when your psyche returns to the body, you will say that you had a nightmare.

During sleep when the psyche is away the built-in censor of the body also is sleeping, and so some of the memories or fantasies may be erotic or sadistic, and so we get those terrible dreams of which people sometimes write in and say, ‘Chee! Whatever happened to me?’

It is impossible to confuse astral travel with dreams or nightmares because in dreams there is nearly always some inconsistency, some improbability, there is always some element which is at variance with what you know to be fact. The colors may be wrong, or you may, for example, see a person with the head of a tiger. It can be determined, with a little practice, that which is a dream and that which is astral travel.

Memories of dreams and memories of astral travel follow the same path into one’s awareness when one is awake; when the psyche comes back and the body awakens it may say, ‘Oh, I had a terrible dream last night.’ Or if the person has training and knows how to astral travel consciously, then he comes back with a complete knowledge of all he has done. The body is still rested, the toxins are still dispersed, but the psyche has retained the information of what happened in the astral world.

Some school children have a holiday and they are so excited at coming back to school that everything that happened during the holiday completely disappears from their brains or from their memories, and in just the same way, people coming back from astral travel may forget completely all that happened in the excitement of starting another day.

It cannot be too often repeated that if one wants to remember astral travel, then

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one just simply must say to oneself three times before going to sleep, 'I will sleep soundly and restfully, and in the morning I will be aware of all that I have done in the astral.' Repeat that three times before going to sleep, and if you really think what you are saying, and if you really mean what you are saying, then you will remember when you awaken. There is nothing magical about it, it's just getting through to a rather stupid subconscious and saying, in effect, 'Hey Bud, you've got to keep alert tonight, no playing about and gumming up the works with my memories, you keep out of the way ready for a fresh load of memories when I return.'

Of course the person who is trained in astral travel can astral travel when he is fully awake. It is quite usual for the trained person to sit down in a chair, clasp his hands and put his feet close together and then just close his eyes. He can then will himself to leave the body and go anywhere and stay fully conscious during the whole period of astral travel so that when the astral body rejoins the physical body there is brought back a completely retained memory of all that happened.

That takes practice, of course, and a bit of self-discipline, it is not difficult to train oneself to remember all that happened when the body is asleep. You just have to tell your subconscious to shut up exactly as you tell an unruly schoolboy to shut up. The first telling is more or less a waste of time, at the second telling the subconscious jumps to awareness, and with the third telling it is hoped that the command sinks in and the subconscious will obey. But if you do this for a few nights you will find that the subconscious does obey.

Many people like to keep a notebook and pencil by the bedside so that immediately upon awakening in the morning the knowledge of what happened in the night can be written down, otherwise with the press and turmoil of modern living there is a great tendency to forget what happened. A poor fellow will awaken, for example, and think he is going to be late for work, and then next he will wonder if his wife is in a good temper and will get his breakfast or if he will have to go without. So with things like that on his mind he is not much in a mood to remember what happened in the night.

So make a definite practice, keep a notebook and pencil by your bedside and the very first thing you do when you awaken, write down immediately everything you remember of the night. With practice you will find it's easy and with a bit more practice you won't need your notebook and your pencil, you will carry out your days on Earth with much more contentment knowing that this is just a hard school and nothing more, knowing that at the end of the school term you will be able to return Home.

Of late there seems to have been a rash of advertisements from all sorts of firms who purport to teach one sleep learning. They want to sell one expensive gizmos and even more expensive taped courses complete with time switch, headphones, under-the-pillow speaker, and what-have-you. Now it is quite impossible for anyone to learn anything worthwhile while asleep. To start with the driver of the body is away, and all that is left is a sort of crummy caretaker called 'Subconscious', and very extensive researches in the leading countries of the world have proved beyond doubt that sleep learning is not possible, it doesn't work.

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If you stay awake, that is, if you are slow in going to sleep, then you may pick up a few snatches of conversation from the tapes. But there is no easy way of learning, you can't press a button and say, 'Hey presto' to a machine, because that will not make you a genius overnight. Instead it will interrupt your sleep rhythm and make you a bad tempered, unmentionable you-know-what.

Suppose you leave your car in the garage while you go in your house to have your buttered beans on toast, or whatever it is that you have before going to bed. Well, you would be quite a bit of an optimist in thinking your car was going to learn through tapes while you were away from it. The car manufacturers admittedly make several lurid and impossible claims for their mechanized tin boxes (no, I do not have a car), but even the most optimistic of car advertisers would balk at saying their cars would learn during the owner's sleep.

Your body is just a vehicle, a vehicle whereby your Overself can gain some experience on Earth and on a few other assorted planets, so don't give yourself a lot of airs about how clever you are, how important you are, and all that, because when it comes down to brass tacks or whatever standard of value you want to use, 'you' are just a lump of protoplasm which is driven around by day by an owner who happens to be your Overself. You can liken it to the Irish-man and his donkey; the donkey stays in the stable by night, but no amount of tapes will enable the donkey to speak English or even American, yet during the day the owner can be taught to learn—even American. It might be worth trying to teach an Irishman Welsh one day to see if that can be done.

I think actually I deserve a medal for pointing out to you some of these things which are designed to take your hard-earned money from you. Always think, what's behind the advertisement? Well, obviously, the advertiser wants to get your money. It reminds me of the people who advertise how to make a million in, say, three easy lessons, or how to forecast the Irish Sweepstake and win the first prize. If these people who could do such things did them, then they wouldn't bother to advertise, would they? And if they can't do it, well, they have to make money in some other way, by pretending that they can make millions in a month. They can if enough people reply to their advertisements, but don't you be one of them, button up your pocket, keep your handbag shut, keep your mouth shut too, and your ears wide open.

Oh Glory Be, and all the rest of it, now here's a question— you'd better get ready to read this carefully. 'You say the subconscious is stupid, yet in "Chapters of Life" it is said to be very, very intelligent, it seems to be more intelligent than the part of us you say is one-tenth conscious. Now, tell us straight out, is it stupid or is it superintelligent?'

If we are going down into basics again, like this, then we have to say that the subconscious is neither intelligent nor unintelligent because it doesn't have intelligence, it's a different sort of thing altogether. The subconscious is just a repository of knowledge, good knowledge, bad knowledge. It's just a filing system. It contains all you have ever heard, all you have ever seen, all you have ever experienced. It reminds your automatic responses when to breathe in and when to breathe out. It reminds part of you to wriggle and screech if you are tickled, etc. It's just an automatic reminder.

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Would you say that a librarian is intelligent? Well, that's a matter of opinion, of course. I know I tried to deal with those silly librarians at a famous Library in London, the ones who put down details, and I tried to tell these people that the details they were putting down about me were utterly and incontrovertibly incorrect, but it's such a job convincing some of them, and I am left with the indelible opinion that the Record Library librarians at that famous Library are not intelligent. Anyway, that's a matter of opinion, but let us make that query again just for the sake of answering this question:-

Would you consider that a librarian was a genius? Would you consider that a librarian could answer any question about anything and say what any person has said before? Well, of course you couldn't, not even if you were a librarian yourself could you make such claims. Instead you would say, quite correctly, that—no, there is no such knowledge in a conscious human, but a librarian knows where to find certain information. The best librarians are those who can find the information fastest.

You and I could go to a library and fumble our way through certain filing cabinets in search of a book title containing matter on the subject of interest. Then we would find we had to refer to something else, then we would find that the book was out of print or out of circulation or out of the Library. We would waste half a day or more, yet by asking a librarian there is a second during which he has an absolutely blank expression, and then the penny seems to drop with a clank, and he or she gets into motion and produces the book with the desired information. If he or she is good at the work, they recommend many more books.

The subconscious is like that. As soon as the thinking 'we' desires to know something, then the subconscious tries to come up with the answer: That is not intelligence, that is entirely automatic, and as it's automatic it can be trained. Trained for what? Well, the answer is simple. Your subconscious is your memory. If you have a poor memory it means that your conscious one-tenth is not getting through to your subconscious nine-tenths. If you have a poor memory it means that the subconscious is falling down on the job of providing you the information which you demand.

Supposing you want to know what Gladstone really said back in the year 18-something-or-other. Well, you've probably heard it, you've probably read of it, so it's in your memory and if your subconscious cannot bring it out it means that there is a fault in a relay somewhere.

Some people can reel off a terrible lot of stuff about football or baseball teams, and give all the winners or whatever they are called for years back, but that is because they are interested in the subject, and people cannot remember things in which they are not interested. Never having seen a football match or a baseball match, and not wanting to, I haven't the vaguest idea about it. I thought that a baseball diamond, for instance, was a thing given to prize winners; no doubt somebody will write in to tell me differently.

If you want to cultivate a good memory, then you have to cultivate your subconscious. You have to be interested in a subject, until you are interested the subconscious cannot 'tag on.' Many of our lady readers will know all about the male film star, how many times he has been married, how many times he has been divorced, and how many

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times he has chased his beloved-for-the-moment around the world. That's easy, they can do that, but just ask them to go and get a standard fine thread from a local shop, perhaps a three-sixteenth standard fine thread, and they'll come back looking blanker than usual.

To train your memory, that is, to train your subconscious, you should think clearly about things and assume an interest in those things. If men are sent shopping for women's things, well, they come back without a single thought in their heads, but if they took an interest in things then their memory would improve. One can take an interest by asking oneself why a woman wants this, or that, or something else, and the woman can ask herself why a man should want, for instance, a three-sixteenth bolt of fine thread. If she can get a definite interest, then he or she can remember.

If you are trying to remember something specific such as a telephone number, then try to imagine the person to whom the telephone number belongs, or if you do not know the person or cannot visualize him or her, then look at the telephone number - is it a series of circles or a lot of strokes? For example, 6's, 9's, 0's become circles, as do 3's and 2's. But strokes would be 1's, 7's, etc. — and, of course, 4's. So if you can visualize a number by circles or strokes, you can remember it. The best way is to use our old system of threes. Repeat the telephone number three times while holding the sincere conviction that you will always remember that number. You can, you know, it's quite easy, nothing difficult in it.

Another thing which can be done during the period of sleep is to approach another person whom one desires to influence. Now, sleep learning is useless, that is absolutely a waste of time because you are trying to teach the body something when the entity that controls the body is out of the body, but let us deal with something else - influencing others.

Supposing that Mr. John Brown very much desires to get an appointment with the firm of the XYZ Manufacturing Company. Mr. Brown has heard that this Company is an extremely good company and that it is definitely desirable to be employed by such a firm.

Mr. Brown has had some good fortune in getting an appointment with the personnel manager or someone else in authority for, say, the following day. Now, if Mr. Brown really wants to sell himself, this is what he will do:— He will get hold of any information he can about the firm and especially about the person with whom he has the interview. That means that Mr. Brown must make a definite inquiry as to who will do the interviewing. Then if it is at all possible he will get a photograph of the interviewer, and before going to bed that night Mr. Brown will sit quite alone and he will visualize himself talking to the interviewer on the morrow. Mr. Brown will convincingly state (in the privacy of his bedroom) the reasons why he would be a desirable employee, the reasons why he needs that particular appointment, the reasons why he considers he is worth more than the firm normally pays. He says all this to the photograph, then he lifts up his feet and tucks them in bed, and he puts the photograph so that it is facing him as he lies on his accustomed side.

Mr. Brown goes to sleep with the firm, very definite, very emphatic intention of

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getting out of his body and journeying to Mr. Interviewer's house. There he will meet Mr. Interviewer out of his body, and Mr. Brown's astral will tell Mr. Interviewer's astral all that Mr. Brown has just said in the privacy of his bedroom.

Fantastic? Daft? Don't you believe it! This really works. If the Interviewee (I hope that is right; it means the one who is going to be interviewed) plays his cards properly, then the interviewer will give him the job. That is sure, that is definite, it really works.

Now, you who want a better job or more money, go through those words again and put them into practice. You can influence people in this way, but not necessarily for bad. You cannot influence a person to do that which he or she would not normally do, that is, you cannot influence a person to do an evil or wrong act, which means that some of you fellows who write in to me asking how to get power over girls—well, you can't friend, you can't, and don't try.

Yes, innocent readers, ladies of high degree and of the utmost purity, I sometimes get letters from 'gentlemen' who ask me to teach them to hypnotize girls or to put spells on girls or to produce the formula of something which will render girls helpless so that the 'gentleman'—well, what would he do under such circumstances? Anyway, I tell them the truth which is that unless they go in for poisoning they cannot influence another person to do that which the other person's conscience would not normally permit. So there you are. If your desires are pure or 'clean', then you can influence others, you can influence others to do good but not to do bad. Most people don't need influencing to do bad anyhow; it seems to come natural.

It might be as well here to introduce a question having bearing on some of the remarks made in previous chapters. The question is:—

'You say that people come to this Earth time after time until the person concerned does his specific task. You also say that at times groups of people come for the same purpose. Can you give any definite illustration on that point?'

As a matter of fact—yes, quite definitely, yes. Now, I had a cutting some time ago in the Spanish language, and this Spanish language thing gave a lot of details about a magazine called Excalibur which had been published some years ago, apparently, in Durban, South Africa. I have only a very, very brief comment on the whole matter, but it seems the magazine published some remarkable proven parallels between the life and death of President Lincoln of the U.S.A. and President Kennedy of the U.S.A. This will so adequately reply to many querents that I will give all the details here. Let us do them numerically as then it will be so much easier if you want to refer to them or discuss them with your friends. So here the first one is:—

1. President Lincoln was elected to that Office in the year 1860. That, of course, can be ascertained from history books. So — Lincoln became President in 1860, and here is the first coincidence; Kennedy became President in 1960, a hundred years later.

2. It might shake you to know that President Lincoln was assassinated on a Friday. President Kennedy was assassinated on a Friday.

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3. You may have read that President Lincoln was at a theatre enjoying a stage show in the presence of his wife, and he was then assassinated in the presence of his wife. President Kennedy was visiting Dallas, Texas, and he was riding in a car with his wife. He also was enjoying the show, that is, the show of public acclaim, etc.

4. President Lincoln was shot in the back while sitting in a box at the theatre. President Kennedy was shot in the back while sitting in a car.

5. President Lincoln was succeeded by a man called Johnson. Johnson became President after President Lincoln, but in Texas President Kennedy was killed and Vice-President Johnson was sworn in as President of the U.S.A. on board an aircraft bringing the body of the late President and the living new President back to the capital.

6. But we have not finished with our list of coincidences, yet, not by a long way. The Johnson who succeeded President Lincoln was a Democrat from South U.S.A., and Lyndon Johnson who succeeded President Kennedy also is a Democrat from the South - from Texas. So that is quite a good list of 'coincidences', isn't it: Though to show that there is more than chance taking a part in things, enough to show that there must be some 'Divine Plan' making the entity who was President Lincoln perhaps come back as Kennedy so that a task could be accomplished.

All right, let's get back with—

7. Both the Johnsons had been members of the Senate before becoming President.

8. Lincoln's successor was Andrew Johnson. Now really read this . . . Andrew Johnson was born in 1808, but the Johnson who succeeded President Kennedy was born in 1908.

9. Lincoln was assassinated by a rather strange sort of a person, a thoroughly dissatisfied sort of person if we are to believe the report, which is now history, and that assassin of Lincoln was John Wilkes Booth and he was born in 1839. Lee Harvey Oswald who, it was stated, murdered President Kennedy appears also to have been a very dissatisfied sort of person, one who had been in trouble all too frequently. He was born in 1939.

10. To continue with our list of 'coincidences', Booth was assassinated before he could be brought to trial, but so was Oswald; Oswald was shot while being moved by the Police, and before he could be brought to trial.

11. These coincidences, as you have seen, extend not only to the Presidents and the assassins, but also to the wives of the Presidents because Mrs. Lincoln, the wife of President Lincoln, lost a child while in the White House, and Mrs. Kennedy, the wife of President Kennedy, lost a child while in the White House.

12. Lincoln had a Secretary and that Secretary was called Kennedy. Secretary Kennedy advised President Lincoln most strongly not to go to the theatre where he was assassinated. President Kennedy had a Secretary also and he was called Lincoln, and Secretary Lincoln strongly advised President Kennedy not to go to Dallas!

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13. John Wilkes Booth shot President Lincoln in the back while the President was watching a show and then the assassin, Booth, ran to hide in a store. But Lee Harvey Oswald shot at Kennedy from a store and ran to hide in a theatre. You just read that carefully again and see how very strange it is: One assassin shot in a theatre and hid in a store, the other one shot from a store and hid in a theatre.

14. L-I-N-C-O-L-N is seven letters, and if you count up K-E-N-N-E-D-Y you will find that that also has seven letters.

15. If you count John Wilkes Booth you will find that there are fifteen letters, and if you count Lee Harvey Oswald you will find that that has fifteen letters.

16. It is believed that Oswald killed Kennedy and Oswald had accomplices. None of this has been actually, definitely, incontrovertibly proved; it is a matter of circumstantial evidence, no one can prove that Booth murdered Lincoln. In the same way Oswald, it was stated, had accomplices, but it has not been conclusively proved that Oswald did murder Kennedy, and it has not been proved that Oswald had accomplices. Let's face it quite bluntly—circumstantial evidence points clearly at Booth and at Oswald, but again how much of what we could read was actual truth and how much was the press prejudging and pre-condemning a man? We do not know and I point out this because it is another coincidence in the case of two men.

17. You will remember that the man called Ruby, who was a bit of a fanatic, killed Oswald, he shot Oswald in front of the television cameras, he just pushed his way past the police, pointed a gun and pulled a trigger. But Boston Corbett was also a bit of a fanatic, he too believed that he was doing right when he murdered John Wilkes Booth. In both cases these two men killed the man suspected and accused of the murder of a President, and in both cases it was stated that the second assassin, that is Corbett and Ruby, did so out of excessive loyalty for the President of the time. But in neither case is the actual motive established.

In another book I wrote about the Overself managing a group of puppets. Well, you think about that in the light of this information, where two Presidents were elected a hundred years apart, they were both assassinated on a Friday, and—look through the list again and see all the different coincidences. Now, do you seriously believe that these could be just coincidences? It isn't really possible, you know. My own belief is that Lincoln did not do his job, and so he had to come back to substantially the same job to finish what he did not do before.

The only way to come back was to come back as one who would be President of the U.S.A. which is what he did. You can take it that sometimes an Overself has 'dress rehearsals' with puppets, so in the case of Lincoln the stage was set, appropriately enough at a theatre, and a President was assassinated. Nothing was proved against the assumed murderer and the assumed murderer was assassinated by another person. It was all most unsatisfactory, motives were unknown and nothing was ever proved against anyone, so perhaps the Overself got a bit fed up with such a waste of time and effort and another arrangement was made for a hundred years later because in the astral world time is different from here, you know. The Other Side of death the astral could have sat down

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and scratched his metaphorical head, so to speak, and wondered what to do next. Well, by the time he had fidgeted around and scratched a bit more, a hundred years by Earth time would be slipping by.

One also wonders what happens now, was that Overself satisfied with the second attempt, or will there be a third? Personally I believe that we shall yet see a President of the U.S.A. who is actually put in seclusion for being insane. Now I know all the old jokes about Presidents of the U.S.A. being mad in any case, and far be it from me to discourage them, but this time it is a serious matter, and I believe that before too long we shall see a President of the U.S.A. who has to be relieved of his duties because he is too insane to continue. I also believe that we shall see another very difficult thing; I believe that we shall see many most important and influential members of the U.S. Government indicted for Communist activities—for giving aid and comfort to the enemy and for selling out their own country. Some of you who are fairly young will see all that because it is going to happen. There are going to be some truly horrendous things happening to the U.S.A. So keep your radios switched on in the next few years!

CHAPTER SIX

Time is the most valuable thing a man can spend.

The Old Man was in his new bed, the new hospital bed with the motor which lifted the headpiece up and down and which, by pressing a button, adjusted the height of the bed. Up and down he went playing with the thing somewhat like a child with a new toy, perhaps, but it's not so easy when one cannot get about at all, when one has to lie in bed, a bed which is so low that one is prevented from even looking out of the window. Now the Old Man had a bed, the height of which could be adjusted by an electric motor. He thought of himself as a submarine surfacing for a look at the world.

'Hey!' yelled Miss Cleopatra, 'how the heck do you think we are going to jump on the bed if you keep altering the height like that, how do you think we can judge our distance?'

The Old Man came back to the present with quite a jerk, and hastily set the bed to go its lowest. Miss Cleopatra jumped up and stood on the Old Man's chest full of indignation. 'You trying to get rid of me?' she asked. 'Do you want to make it difficult, so I can't come and stand on your chest, hey?'

'No, of course not, Cleo,' replied the Old Man, 'but just think, if you stand up here on my chest you can look over that stupid balcony outside our window and you can see the ships in the harbor.'

Together they lay there looking out over the harbor. Closest was a ship unloading nickel ore, beyond that was a Russian ship very deep in the water astern but with the bows well out showing that all the forepart had yet to be loaded. A little farther, two berths farther on, actually, a South Korean ship was loading wood pulp for Korea. 'Don't know why they want to come here for wood pulp,' said the Old Man, 'there's plenty of

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trees in South Korea.'

'Oh well,' said Buttercup, 'probably they want to do a barter or something, and they want to buy wood pulp from Canada in exchange for something else.'

Buttercup was definitely the expert when it came to ships and shipping, Buttercup was a specialist when it came to ship's flags. The unusual South Korean flag defeated her for just a few moments, but — anything else, Panama, Monrovia, even the old Red Ensign, she could distinguish it miles off! Miss Taddy looked up, 'What are you doing, Guv?' she asked in a rather puzzled fashion. 'Have you got so sick that you are talking to yourself?'

'No, of course I'm not talking to myself, I'm just making some notes for a book. Can't I make some notes, can't I speak without you interfering, Taddykins?'

Taddykins shook her head in puzzled amazement and then curled up in a nice compact ball and dropped off to sleep again. Suddenly Miss Cleo's ears pricked up and Taddy jerked to full awareness. Outside a strident voice came, 'Well, I looked in the papers today and I saw my horoscope wasn't so good so I thought, well, I thought to myself, if you didn't have a job to do, Old Girl, you'd be better staying off and being in bed, but you can't do that when you gotter earn a living, when you gotter man to keep, can you?' The voice passed on accompanied by the mumble of some other woman, probably belching out some drivel about her own troubles.

'Ah yes,' said the Old Man, 'that reminds me; that's a question which I had here. Let's see, where is it?' He riffled through a pile of letters and triumphantly came up with the desired one.

Postmark, well somewhere in one of the far Islands; subject, what is it? 'Dear Sir, I enclose a dollar and my birth-date. Please send me a full horoscope and life reading immediately, and send it to me by return by airmail. If there is any change keep it for someone who didn't send a postal charge.'

Now, what do you think of that? Someone thinks that horoscopes grow on trees. They are not so easy as that, it takes time. But here is another question:

'What do you really think of horoscopes? Do all these people who advertise do it for a racket? A horoscope has never been right for me. What's the truth of it all?'

Well, the truth of astrology is this; given the right conditions, astrology can be completely accurate and successful . . . given the right conditions.

Let me first of all warn you against all this run-of-the-mill advertising offering to do your horoscope for a couple of dollars or a few shillings. What you get is a few printed pieces of paper which purport to be a horoscope, but that stuff is hardly worth putting out for garbage, and in my considered opinion the same can be said for all this rot which is alleged to come from computers, it just isn't worth the money. Astrology is not just a mechanical process. Astrology is a science and an art, one cannot do it altogether by science, art is necessary, and one cannot do it altogether by art because science is necessary.

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To do a horoscope properly - really accurately, that is — it is necessary to have the precise time of birth and the actual location of birth. Then it is necessary to spend many days working out various aspects, etc. It cannot be done successfully for five or ten dollars, what you get from that sort of thing is just a rough, very rough, guide, which can apply to thousands of different people. I will not do a horoscope for anyone for any price because I do not believe in people having their horoscopes done. If people have a horoscope done they feel that they just have to do everything the horoscope says, and a horoscope is not an absolutely cast iron set of conditions. A horoscope is a set of possibilities. By knowing a person's astrological makeup one can describe what the person's appearance should be like, one can describe what the person's character should be like, and the horoscope sets the limits of what the person can be. For example, one person can have a certain horoscope which says that he cannot rise above the station to which he was born, but that he can do certain things with immense effort.

The second person could have a horoscope which says that he will rise above his station and he will progress very rapidly with hardly any effort at all. If you really want to know what the horoscope is like consider it in this light; it is a specification, an informed guess of what a person's capabilities are.

To make it clearer let us take two cars. The 'horoscope' of a Rolls-Royce car can say that the car will be very silent, very fast, very comfortable, that it will have a certain maximum speed and it will use so much petrol every few miles. The horoscope of the second car perhaps—are there still Morris Minor's in England?—will say that it is a low-powered car, very very suitable for local jaunts, that its maximum speed is such-and-such a figure, that it doesn't use much petrol, and it is a very nice little car for getting about in traffic. Well, people are like that, they have their specifications only we call them horoscopes.

A horoscope will not tell the eager young lady, you know, the one who is anxious to get a husband in a hurry, that she will go out and meet 'Mr. Right' under the third lamppost as she turns to the left or to the right, or that she will meet a dark haired young man who is busy tying his shoe laces, and it will be love at first sight. That's not horoscopes at all, that's not real astrology, that is fake fortune-telling.

There are very very few really genuine, really capable astrologers advertising. They don't have to advertise. Their fame, their accuracy, is passed by word of mouth, and if you think you can fill in a coupon and send it off with fifty cents or five shillings and get a life reading—well, think again, for you are one of the gullible ones who really deserve to be caught in the sucker trap for thinking you can get something so cheaply. You only get what you pay for.

I will not do horoscopes for any sum of money. If I do them I do them free under very special circumstances, but in my considered opinion no horoscope which costs less than a hundred dollars is worth having because it means that the person who did the horoscope just did not spend enough time and take enough trouble, so all you have is just a few marks on a piece of paper.

In my own case my past was foretold by astrology with utterly stupendous accu-

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racy. Everything that was foretold about me has happened, sadly enough a few things extra have happened, a few things which the astrologer didn't get around to discussing, and all the wretched 'extras' were bad things, too!

To answer a question, then, 'Is astrology genuine?' I will say, yes, astrology can be very genuine, it can suggest what a person's life will be like, it can indicate probabilities, but they are probabilities only. So do not take astrology too seriously unless you get an absolute gem of an astrologer who knows exactly what he is doing and who is completely ethical, that is, one who tells you the truth, the whole truth, and nothing but the truth. So many people, so many astrologers, have their 'information' and put in quite a few stock paragraphs because they know what people want to hear.

Now here is another one, 'My daughter's husband is a very strange sort of man, he doesn't believe in the same things as those in which I believe, he doesn't believe in occult things. What can I do to make him?'

The only answer that one can give here is to state most definitely that nothing can be done to help in the way in which the lady means. If a person is not yet ready to study occult subjects then it is definitely wrong to try to force occult things at him.

Everyone has a right to free choice, and whichever choice they make is entirely their own affair, and their own responsibility. If Billy Bugsbottom decides that 'occult stuff is all a lot of hogwash', then why should one try to persuade Billy Bugsbottom anything different, it's his belief and his choice, and it is definitely wrong to influence a person.

There are so many people who write in asking how they can do a Mantra to compel some poor wretch to do something which they just would hate to do, and I repeat ad nauseam that it is wrong to influence another person.

Perhaps the person has some definite reason for not wanting to study astrology or occultism or how to play snakes and ladders. In the same way it is quite wrong to expect a person to agree with us in everything we do. You should hear how Buttercup and I agree to differ. There are many things which I know from actual experience to be fact, but Buttercup is entitled to her own opinion and if my beliefs are not always her beliefs, that is her choice and I do not influence her at all. The crummy press often print articles saying that Buttercup is a disciple of mine; they couldn't be farther from the truth! She is not a disciple of mine, nor is she a Buddhist. To start with I have no disciples and never had any, and secondly I believe it is wrong for people to switch sides and become a Buddhist when they really want to be a Christian, or a Christian when they really want to be a Buddhist. Being a bit biased on the matter, I always say that when a person is ready they will become a Buddhist automatically because the real Buddhism just means obeying the law of doing unto others as you would have them do unto you. Of course I am not meaning some of these peculiar cults in England and in the U.S.A. who now call themselves Buddhist 'temples'. That is not my idea of Buddhism at all. The real Buddhist doesn't have to go out and get converts. I am a real Buddhist.

While on the subject of astrology, because we are, more or less, let us have a look at two other systems. Now, graphology, which is the science of reading character from

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handwriting, is a thing which I thoroughly endorse when done by an expert. Graphology is not fortune-telling, it is instead a most accurate method of determining a person's character, potentialities, and all the rest of it. Of course one has to be an expert at such things. Too many beginners or outright fakes base their conclusions on just one or two points in the handwriting, but one has to have about seven confirmations before one can say with absolute certainty, without any fear of contradiction at all, that this is so or that is so.

Handwriting tells character and ability and all that. It is not in any way possible to forecast the future from handwriting and no reputable graphologist ever claims that it is. The ideal use for graphology is in assessing a person's ability for a certain job.

Some years ago 'Ma', to whom we now refer as 'Ra'ab', did graphology for certain industrial firms, and she did it successfully. Firms would supply her with the handwriting of people who applied to the firm for employment, and then Ra'ab would quite accurately suggest which applicant was the most suitable and give an assessment of his character and abilities.

Oh, by the way, perhaps I should say how 'Ma' has suddenly become 'Ra'ab'; well, the cats thought that the first name (Ma) would remind people too much of Dinah Dripdry's Ma, the charlady, and so we used instead a name which she used in a previous life, Ra'ab. That is one of my infamous digressions, by the way, never mind, it's better to have a digression than no book, or don't you think so?

In this particular book there are going to be many digressions and there are going to be many repetitions; I have been looking through a whole series of questions, and I see that it is quite essential to have repetitions even if one or two of you do not like it. So you are being warned now that there will be a few repetitions. I can safely warn you now that you are so far into the book and, I hope, have bought the book instead of borrowing it from some library. A poor wretched author doesn't get any royalties on books supplied to a Library, you know, and every book read from the Library shelves is a loss of income, that is, a loss of food, to the author. People write to me and tell me that they have read part of one of my books in a Public Library and now would I please tell them the answers to a lot of questions, or, if I will send them a complete set of my books, each autographed and with a photograph of me, they will try to find time to read the books. Hopeful little souls, aren't they? So - now that you've got so far and presumably have bought this book let me say that, yes, there are going to be a few repetitions but it's all in a good cause. I hope repetition will enable you to get all this in your subconscious. You had to practice repetition before you could do the multiplication tables, and I am trying to do something for you, help you by placing this knowledge into your subconscious.

There are many firms who choose applicants largely on the basis of the handwriting, and so it's to your own interest to brush up on your handwriting. You might get a better job or more money that way. You might also get an assessment of character from a good graphologist because that will help you to overcome any weakness in character and to strengthen those which are already strong. But never, never believe that you can have your 'fortune' told from your handwriting. You cannot.

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One of the original systems for telling a person's past, present and future is by palmistry, reading all those queer marks on the palm. Again, if one really knows how to do it it is just about infallible. In brief and assuming that you are right handed, then your left hand will indicate what you planned to do in this life, and will indicate the equipment with which you came, that is, are you artistic, are you a plodder, are you quick tempered or stolid? The left hand tells what one planned, but the right hand shows what one has actually achieved up to date. The average practitioner can give quite a good assessment of character from the lines of the hands and fingers, but it needs to be a far more than average practitioner to be able to tell truthfully of the past life and the probabilities for the future. Now, let me stress that point again; the 'probabilities.' There is nothing on this Earth that can say definitely and incontrovertibly what will happen to a person, there is no science, no art, no skill, no device which will say what is going to happen to a person beyond any shadow of doubt. Truthful practitioners will admit that they can tell only probabilities.

Take, by way of example, some poor fellow who falls out of a plane without a parachute; well, anyone would be justified in saying that he is virtually dead as soon as he starts to fall because as soon as he stops falling there is a horrid splat, and he has left his mark on the Earth. But, wait a moment - he may not fall on something hard. There are quite a few cases of people falling out of aeroplanes and surviving to tell the tale—which they do! In my own case I fell out of a plane when it was on fire, I fell about a thousand feet, and I sustained very severe spine injuries which caused a certain amount of curvature of the spine. Other people have fallen safely, there was one poor fellow who fell out of a plane and hit a haystack and his only real danger was the fear of being suffocated before watchers could take him out, dig him out from the bottom of the haystack. He got a bump or two and a king size fright, but he was no worse off.

Another well known case happened in Switzerland. The pilot had to leave his plane and he left without his parachute, it seems, and he fell through the cold Swiss air and landed in a deep snowdrift. His only danger was in freezing to death, and people had to dig frantically to dig him out, and his only trouble was feeling a bit chilly. So you see any astrologer would have said that the fellow would meet his death in an air accident because the probability would be there but the actuality wasn't.

If any soothsayer, clairvoyant, astrologer, palmist, etc., etc., ad lib, tells you such a thing will definitely be, then just grab your money and run for it. You can be told probabilities but always, always keep in mind that they are probabilities only and nothing more, nothing at all more. If you can keep your head and use a little bit of willpower and imagination, the probabilities can be overcome.

There is a classic example of that. Do you know it? Well, Socrates, one of the very wise men, had his horoscope prepared, it seems, when he was a very young man. The horoscope indicated that he would be a most enthusiastic thug and murderer and would engage in all forms of villainy with great elan. The young Socrates exclaimed to himself the Greek equivalent of 'Bud, that's for the birds; I'm changing fast,' and decided to do something about it. So he channeled all his energies into knowledge, into philosophical works, and now he is revered as one of the great Sages, he has made his indelible mark

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on the pages of time whereas if he had just sat down under the weight of an unfavorable horoscope he might have just left his imprint on the Crooks' Calendar of Crime. So there it is, even if an astrologer or a palmist tells you something which frightens you enormously, remember, you can overcome it, you can always sidetrack bad things.

By letters which I receive I gather that most of you have the impression that authors such as I recline in plush splendor and have a whole gang of secretaries waiting with bated breath to hurry to do one's bidding. I gather that many of you think that an author such as I has a Rolls-Royce knocking at the door, ready to take me out. It's not so, it's not so at all. Actually I am reclining in some discomfort in a hospital type bed and, at the moment, through disabilities, etc., I am not able to type, so Buttercup the Benevolent is typing for me as she has typed most of my books - typed them well too, by the way, But do you know what sort of questions I get? Admittedly you know about some of them, but do you know about the questions which I do not normally answer? How would you, for example; answer this Question. 'Tell us about such things as casting shadow through standing in sunlight?' Question. 'Is there really such a thing as distance and is the globe really spheroid?' Question. 'What is the meaning of right this and right that? Does that mean one should eat only with the right hand?'

That last question is quite sensible, you know. You might think that some sort of nut or kook sent it in, but if you think about it seriously there is a lot of sense to it. What is the meaning of right this and right that? Well, we know all about doing things the right way and avoiding wrong, we know it is right to do good instead of to do wrong, but do you know that our hands have polarity? One hand is positive and one hand is negative. If you read back a few paragraphs to where we dealt with palms you will see that the left hands deals with the abstract, that is, things before we came to this Earth, how we planned things, whereas the right hand is the practical hand, the hand which says how far we have achieved our objectives.

In the same way some of the Arabs of a few years ago had a very definite ruling about hands. The left hand was known as the 'dirty hand', and that hand could be used only for dirty tasks such as dealing with certain aspects of one's toilet, but the right hand was the 'clean' hand, and one could only use the right hand when dealing with food. All foodstuff was touched with the right hand although one could pick up a cup or a glass with the left hand. It would be quite interesting to investigate the matter further and see how much difference it made to one's digestion when one touched food with the right hand only, and then, perhaps a month later, touch food with the left hand only.

The right hand is the correct hand for holding a dagger or sword, or shaking hands with a person. In the old days people used to carry a knife or dagger in the right hand as a means of warding off attackers, so when they met a friend they would extend the right hand to show that they had no knife hidden, to show that they came in friendship. And so we had the start of the custom of shaking hands—shake a person's hand and you can see that he is not holding a knife against his palm with his thumb, and if he has any weapons concealed in his sleeve—well, shake them out.

From the same source there is another question. It is: 'How does the Silver Cord

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connect the physical, and the Overself, and the astral at the same time?' The Silver Cord, like everything else, is a vibration, which means that it is also a source of energy. The Cord does not necessarily have to go to just one other object, that is, it is not limited to connecting body and soul together. Extensions can be taken from it in just the same way as you can have extensions taken from your telephone. If you have a telephone in your living room, then it's no great difficulty to have an extension to your bedroom.

It is ordinary common sense to realize that the Overself is the source of each person's energy, the source of each person's being, and the Overself, you can say, has each human on a leash. So just as you can have a dog on a leash, or you can have ten dogs all on leashes, so you can have an Overself connected to an astral and to a physical body. There is really nothing to answer in that question except to say that if you have a dog, let us say a big dog, at the end of a leash it is quite easy to connect a small dog to the leash of the big dog and that would correspond to the Overself, the astral, and the physical.

Through writing books I have come into contact with some perfectly horrible people, some real 'kooks' who might well be classed as mental home dropouts. They are in the great minority, but I have also come into contact with some remarkably nice people. For example, there are two very nice ladies in British Columbia, Miss and Mrs. Newman; they are truly trying to make a success of life and I consider that they are achieving success. They have sent some questions and here in this chapter I am going to reply to just one of the questions for the special reason that it fits in so well.

So here is an answer to a specific question from Miss and Mrs. Newman. The question is, 'Will you please explain homosexuality in much the same way as you explained alcoholics in "Beyond the Tenth"?'

Our Overself, as I have explained, is getting experience on Earth. The Overself itself is too big, too powerful and too high-vibrating to come to Earth, and so it has to employ those lumps of protoplasm which we in our ignorance think is the highest form of existence anywhere. We humans are just hunks of meat supported on a bony framework and propelled around by grace of the Overself, but inevitably hitch-ups occur.

Sometimes a car manufacturer says to himself (in effect, of course) 'Oh, glory be, I've connected the brakes back-be-fore-frontways on such-and-such a car. Let's call it back.' So notices go out to car owners and the cars have to be recalled to the factory for certain things to be put right.

In the hurly-burly of getting from the astral world to that world we call Earth, mix-ups occur. Being born is a traumatic experience, it's a most violent affair, and a very delicate mechanism can easily become deranged. For example, a baby is about to be born and throughout the pregnancy the mother has been rather careless about what she was eating and what she was doing, so the baby has not received what one might term a balanced chemical input. The baby may be short of a chemical and so development of certain glands may have been halted. Let us say the baby was going to come as a girl, but through lack of certain chemicals, the baby is actually born a boy, a boy with the inclinations of a girl.

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The parents might realize that they've got a sissified little wretch and put it down to overindulgence or something, they may try to beat some sense into him one end or the other to make him more manly, but it doesn't work; if the glands are wrong, never mind what sort of attachments are stuck on in front, the boy is still a girl in a boy's body. At puberty the boy may not develop satisfactorily, or again, he may to all outward appearances. At school he may well appear to be one of the limp-wristed fraternity, but the poor fellow can't help that.

When he reaches man's estate he finds he cannot 'do the things that come naturally', instead he runs after boys—men. Of course he does because all his desires are the desires of a woman. The psyche itself is female, but through an unfortunate set of circumstances the female has been supplied with male equipment, it might not be much use but it's still there!

The male then becomes what used to be called a 'pansy' and has homosexual tendencies. The more the psyche is female, the stronger will be the homosexual tendencies.

If a woman has a male psyche, then she will not be interested in men but will be interested in women, because her psyche, which is closer to the Overself than is the physical body, is relaying confusing messages to the Overself and the Overself sends back a sort of command, 'Get busy, do your stuff.' The poor wretched male psyche is obviously repelled by the thought of 'doing his stuff' with a man, and so all the interest is centered on a female, so you get the spectacle of a female making love to a female and that's what we call a lesbian because of a certain island off Greece where that used to be 'the done thing'.

It is quite useless to condemn homosexuals, they are not villains, instead they should be classed as sick people, people who have glandular troubles, and if medicine and doctors had the brains they were born with then they would do something about that glandular defect.

After my own experiences of late I am even more convinced that Western doctors are a crummy lot of kooks just out to make a fast buck. My own experiences have been unmentionably and adjectivally deplorable, however we are not discussing me now, we are discussing homosexuals.

If a lesbian (woman) or a homosexual (male) can find a sympathetic doctor, then glandular extracts can be given which certainly improve the condition a lot and make life bearable, but unfortunately nowadays with the present breed of doctor who seems to be out to make money only, well, you have to search a long way to get a good doctor. But it is useless to condemn a homosexual, it is not his fault or her fault. They are very unhappy people because they are confused, they don't know what has happened to them, they know that people are sneering at them, and they can't help what is, after all, the strongest impulse known to man or woman—the reproduction impulse.

Head shrinkers alias psychologists are not much help really because they take years to do what the average person would do in a few days. If it is clearly explained to

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the homosexuals that they have a glandular imbalance, then they can usually adjust. Anyhow, the laws are being amended to cater for such cases instead of subjecting them to such fierce persecution and imprisonment for what is truly an illness.

There are various ways of helping such people. The first is deep sympathy with the sufferer should explain precisely what has happened. The second is the same as the first but with the addition that the victim should be given some medicament which suppresses the sexual urge, the sexual drive. The third—well, again, matters should be explained, and a qualified doctor can give hormone or testosterone injections which can definitely help the body in the matter of sexual adjustment.

The vital thing is that one should never, never condemn a homosexual, it's not his fault, he is being penalized for something he hasn't done, he is being penalized for some fault of Nature; perhaps his mother had the wrong sort of food, perhaps the mother and the child were chemically incompatible. However, whichever way you look at it, homosexuals can only be helped by true understanding and sympathy, and possibly with the judicious administration of drugs.

I see here a question which actually we have already answered. Perhaps I had better answer it again. The question is, 'How did the misconception occur that occultists cannot charge for their services?'

The answer is not far to seek. In the Far East most people are desperately poor, they do not have televisions and cars and private aircraft and split level homes. Sometimes they just have food and a few clothes, sometimes people of the Far East do not see money during the whole of their lifetime. Instead they make their purchases by barter, they exchange produce, eggs and all that, or even labor, for the things they want. So if a peasant wants the services of an occultist the peasant will not think of giving money to the occultist because he doesn't have any, so instead he will provide the occultist with food, grain for example or fruit, and again, if he doesn't have any eggs or grain or fruit to spare, then he will do work for the occultist, mend his robes for example, carve a new bowl. If he had accommodation then the peasant will clean his accommodation. It may be a cave in the hillside and in that case the person who has used the occultist's service will clean the cave so many times, will sweep up the old grass and strew the floor with fresh grass.

He will provide firewood and will do all necessary work. It's still payment, though, isn't it? If he gives food, if he gives labor, it's still payment. But actually the warning against payment was a different matter altogether because the warning is against unscrupulous Westerners who advertise services they cannot really perform, and who are just out to make unreasonable charges. Some of the advertisements I have seen are truly too fantastic to be believed. It strikes me as most hilarious to think of a fellow packing his brief case and perhaps an overnight case and dashing off into the astral to read somebody's Akashic Record, always of course, for a high fee. Such things are impossible, they are quite impossible because there is a very strict occult law to the effect that no person can see the Akashic Record of another person who is alive. If you want to know what happened five hundred years ago, then that is a different matter, that is history and you can

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consult the Akashic Record in that case just as you can go to film libraries and pick out historical films. But just as many things are classified nowadays, you cannot report the speed of a certain plane or you cannot say how fast a certain shell goes, well, in much the same way you just cannot see or discuss the Akashic Record of a living person. After all, the Spirit World, you know, doesn't exist solely for some of these cranky advertisers; think of that when you read some of the advertisements, and have a laugh with me, will you?

CHAPTER SEVEN

Injure others and you injure yourself.

The day had been very pleasant, a clear blue sky and a warmer temperature than had been during the past few weeks. There were signs that the winter had ended and that spring was really thinking about peeping around the corner of the calendar and bringing warmth and sunshine and new life to those jaded and defeated by the frigid winters of Canada.

In the valleys snow was still thick and would remain so for perhaps a few weeks more, but in the higher ground exposed to the warming rays of the sun the snows were fast melting and trickling riverlets came rushing down to swell the Saint John River.

The day had seen many birds flying by, signs that spring was coming, birds returning to their old haunts; a whole covey of ducks went by, soon after a huge black-back seagull had come sweeping in from the sea to land on the roof and to peer about and utter raucous cries.

The evening had turned chilly. There was a hint of snow in the air. Suddenly, unexpectedly there came the drumming of hailstones beating rapidly upon the windows, bouncing off the balconies, and, for a few moments, carpeting the road with a white icy sheen.

The Old Man thought, 'Oh, poor Mr. Robichaud, he'll have to get busy again in the morning!' During the day Mr. Robichaud had been very busy sweeping aside puddles of melting snow, brushing away gravel thrown down by city trucks in an attempt to provide traction for motor traffic.

But now the hail had come driving fresh gravel into the front of the building and adding to the work of an already much overworked man.

The evening sped by and lights in the city went out one by one. In the Hospital the lights were ever on, always ready for emergencies, always ready by day and by night. The Old Man turned his head and looked out of the window over the balcony; down in the Harbor there was still activity. The Russian ship loading grain for Russia was still a blaze of light. There was the clank of machinery and the hissing of high pressure steam.

Closer there was the terrible blare, and blare, and blare again as one of the Canadian National infernal diesel engines clattered along the rails over the level crossing,

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hooting and blaring as if the world had gone mad. 'I wonder that no one has told the engineer that there are signal lights on the crossing,' thought the Old Man, because it does seem insane how in Canada locomotives go along to the constant blare of sirens and the incessant clanging of bells. It's something like a gang of very small children playing with toys in the noisiest way possible. Canada, even more than the U.S.A., should be known as the Land of Noise and Bustle.

The Old Man lifted his gaze again beyond the level crossing and the endless procession of freight cars obstructing the road. In the Harbor tugs were coming to a Liberian ship which had just recently unloaded seven thousand tons of nickel ore. Earlier the ship had been arrested for nonpayment of dues in the U.S.A. It had steamed away from a Pacific coast port apparently without the little formality of paying harbor dues, but the telephone was much faster than a ship and telephone messages had raced all across from the Pacific coast of the U.S.A. to the East coast of Canada, and earlier in the day Police officials had marched aboard the ship and served an arrest order to the Captain.

Frantic work had resulted in a bond being posted and now the ship was free to move, so tugs were coming to tow her out sternwards, tow her out backwards into the deep water channel and then, with her pointing in the right direction, off she would steam possibly for Australia.

The Pilot was already aboard, the Pilot boat was going out beyond the buoys waiting for the ship which would then slow and the Pilot boat would sidle along and take off the Pilot, and then the ship would be free to move away on her own.

The ship went out silently, no hooting, no clanking, no hissing of steam, the ship stole away as if she were ashamed of being arrested through the perfidy and bad faith of mankind, mankind as exemplified by those who should have paid the bills incurred for their service.

All over the city the sleeping people were leaving their physical bodies and going up into the astral worlds, their Silver Cords were stretched out like skins of silk, self-illuminated, shiny, twitching and jerking.

The Old Man smiled to himself because from one room came the soft snores of Buttercup. 'She'd never believe what a racket she is making!' thought the Old Man. Suddenly her astral form appeared through a wall and off she shot, straight up and then away in the direction of the U.S.A. With her astral out of her body the snores increased.

From another room Ra'ab was doing a bit of snoring too. She had gone off earlier to an astral Cat Land where she would be met by some truly beloved little people, Miss Ku'ei, Mrs. Fifi Greywhiskers, Miss Cindy, Long Tom, and Lord Furhead, and others. Ra'ab had the benefit that she was aware of when she was going to the Land of the Astral Cats, but probably Ra'ab was not aware of how stertorous her snores would be!

Little Girl Cat Cleopatra was sleeping away as well beside Ra'ab. She too was off to the Land of the Astral Cats, but Fat Cat Taddykins was on duty, she would be on duty until 4 o'clock in the morning, and Fat Cat Taddykins was resting on the shelf just above the radiator where she got all the warmth, all the beautifully heated rising air. One arm

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was dangling over, the other was supporting her chin. Her hind quarters were facing one way and her head quarters were facing another way, a position that only a cat could adopt.

Far out in the Bay of Fundy a fishing boat suddenly flashed its searchlight. It wavered around for a moment and then, as suddenly, was extinguished and there was no trace that a little fishing vessel was anywhere about. Yet all over the bay there were fishing vessels with their lines out and with their nets, hoping to get fish and that were not contaminated by the mercury in the water flowing from the U.S.A., from some big industrial plant in the U.S.A. which had discharged much poisonous effluvia into the streams passing by their boundaries. And yet there was a fresh source of poison because an oil tanker had broken up and sunk beneath the waves off the coast of Nova Scotia, and oil and poisoned birds and fish were being swept shorewards all the time. So the fishermen of New Brunswick were out about their business rather gloomily, knowing that their livelihood was at stake because of the criminal manner in which Man polluted the sources of Nature.

The sky had a few clouds scudding across, there seemed to be quite a wind coming up. The three flags away on the hill were flapping madly and the halyards were slapping against the masts as if in unison with the waving of the flags.

Over the hill beyond Mispic the full moon suddenly sailed with amazing rapidity straight up into a clear patch of sky, casting a pale brilliance over the whole scene, dimming the street lights, dimming the lights along the new bridge over the Saint John River, and as the moon rose the shaft of silver light sped rippling along the sea all the way from Mispic point to the Harbor, brilliant fingers touching a fishing vessel here, lighting a buoy there, silvering a strip of land and breaking up in ripples as it encountered the wake of a speeding tug.

The Old Man turned suddenly and a sharp, tearing, wrenching pain gripped him inside, a pain that left him gasping and almost retching with the sudden agony of it.

Pain, his constant companion for a long time past, pain which was becoming even more frequent and even more intense, pain which pointed with inexorable fingers at the calendar showing how the journey through life was progressing, showing how soon it must end.

On the shelf above the radiator Fat Cat Taddykins stood up, peered intently at the Old Man, muttered to herself, and went trotting into where Ra'ab was still asleep. Soon the Silver Cord attached between Ra'ab's astral and physical quivered and started to reel in, it reeled in with increasing rapidity until the astral body came as well. Seconds after Ra'ab came in to see what could be done for the Old Man, but what could be done? The Old Man had been in a state of permanent amazement since having 'medical treatment' in Canada. In his ignorance he had thought that the first duty of a doctor was the relief of suffering, that is what he had been taught. He had been taught that first of all you relieve the suffering, then you try to cure what caused it. But now—well, he saw the other side of the story, not as the doctor but as the patient.

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The Old Man had had much pain and he and Ra'ab had asked the doctors for some pain relieving tablets, or anything. First they had been told, 'No, we do not want to give it yet, it might disguise the symptoms.' But in the meantime the Old Man still had his pain, still had his suffering, in the meantime the Old Man had been taken to hospital as a desperate emergency, and a compassionate nurse at the first hospital had done what the doctors did not seem able to do.

Then came the second emergency and another hospital, and the verdict that nothing could be done. So, knowing that nothing could be done to cure, the Old Man and Ra'ab and Buttercup just could not understand why it was that nothing could be done to relieve suffering, to ease the pain, to give rest for, to ask yet again, is not the doctor's first task the relief of suffering? And if he cannot cure the cause, then surely he can give relief while there is still life.

So Ra'ab looked around helplessly - what was there that she could do? There wasn't anything, she had no drugs, nothing. So once again she just had to sit and watch and give nothing else except sympathy and understanding.

Soon there came Cleopatra who did the feline equivalent of handsprings in the hope of distracting attention from pain, in the hope of providing some light relief, and Cleopatra and Taddykins both purred away to show how they understood how bad all this suffering was. Two little people who to the average man or woman in the street would appear to be just two very very beautiful little animals, but to those who know them these two little people are people apart, intelligent, highly civilized and entirely sympathetic and understanding.

And so the Old Man lying in his bed of pain still wondered why the local medical fraternity did not seem to have heard of pain relievers, or, if they had, why did they not use them, why did they not use such methods of giving relief to one who truly was in considerable distress?

Now the sky darkened, the moon was extinguished by black lowering clouds. A sudden haze came over the far sea and sped rapidly landwards, the first pattering drops of rain hit the window panes and a blast of air shook the building.

Soon the storm burst in all its fury, the howling, shrieking wind and torrents of rain interspersed with hail. Down it came drowning out all memory of a pleasant day, hiding the Harbor under a veil of rain. Lights in the streets showed up as a ghostly greenish-blue as the sodium lamps vainly strove to penetrate the water fog and the beating rain.

The drumming of the rain was monotonous, the shrieking of the wind howling around the corners of the building, pushing against the windows, making the doors rattle, it reminded the Old Man of how things seemed to be inside him.

The night seemed endless, it seemed that every minute was an hour, and every hour was a day. Ra'ab, at the Old Man's request, went back to bed. Cleo stayed for a time, when she too went back to bed. Taddykins resumed her post on the shelf until 4 o'clock in the dark and gloomy morning.

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At 4 o'clock Miss Cleopatra came back into the room and jumped up by Taddy. Briefly they touched noses and Taddy jumped off leaving Miss Cleopatra to settle down into almost the same position that Taddy had adopted.

Outside the first traffic was beginning to move, early workers going to the docks. Down below a man started his car, perhaps he was going to the dry dock to see what was happening. A lonely tug hooted away as if lost in the rain and darkness. There was no sign of the lighthouse, the rain completely obscured its rays, but faintly could be heard the mournful lowing of the fog horn.

The hours dragged on. At last dim gray light appeared over the Mispic hills, a dim gray light which did little to dispel the gloom for it just showed a thoroughly unpleasant day, everything saturated with water. Water teeming from the rooftops, water streaming down the roadways, and suddenly squalls obliterating the sight of the bridge and the Harbor.

More hours passed on, and more people began to stir. Ra'ab came back, shortly after Buttercup came. Another day had started.

The Harbor looked almost empty. A Blue Star freighter was just turning into the stream ready to go out. She too was anxious to leave us. The Russian ship was still there with a faint plume of steam coming from its exhaust, and down on the D.O.T. wharf men were boarding one of the red-hulled ships that went out to take supplies to the lighthouse keepers and provide service to the light buoys and the sound buoys. In the middle of the Harbor a solitary tug was motionless, a figure at the stern seemed to be hauling in on a fishing line. Perhaps the tug men were trying to catch their breakfast!

The inevitable, incessant mail came pouring in. On this day with the Old Man feeling like something the cat brought in, seventy-eight letters came, nearly all of them from people who wanted something, nearly all of them without the elementary courtesy of a reply stamp.

One woman wrote so gushingly, 'Oh, Dr. Rampa, I have been told that you are going to die and I thought I must get your help before it was too late for me. Will you do this for me—you must do this for me before you die.'

People wrote in and wrote in, the Old Man did his best to answer reasonable questions. Buttercup worked hard and accurately typing the letters which the Old Man was now no longer able to do, but there was no letup from people. So many of them, no sooner had they received a reply than they sent back a whole shoal of questions 'before it was too late'.

One 'lady' in Toronto sent seven letters all by one delivery. Apparently she wrote a letter of several pages and then when she'd got it all ready and posted she thought of other things she wanted to know, and so on, and so on, until seven letters had arrived.

The Old Man had many strange experiences with letters. One woman in Ontario wrote really inflammatory letters and managed to get hold of the Old Man's address. She got in touch with the Police and said it was desperately necessary to contact Dr. Rampa,

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it was a matter of life and death. And so our good-natured, well-intentioned local Police sent a police car to where the Old Man lived, to where the Old Man was ill, and the Policeman had a very stern order. 'You must phone this number immediately, it's a matter of life and death.' The same woman sent Special Delivery letters, telegrams — everything. And at last the Old Man couldn't stick it any longer, 'at last' was caused by a letter from the woman saying that unless the Old Man would be her 'friend' she would commit suicide and she enclosed three pages with just the same thing repeated, 'Die (name), Die (name), Die (name).' The Old Man could take no more so he got in touch with the Police in the district in which she lived, and the Police went along to see her about these letters of an 'amatory' nature. Now from that quarter at least, there has been peace, it is understood, though, that the poor unfortunate policeman who had to call upon her returned to the Station considerably shaken by the experience.

When the Old Man was at Habitat he was in bed one night quite seriously ill. At round about midnight there came a thunderous knocking at the door. Ra'ab hurried from her room and the Old Man managed to get out of bed and into the wheel chair, and to grasp something in case it was an unwanted intruder. But at the door were two French-Canadian policemen, and in decidedly shaky English they demanded to see Dr. Rampa. One of the policemen was from the fraud squad, the other was a police driver. They wanted to know all sorts of things, all manner of questions had to be answered, and at midnight. At last the Old Man wanted to know what it was all about, why were they asking so many questions, and the two policemen looked at each other and one walked to the telephone, then in a gabble of French-Canadian spoke to his Superintendent. After replacing the telephone their manner changed completely. He said that a man in the Middle West States of the U.S.A. had telephoned the Montreal Police Headquarters saying there was a desperate emergency and would the Police please contact Dr. Rampa, address unknown, and get him to call a certain number in that Middle West American State.

In relaying the message to the police on patrol the information was somewhat garbled, and because a fraud squad man took the message he thought he was coming to see the Old Man on a matter of fraud, and so he acted accordingly. However, at last matters were straightened out and the police left. Apologies were a bit late, well after midnight, and after rousing and distressing a very sick man.

The same thing happened when the Old Man lived in Saint John previously. The Police were phoned by some old biddy in Montreal. She said it was a matter of life and death, and so the police came up like eager beavers thinking they were going to save a life. The phone call was made and the stupid clot of a woman just wanted the Old Man to tell her husband that she shouldn't have any sex life with him!

Incidentally, although considerable expense was involved, the woman and her husband have not made any attempt to repay that expense. That's what usually happens, some person just thinks that the Old Man is made of money and that he is just dying to rush to their aid and to pay them for that pleasure.

Quite recently a man wrote from Asia. He wrote to say that he wanted to do good

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for mankind, and he thought he would become a doctor, so he instructed the Old Man to send money immediately for this would-be doctor's first-class air fare to Canada. He told the Old Man that he (the Old Man) should have the honour of providing board and lodging and pay all expenses for this would-be doctor. He ended by writing, 'I can never repay you but at least you will know that I am doing good for others.'

Yet another case at Habitat was when a man came late at night complete with his luggage. He just came to the door and banged and banged until he got an answer. He came all the way from India, and he said, 'I have come to live with you as your son. I will cook for you.' And he tried to push his way in—complete with luggage.

The Old Man was thinking about these things, thinking about some of the humans who wrote in, thinking of the woman who wrote to say that her book was all ready, the book which the Old Man had dictated to her telepathically, and now she wanted a letter written by him saying that a Publisher was to take it and give the royalties to her.

A most entertaining book could be written about some of the remarkable letters which are sent, but really the Old Man in the short time remaining is far more interested in answering questions which it is hoped will help people. So many questions are quite sensible, questions such as this:

'Why is it that we never remember the tasks we are supposed to do when we are on this Earth? Why do we have to press forward blindly without knowing what we are doing? Can you tell me that?'

Well, yes, certainly, there is nothing very remarkable about it. If people knew beforehand what they had to do they would concentrate exclusively on that thing, and so gain a very one-sided knowledge or experience.

I am often told that I liken the Earth life to a school. But of course I do, it is a school, a school for humans. And so, going back to our school explanation, consider this; you study at school, but then you have to take an examination. You have to take an examination. Yes, an examination to find out how much you know. You go to the examination room without knowing what the questions are going to be. If you knew the questions before you went to the examination room, then it would just not be an examination at all because you would just swot up a few sentences on a very few subjects, and obviously you would pass the examination with ease - but you wouldn't know anything.

At school one has to learn a broad field of knowledge, and to make sure that one does learn an adequately broad field of knowledge examinations are set for some future date. The students know that there is going to be an examination, but obviously they do not know the exact questions. Thus it is by the examinations, and not specialize in just one or two items.

Supposing a surgeon, or rather, surgeon-to-be, was taking his examinations and he had been slack throughout his studies, supposing that someone had told him the precise nature of the questions. If the surgeon-to-be was unscrupulous and unprincipled he would concentrate only on the answers to those questions and, of course, would pass 'cum laude'.

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But you might be his first patient. Supposing you went for a kidney operation and all he could do was remove an appendix — would you feel happy?

Would you feel happy in dealing or flying with an air pilot who, by knowing the answers to the exact examination questions and knowing little else, had managed to get a job? Of course you wouldn't.

You are kept from knowing what your task is in this life so that you do your best (or at least it is hoped that you will!) in the whole field of life. You might have a task that you have to be kind to cats; well, if you knew what you had to do you might be very kind to cats, sickeningly so, in fact, but you might be so wrapped up in the cat theme that you would perhaps unwittingly cause anguish to dogs or horses by completely and utterly neglecting them. No, Mrs. Questioner, it is providential that humans do not know their task on Earth. If they did it would make them unbalanced and one-sided.

But do not get the idea that everyone who writes is a dumkopf or clutterhead, such would be absolutely incorrect. I have become acquainted with some extraordinarily nice people. Valeria Sorock, for one. She was the first to greet me when we arrived from Ireland, since that we have been firm friends and Valeria Sorock has an absolutely wonderful virtue; she is completely and utterly reliable. I am not at all mobile and if there is anything in particular that I need, of course always something which is extremely difficult to obtain, then Valeria Sorock is the one to locate it. We live quite a long way apart physically, but we are very close spiritually.

Let me salute Valeria Sorock here for her unfailing constancy, for her loyalty, and for the immense effort she puts in to do any kindness. She is not a wealthy woman by any means at all, in fact she has to work hard and travel many miles to earn what is truly a mere pittance, yet Valeria Sorock can always afford the time to do anything and to help. So—Valeria—my thanks to you and my undying friendship to you in return for the friendship you have always given me.

There are quite a number of people who are definitely above average, very definitely above average, and it's a sad thought that these people most times are not at all well endowed with this world's goods. Most times these people are so decent and so modest that they definitely underrate their own abilities. I am thinking now of two very brilliant people, Mr. and Mrs. Czermak. They are having a difficult time because, in my opinion, they do not 'sell themselves'.

Mr. Czermak is a man whom anyone could be proud to know, a man of the better type, a man with a first-class brain, and who excels at something which always defeats me -figures! Figures that go 1 - 2 - 3, etc., not the type that one looks at although I have no doubt that Mr. Czermak could possibly beat me at looking at those.

Then there is Mrs. Czermak, a truly very, very gifted person indeed. She has most extraordinary artistic ability, ceramics, photography, anything in the artistic line seems to be child's play to her. She puts the brakes on her own progress, though, by tending to be too much of a perfectionist. One cannot have perfection in this world, and if one strives too much for utter perfection then one wastes too much time on the unattainable.

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Soon we shall be dealing with two questions, one from Mr. Czermak and one from Mrs. Czermak.

Yes, people write to me with all sorts of strange problems, and the longest letter I have received from any one person was written on a piece of paper 9 inches wide by 13 feet 9 inches long. It was all one continuous sheet of paper and the whole thing was closely typed. So, as I say, that is the longest letter I have had. What would you do with it? So did I!

Then, of course, there's John Henderson. I became acquainted with him following a letter or two that he wrote to me. John Henderson is a very nice fellow, very capable, and he's 'going places'. It is my hope that later he will be able to unfold his spiritual wings and write a book or two, start a Spiritual Retreat, and do whatever people on the Other Side suggest that he should do.

Yes, I make some very nice acquaintanceships. Some people who write in haven't the vaguest interest in meta-physics, but what does it matter, what does it matter if one is interested in metaphysics or not? In fact, it might be a good idea now to answer a question from Mr. Hanns Czermak. He says, 'Yes, I do have a question, Dr. Rampa. What is the most important thing a person should or can do to develop any latent occult abilities he or she might possess? I am asking this because I seem to have trouble getting started with the things you describe so clearly in your books. Obviously I am doing something wrong and I am wondering whether there isn't a way of preparing one's mind and body.'

Actually, it doesn't really matter if you do astral travel or not, consciously, that is, because everyone does astral travel in the time of sleep. But if you find difficulty in doing something, then are you sure, really sure, that you want to do it? Are you sure that there is not some bar imposed, let us say, by difficulties in a past life?

Supposing a person - oh, not you, of course!— had been a witch in a past life. Supposing you had been burned at the stake or bumped off in some equally interesting way, then if you came back to this life with more or less of an interest in occultism you might have some ingrained fear that if you started again you would end up at the stake or at the end of a rope, and so your subconscious would clap the brakes on and you would make no progress.

The only way one can proceed if one finds real difficulty in settling down to occult work is: Meditate on the problem. Do you really, sincerely desire to astral travel or to do clairvoyance or read the cards or do anything in that field?

If you do, if you can say 'Yes', then ask yourself why you want to do it. You must clear up all these problems first. The next thing to ask yourself is, do you fear that you will be out of the body and will not be able to get back, are you afraid that some strange entities will attack you if you get out of the body? If so, remember that no harm whatsoever, no harm of any sort can happen to you if you are not afraid.

If you are sure that you really want to do occult work, then the best thing is to devote a certain time each day, even half an hour of an evening, to thinking about it. And the best way is to imagine as strongly as possible that you are doing what you want to do,

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because when you can get over to your subconscious that you want to get out into the astral he will metaphorically, unlock the gate and set you free. Think of the subconscious as a sort of idiot, a high-grade idiot, if you like, who obeys orders quite literally so that if at some time in the past you have said, 'Gee! For Pete's sake don't let me get out of the body!' then the subconscious will obey that injunction until you can overpower its one-track mind and replace the obsolete order by another.

But remember that if you think you are not making progress, you definitely are so long as you are aware of things. And my strong advice to you is that if you are experiencing obstacles or difficulties, then just do not bother, wait until things settle themselves.

When I was studying Morse many years ago I was warned about 'the hump'. Well, this mysterious 'hump' bothered me until I reached a speed of twenty-three words a minute, and no matter how much I tried, no matter how many hours of practice I put in, I could not get over that 'hump'. It proved to be a mountain in the way of my progress towards a faster morse sending and receiving speed.

One day I uttered some really naughty words with fervour. I said, in effect, 'Oh well, if I can't go any faster I just can't.' Later in the day I sat down at the old morse key again and found that I could go much faster, in fact I could do nearly thirty words a minute. I had got over the 'hump'. I had been trying too hard, and I think probably you are trying too hard, Mr. Czermak, and you, and you, and you also are trying too hard. If you are meeting obstacles don't go on like a bulldozer, take it easy, think about things, and you will find that the path of least resistance has enabled you to get over the hump, and you will be surprised at the result.

Well, I think that in the interests of domestic harmony I should reply to a question from Mrs. Czermak in this same chapter as that in which I replied to a question from her husband, otherwise I could be accused of separating husband and wife, or something like that.

Here is what Mrs. Czermak writes. 'A question; well, by the time it's too late to submit them I know I will be full of them. Right now there is only one problem that is still very much with me, and maybe other people might profit too if you would be kind enough to say a few words on the topic. It's time, or rather, shortage of time. There are only so many hours in the day and they just are not sufficient to do all the things I want to do. I surely don't shirk work but what is most frustrating is that not only is there not enough time for all the more or less mundane things that one wants to do, but there never seems enough left for the spiritual things one wants to learn. If it's meditation I don't seem to have enough energy to get up extra early either on Saturday or Sunday, instead of sleeping an hour later, and if it's astral travel I seem to fall asleep as soon as I hit the pillow.'

Business firms, factories, and very large offices have the same trouble, that is why they often call in experts who call themselves 'Time and Motion' people. Everyone has three or four times as much time as they think they have, but usually people waste time in much the same way as people waste water and so now there is a shortage of water throughout the world, drinking water, that is.

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Time and motion experts study how people do things. Just as an example, if you go to the kitchen how many things do you bring back with you at one time? Do you bring back one or two things when you know perfectly well that right after you will have to go back for two or three things more? If people will only make an intelligent appraisal of things they have to do, then they will have adequate time in which to do it.

The best way to proceed is to write down on a sheet of paper all the things you want to do on any given day. Toss out the things which are not really necessary, and plan the remaining things so that you go the shortest way about them and do not have to make two or three journeys when one will suffice. Some people have shopping to do, so they dash around to the corner store and get one thing, then they return to the kitchen and find they are short of salt or sugar or something else, so back they go again. They are running about all the time.

Others, perhaps, have letters to mail, and they make a special journey to mail those letters whereas, if they only waited a little longer, they could mail the letters when they went shopping.

One can divide up the day just the same as at school lessons were divided up — so long for Geography, so long for History, so long for Arithmetic, so long for recreation and so long for meals. If people only set about their tasks in a sensible manner they would have ample time in which to do things.

In Mrs. Czermak's case, she has a highly intelligent husband who would gladly assist her in planning her days. A task which he is well fitted to undertake very successfully. So the answer is, if people would plan their days properly and stick to the plan, there would be adequate time for everything. This is the Voice of Experience because I practise what I preach—successfully!

CHAPTER EIGHT

If you don't scale the mountain you can't view the plain.

The Old Man resting in his bed was looking out across the city, looking out at some new building being built, and at a very large hotel, the leading hotel in the whole city.

Miss Cleo and Miss Taddy were busy sleeping. They had had a disturbed night because the Old Man had been very unwell and, of course, it definitely takes two Siamese cats to manage things when the Old Man is particularly unwell. So they were catching up on their sleep, moving about in their sleep as all the best people do, twitching a bit, but happy to be close to each other. The Old Man thought of them with absolute love, thought of them as he would have thought of his own children, for these were very high entities in animal form, little people who had come to do a job and who were doing that job magnificently.

In their four short years of life they had had quite a bit of moving about, quite a bit of travel, and quite a bit of hardship, hardship largely brought on by the incessant press

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persecution. The Old Man lay there in the gloaming thinking about it all, thinking of conditions at Montreal, and how they had left before their tenancy had ended.

They had made arrangements for accommodation in the city of Saint John but when it was too late to change anything the person still in the apartment found he was unable to leave, so The Family had no alternative to staying expensively in an hotel; the Admiral Beatty Hotel was truly as much of a home from home as any hotel could be. It was and is a happy hotel where everyone is satisfied with the General Manager, a man with years and years of experience, a man who knows all the problems and, better still, knows the answers to them.

In the hotel one of the bell boys, Brian, was always most helpful and most courteous, and being a cat lover he really fell for Miss Cleo and Miss Taddy, and that pair, being flirts like most girls, really played him up, purred for him, rubbed against him and, like most girls, made him think that he was the only one.

Mrs. Catherine Mayes. The Old Man had a lot of difficulty with diet, and the menu of a hotel is not designed for those who are sick and limited to certain foods. Mrs. Catherine Mayes went out of her way at all times to make sure that everything was as good as could be. Now that The Family were in an apartment they still welcomed Mrs. Mayes as a visitor.

But the lights in the Harbor were becoming more and more numerous. Ships were coming in ready to discharge their cargoes at the next working day. Two Russian ships, another one from Liberia, one from India, and one from Cyprus, all moored up along the wharves, all laden down, well down to their plimsoll line, and a gently swaying at the changing of the tide.

The Pilot Boat was just coming away from a newcomer, its red signal lamp blinking and bobbing. Soon it turned right and went into its slipway so the Pilots could wait for the next ship.

Down at the level crossing the infernal trains hooted and blared away, making such a commotion as would get any other person clapped straight into prison for disturbing the peace, yet these unmentionable railway workers seemed to think it was their prerogative and sacred duty to wreck the hearing of a whole city. The Old Man wondered why the City Council didn't get off their behinds and pass that long-protected law prohibiting the blaring of sirens from trains passing through the city.

But the Old Man thought, it's useless to do idle gazing when a book has to be written, so he thought he would have to do what the City Council should do, he thought he would have to 'get off his behind' and get to work.

Going through all the questions, one of the most amazing things is the number of people who write 'tell us about life after death and about dying'. I am almost ashamed to return to that subject which I have dealt with so many times, I am almost ashamed to tell Ra'ab that I am writing about death again, and I am almost frightened to think of Buttercup's stony glare when she tells me that I am repeating myself.

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But then, Miss Newman, or perhaps it is Mrs. Newman, asks about life after death, and another letter here wants 'a complete but understandable knowledge of the so-called after-death state'. Riffing through these questions I find more and more people asking about life after death. Well, I seem to be ruled out, it seems that I shall have to write about life after death, and if you don't want to read it, go through these pages with your eyes shut until you come to a part you like.

Let us consider what happens at the onset of death. Usually a person is ill and as a result of that illness some part of the body, essential to the continuance of life on Earth, is losing its ability to function properly. It may be the heart, let us pretend that it is a heart case which we are discussing. So, in our heart case we can say that the heart muscle has turned into a fibroid mass, it can no longer pump blood in adequate quantities through the brain, and so the faculties become dull. As the faculties become dull the will to live diminishes and there is less stimulation for the heart to continue its labored pumping.

There comes a time when the heart can no longer continue. Before that stage is reached the person is in a state where he does not have the energy to feel pain, he is half in this world and half in the next, he is in the state of a baby who is half out of the world which is his mother and half in the world which we call Earth. On the Other Side of death helpers are ready. As soon as the heart ceases there is a jerk; no, no, that is not a jerk of pain, there is no death agony, that is quite stupid fiction. The so-called 'death agony' is merely a reflex action of nerves and muscles which, freed from the control of the 'driver' of the body just twist and twitch and jerk—well, as the name implies—uncontrollably. Many people think that it is agony but of course it is not because the occupant of the body has left, and should there be grimaces of the face, that is merely the twitching of the muscles.

The body, bereft of its occupant, may twitch or utter gasps for a short time. There may be the rumbling of organs within the body, but all that is just like an old suit of clothes settling down after they have just been thrown on a chair or on a bed, there's nothing to it, the body is now just garbage ready to be buried or burnt, it doesn't matter which really.

The newest occupant or inhabitant of the astral world, the former driver of the body, will be met by helpers ready to do anything they can to assist in the process of acclimatization. It sometimes happens unfortunately that a truly ignorant person will not believe in life after death, so what then?

If a person definitely refuses to believe in the life after death he or she is in a state of complete hypnosis, auto-hypnosis, and even on Earth there are many cases of people being blind just because they think they are, there are many cases of people who are deaf only because they have wished themselves deaf perhaps to escape the noise of a nagging wife, and such cases are attested by the medical profession.

If a person will not believe in anything after death, then that person is enveloped in a thick, black, sticky fog, and helpers cannot help him, they can't reach him because he won't let them, he repulses everything they want to do for him because he is so convinced that there is no such thing as an after life that he believes he is having unpleasant

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nightmares.

In the course of time the person begins to realize that there must be something in this life after death business after all; why does he hear voices, why does he sense people near him, why does he hear perhaps music? With dawning awareness that there might just possibly be something after death, the thick black fog lightens and becomes gray, light can filter in, he can see dim figures moving about, and he can hear more clearly. So, gradually, as his prejudices and inhibitions break down, he becomes more and more aware that something is happening around him. People constantly try to help him, they try to tell him that they want to help, they invite him to accept that help, and as soon as he does feel that he will accept help, then the fog disperses and he can see all the glory of the astral world, colors such as Earth lacks, brightness and lightness, and very very pleasant surroundings.

Our poor friend, who is only just beginning to realize that there is life after death, is taken to what we might call a hospital, or rest home, or recuperation center. There by various rays his mental inhibitions are further dispersed, his spirit body is strengthened and made healthy, and it is also nourished.

Things are explained to him, he is in much the same position as a newborn baby except that he can understand all that is said to him and he can reply whereas a baby has to learn even to speak. So the person hears an explanation of what life on the Other Side is like. If he wants to argue about it he just cannot, people will not argue with him, he is just left to think about what he has been told, and when he can freely accept that which he has been told, the explanation continues. He is never persuaded of anything, he is never forced to do anything, he has a right of choice. If he doesn't want to believe then he has to stay in a somewhat static condition until he will believe.

Many there are who pass beyond the Earth to the next life with the firm, absolutely unbreakable conviction that their own particular religion is the only one which can exist. These poor wretches are in much the same position because the helpers on the Other Side know quite well that they cannot help the newcomer if their mere appearance shatters a lifelong belief, so, let us suppose a person is a very strong Catholic believing in angels and devils and all the rest of that pantomime. Then, when they get to the Other Side they do indeed see the Pearly Gates, they see an old fellow with a beard and a whacking great ledger in which they think all the sins are being recorded.

Everything is done to put on the sort of show that the good, ignorant Catholic wants to see. He sees angels with flapping wings, he sees people sitting on clouds playing harps, and for a time he is quite satisfied thinking he has reached Heaven. But gradually it dawns on him that all this doesn't ring true, the people do not fly in the right rhythm for beating wings, etc., etc. Gradually it dawns on the newcomer that all this is a stage show and he begins to wonder what is behind it all, what is behind the drapes and the set piece, what are things really like, and just as soon as he begins to think that way he begins to see 'cracks' in the facade of the Heavenly Crowd. Soon there comes a time when he cannot stick the pantomime any longer and he cries out for enlightenment. Quickly the angels with their flapping wings fade away, quickly the harpists sitting in

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their nightshirts on a cloud beat it, quickly highly trained, highly experienced helpers show the newly awakened newcomer the reality instead of the illusion, and the reality is far greater than the illusion ever could be. It is a sad fact that so many people see a few pictures in the Bible and they 'take them for gospel'. Well, book illustrators are employed to illustrate the Bible as well, remember.

No matter what religion it is, if there are adherents who believe unswervingly in the legends and, let us say, fantasies, of that religion, then that is what they see when they leave the Earth and enter the astral plane.

When the newcomer can realize the nature of the world he is in, then he can proceed further. He goes to the Hall of Memories and there, alone, he enters a room and he sees the whole of his Life, everything he has done, everything he has tried to do, and everything he wanted to do. He sees everything that happened to him, and everything that he thought while upon the Earth, and he, and he alone, can make a judgment of whether his life was a success or a failure. He, and he alone, can decide whether he will 'go back to college' and start the Course all over again in the hope of passing successfully next time.

There is no mother or father or best friend to stand by and take the blame for anything that he has done wrongly, he is there alone, entirely alone, more alone than he has been since he stood in that place before, last time. And he judges himself.

No devils, no Satan waiting with twitching tail and fiery breath, nobody is going to jab pitchforks into him, and as for all the flames, well, they don't even use such things for central heating!

Most people emerge from the Hall of Memories considerably shaken and remarkably glad of the help and sympathy which their helpers, waiting outside, offer.

There comes a period of adjustment, a period when the newcomer can think over all that he has seen, think over all the mistakes he has made, think over what he is going to do about it. It's not a matter to be decided in a few minutes, all manner of things have to be considered. Is it worth going back and starting all over again, or would it be better to stay a few hundred years in the astral waiting perhaps for more suitable conditions to come along? But then, thinks the newcomer, he doesn't know about all the suitable conditions or when they are likely to come along. So he is invited to go to helpers who will discuss everything with him, and who will advise him without putting any pressure whatever on him.

At all times he has complete freedom of choice, freedom of decision, no one is going to force him to do anything. If he wants to go back and do a bit of hell-raking on Earth, that is his choice, and his choice only.

Many newcomers are not aware that they can pick up all the sustenance, all the nourishment they need from the air, from the vibrations around them. They think of their earthly life, they think of all the choice foods they would have liked to have had but perhaps couldn't afford, so, if they want it they can have it. No matter what type of food, it is there for the asking. If they want fat cigars or thin cigarettes or stinking pipes, yes,

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they can have those as well.

Clothes—you'll never see such a medley of clothes and costumes as you will on the astral plane! Anyone can wear any style of clothes he desires and it's not considered at all wrong, no one cares, it's the other person's affair. So if a fellow wants to get himself done up as a hippy with a load of pot on each hand, he can do so, the pot there won't hurt him, it only hurts when he's on the earth because astral pot is entirely harmless; Earth pot is horribly dangerous.

But the newcomer soon tires of doing nothing, he soon tires of just kicking his heels and watching the astral world go by. Even if he was a lazy slob on Earth, one who just liked to hang around street corners and utter wolf whistles, well even that sort of fellow soon tires of doing nothing in the atmosphere of the astral plane. He asks for work, and he gets it. What sort of work? There are all manner of things to be done. It's impossible to say what sort of work he does just as it's impossible to say what sort of work a person would get here on Earth if they went to Timbuktu or Alsace Lorraine suddenly. They do work within their capabilities, necessary work, and in doing the work they find considerable satisfaction and stability.

But all the time they have the nagging thought, the nagging wonder of what to do. Should they stay in the astral a bit longer? What would other people do? They ask again and again, and they are told again and again, always the same thing they are told, and never is there any attempt to persuade them to do anything, the choice is entirely theirs.

At last they decide they can't hang around any longer; they decide they cannot be a dropout from the school of Earth, they must go back, do their lessons properly and pass the examinations.

They make their decision known and then they are taken to a special group of people who have vast experience and some very, very remarkable instruments. It is determined what the person has to learn, it is determined how best he may learn it—go to a poor family, will that help? Or should he go to a rich family? Should he be a white man or a colored man, or should he be a woman, colored or white?

It depends on the sort of mess he made of his last life, it depends on how hard he is prepared to work in the coming life, it depends on what he has to learn. Anyhow, the advisers are well qualified to help him, they can suggest - and they suggest only—the type of parents, the type of country, and the conditions. Then when he has agreed to the conditions certain instruments are brought into play and the necessary parents-to-be are located. Alternative parents are located as well, and these parents are observed for a short time. Then, if everything proves satisfactory, the person who is ready to reincarnate goes to a special home in the astral world. There he goes to bed, and when he wakes up he is in the process of being born into the Earth. No wonder he makes such a commotion and lets out wails of despair!

Many people, entities, decide they do not want to return to Earth just yet, and so they stay in the astral worlds where they have much work to do. But before discussing them let us deal with a special class of people who have no choice; suicides.

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If a person has willfully ended his or her life on Earth before the allotted number of years, then that person has to return to Earth as fast as possible in order to serve out the unexpired time, just as if they were a convict who had escaped and had been recaptured, and had had a bit tacked on as an extra punishment.

A suicide gets into the astral world. He is met, received, just as if he were an ordinary legitimate person coming back, no recriminations, nothing of that type at all. He is treated precisely the same as other entrants. He is allowed a reasonable time in which to recover from the shock of leaving the physical body probably violently, and entering the astral.

When he has recovered sufficiently he has to go to the Hall of Memories, and there he sees all that has ever happened to him, he sees the flaws which really made him commit suicide. And so he is left with the awful feeling, the awful knowledge would be a better term, that he has to get back to Earth and live out the unexpired term. Possibly the suicide is a person of poor spiritual caliber, possibly he lacks the intestinal fortitude to go back on Earth, and he thinks he is just jolly well going to stay in the astral and nobody can do anything about it. Well, he is wrong there because it is a law that a suicide has to return to Earth; and if he will not return of his own free will, then he is compelled to go.

If he is willing to return, then, at a meeting with special counselors, he is advised of how many days or years there are remaining to him on his Earth 'sentence'. He has to live out all that time on Earth, he also has to live out all the time that has elapsed since he committed suicide and before returning to Earth again. So, perhaps it took a year to straighten him out and get him to decide that he had to go back to Earth, thus he gets a year added to his life on Earth.

Conditions are found on Earth so that he can return and encounter substantially the same type of conditions which caused him to take his life before, and then at the appointed time he is put to sleep and awakens to the act of being born.

If he proves recalcitrant and just will make no move to go back to Earth, then the counselors decide for him on conditions which would meet his case. If he will not go freely then the conditions are a bit tougher than if he did go freely. Then, again at the appointed time, he is put to sleep without him having any choice whatever in the matter, he is put to sleep and when he wakes up he is back on Earth.

It is often the case that a baby who is born and dies perhaps a month or two after is the reincarnation of a person who committed suicide rather than perhaps face two or three months of agony when they were dying from incurable, inoperable cancer. The sufferer may have taken his own life two or three, or perhaps six months or a year before he would naturally have died. But he still has to come back and serve out all the time which he tried to short-circuit.

It is sometimes thought that pain is a useless thing, suffering is a useless thing. It is sometimes thought that it is good to kill off a human who is incurable, but do these people who advocate such a course really know what the sufferer is trying to learn? His very suffering, the very nature of his illness may be something about which he desired to

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learn.

People often write to me and say, 'Oh, Dr. Rampa, with all your knowledge how is it that you have to suffer so? Why don't you cure yourself and live for ever?' But, of course, that's nonsense. Who wants to live for ever? And people who write in with statements like that, how do they know what I am trying to do? They don't, and that's all there is to it. If a person is investigating a certain subject then often that person has to undergo a considerable amount of hardship in order to do the work properly. These people who wander off and bring aid and sustenance to lepers, for instance, well, they don't know how the leper feels or how the leper thinks.

They might be helping the leper's physical being, but they still are not lepers. Its the same with T.B., or cancer, or even an ingrown toenail. Until one actually has the complaint or the condition then one quite definitely is not qualified to make any discussion on the complaint or condition. It always amuses me that Roman Catholic priests who are not married and who, presumably never have children, never become a father, that is, except in the spiritual sense, dare to advise women about having children and all that. Of course many of these Catholic priests go away for vacations and they get to know quite a lot about women. We saw that in Montreal!

It is definitely wrong, then, to commit suicide. You are just postponing the day when you can be free of Earth legitimately, you've got to come back like an escaped convict who has been recaptured, and you are hurting no one but yourself, and it's yourself you think about, isn't it? That's one of the things that has to be overcome, too.

The ordinary average person who is not too good and not too bad stays in the astral world for a varying period of time. It is not true that everyone stays there for six hundred, or a thousand, or two thousand years; it depends entirely on the conditions which prevail in the case of each and every individual here is an average time, but then there is an average man-in-the-street and an average woman-in-the-street, and the average time is just—well, just a figure.

There are many tasks to do in the astral world. Some people help those who are coming to join the astral world, some people act as guides to them, and this 'guide' has nothing to do with spiritualist seances or old ladies who think they have a Red Indian guide or a Chinese Mandarin guide or a Tibetan Lama guide. What these old ladies usually have is an overdose of imagination. Actually, if everything was counted up and if everyone who claimed to have an Indian guide or a Tibetan guide was listed, there just wouldn't be enough Indians or enough Tibetans to go round, and in any case these people on the Other Side have teacups so some old biddy can give a reading, it doesn't include speaking through a tin trumpet or moving a bit of cheesecloth. All that stuff, which of course is utterly useless, comes from a bit of nervous energy on the part of some usually hysterical operator. People on the Other Side have too much to do looking after their own affairs to come to Earth and poke about in dark rooms breathing down the necks of people who are there for a delicious thrill. The only ones who do go to these seances from the Other Side are the Nature Spirits of a lower type called Elementals. They are there just for some fun, to see what a lot of saps these humans are to believe anything and

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everything that is told to them. Don't you, my dear friends Reader, go in for this guff, because guff it is.

The same goes for this Ouija Board stuff. People will get a Ouija Board and play about with it, and some Elemental who is always dashing about like a mischievous monkey, will see what is being done, and he will definitely influence the reading. Now you might think there is no harm in that, but there is no good in it either, and definitely there is great harm in these Ouija Board readings if an Elemental causes the message to be given to sound highly plausible but which is just something extracted from the victim's own subconscious. A person's whole life can be affected for the worse by believing in this Ouija Board messages.

Another great source of misinformation is when the Ouija Board is moved in accordance with the collective thought of the people who are gathered around. Often it will be impelled by wishful thinking and, again, will give a message which can be positively harmful by being misleading. The safest thing is - have nothing whatever to do with Ouija Boards and nothing whatever to do with seances. Remember, you came to this Earth deliberately not knowing the exact purpose of your visit, and if you try to find out too much without very, very exceptional cause, then you are like the student going to the examination room who manages to steal a copy of the examination papers first. That is just plain cheating, and it doesn't help at all.

One job which has to be done in the astral world is to receive those who come during the hours of sleep. People are arriving at all times because when it is daylight in one part of the world it is night in another part, so there are a constant stream of people going to the astral world during their sleep period, and they are like children returning from school. Just as children like to be greeted by their parents or friends, so do these night travelers.

Their traffic has to be directed, they have to be put in touch with those whom they desire to meet, and many of them desire information and counseling during what, upon Earth, is night. They want to know how they are doing and what they should do on the morrow. This does occupy a lot of time for a lot of people.

Then there are other entities in the astral world who are not reincarnating to Earth again, they are going on - going up, going up to an even higher plane of existence. At the right time they will 'die' very peacefully, very painlessly to the astral world. They will, in fact, just vanish to the astral world and will appear in a higher plane.

There are more and more people coming to the Earth, more and more people being born to the Earth, and many inquirers wonder why that should be so. The answer is Earth is just one speck of dust amid billions of specks of dust, and when people ask me why the population of the Earth is increasing I tell them the truth, which is that people are coming to Earth from other more nebulous planes of existence. Perhaps a person comes from a two dimensional world and comes to Earth as his first experience in a three dimensional world, so he starts his round of existence to the three dimensional world which we call Earth. And all the time there are more and more people coming as Earth becomes more and more of a qualified school of hardship.

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That is the purpose of Earth, you know, to teach one hardship and how to endure it and how to overcome it. People do not come to Earth to have a very enjoyable time, they come to learn so that all the information they learn can be passed on to the Overself.

After this world there is the astral plane, and from the astral plane, in the fullness of time, one is born upwards to different planes of existence until at last the fully evolved entity merges with the Overself. That is how the Overself grows.

If, having grown quite a lot, the Overself decides that there is much more to learn, then fresh puppets are put down on some world and the whole process of cycles of life is started all over again, and each time when the puppets have completed their cycles they return purified to the Overself, which, again, grows through it.

When a person is living in the astral, that is, when a person has 'died' to Earth, then that particular entity enters into the full life of the astral world and is not just a visitor as are those who return to the astral world during that time when their body is asleep on the Earth, and, being full-time members of the astral world, they behave as ordinary people would on the Earth. That is, at the end of an astral day they sleep. The astral body which, of course, is quite solid to people in the astral world, goes to sleep, and, again, the psyche leaves the astral body at the end of its Silver Cord and goes into a yet higher plane. There it learns things which will be of use on what we might term the lower astral when the spirit returns to the astral body. Do not think that the astral world is the highest world, do not think that it is Heaven; it is not. There are many, many different cycles or planes of existence.

While in that world which we call 'the astral world' we can have a family. We live in much the same way as people live down here except that there are not quarrels because in the astral you just cannot meet people with whom you are incompatible. So that if you get married in the astral, then you cannot have a nagging partner. This is not generally understood by people on Earth; while in the astral world you cannot meet those who were your enemies on Earth, and your family—well, your astral family are as solid to you as were people on the Earth to you.

Humans are not alone in the astral world, animals go there too. Never, never make the most tragic mistake of thinking that humans are the highest form of existence; they are not. Humans are just another form of existence. Humans think in one way, animals think in another way, but there are entities who, compared to humans, are as much above the humans as the humans are above the earthworms, and even these People know that they are not the ultimate form of evolution. So forget all about being a superior creature and concentrate on doing the best job you can.

Animals go to the astral plane, animals go higher as they merit it just as humans do. One of the big difficulties with the Christian religion is that they think humanity is the highest form of evolution possible, they think that all creatures were made for the satisfaction of Man, and that has led to some terrible conditions. The animal world and the animal Manus have been incredibly tolerant knowing that humans have been misinstructed by their religious leaders, by their priests who really rearranged Christianity to give themselves adequate power.

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Accept it as fact, then, that in the astral worlds you will not find cowering dogs or scared cats. You will instead find a partner who is in every way the equal of a human and who can communicate with a human with utter ease by telepathy.

Many people have asked about bodies, will a body appear to be just a bunch of gas, or what? And the answer is, no, a body will appear as solid to you in the astral as is that lump of me at which you now push about on two bony stems, and if two people should collide in the astral, well, they get a bump just the same as when two people collide on the Earth plane.

There is great love in the astral world, physical love as well as spiritual love but; of course, on a scale which the mind limited to Earth thoughts cannot comprehend while in the Earth body. There is no such thing as 'frustration' in the astral world because love is completely satisfactory at all times and for both partners.

Some people have written in asking for a description of God. God is not just the Head of a big Corporation, you know, He's not just an old fellow who wears a long beard and carries a lantern on the end of a staff. God is a great Force which can be comprehended and understood when one is out of the Earth body and in the astral world. At present upon the Earth one is in a three dimensional world and most people could not understand, let us say, the description of a nine dimensional object.

Each world has a Manu in charge of the world. You can say that the Manu is like one of the Gods on Olympus so thoroughly described in Greek legends. Or if you wanted to be more up to date you can say that the Manu is like the General Manager of the branch of a big firm. Under the General Manager of that branch—because this world is only a branch, after all—we have departmental managers who, —in our terms, would be called the Manus of different continents and of different countries. These under managers are responsible for running, let us say, the U.S.A. or Germany or Argentina, and so on, and just as human managers have different temperaments so do the Manus, and so the country concerned gets a different national characteristic. The Germans, for example, are quite different from the Italians, and the Italians are quite different from the Chinese. That is because the 'Manager' of that department happens to be different.

The Manus, no matter how glorious they seem to be, are just puppets of the Great Entity or Overself which makes up 'God'. That Great Overself uses Manus as puppets in much the same way as the human Overself may use a whole bunch of humans in order to gain experience.

Another question which is so frequently asked is, 'The astral body apparently has some sort of substance to it. If it has molecules, no matter how thinly dispersed, these could be subject to destruction or injury through heat, cold, or collision. If this were so some discomfort and pain in almost a physical sense could exist. How would the astral fare in the vicinity of a physical star?' Well, when one talks of molecules one is talking of substances which are in the Earth plane. A molecule is a physical thing, a piece of matter, but when we are talking about the astral plane we are completely away from the low grade vibration which comprises everything upon this Earth. A physical body on the Earth can receive injury from another physical body, but a physical body in the astral

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cannot in any way be damaged by the physical body of the Earth, the two things are completely and utterly different. One can say, just purely as an example and not a very good example at that, one can say that a rock and a light do not interact upon each other. If we throw a rock up into the sky it doesn't hurt the sun. So in the same way anything that happens on the Earth does not hurt any astral body, but what does hurt people in the astral is the crass stupidity displayed by humans on the Earth in trying to bump each other off, liquidate each other in various painful ways, and generally behave like a lot of completely insane people instead of entities who are upon Earth to learn something. The way people of Earth as going on at the present time is much the same as the way the students who wreck million dollar computers are going on. It's time humans grew up, and it's time students learned that they go to a school or college to learn from people who know more than they do.

CHAPTER NINE

Remember, the turtle progresses only when he sticks out his neck.

Glory be! I thought I had put behind me all discussion of astrals, deaths, and all that sort of thing, and now here's another load of questions all bearing on the same thing. For example, 'Does an atom explosion which incinerates thousands of human bodies simultaneously cause pandemonium on the astral plane, or how does it affect or disturb them?'

It does not do a thing to harm them physically, but it certainly causes an awful flap because thousands of people are going to come to the astral world in one awful huddle. Many of them will be scared sick, many will be insane with shock, so all available helpers are rushed to help those who are pouring in and are in a very distressed state. The scene, actually, would be very much like that when there is a truly bad calamity on Earth such as an earthquake or something at least as disastrous where helpers and volunteer helpers rush to use any means possible to lend assistance. The answer then is nobody in the astral world is harmed by the detonation of the bomb, but they are very much upset by the extra work in trying to care for so many people all at one time because, while such an event will have been foreseen, yet all these 'foreseeings' are probabilities and not necessarily actual events which are just bound to occur.

The next one asks, 'How do the Manus of nations supervise the affairs of their nation? Do they work through the United Nations Representatives, through the heads of nations their cabinets and advisers, or how?' If the United Nations was as had been hoped, that would have been the way for a Manu to work, but here is something that you have to consider very seriously, it may be distasteful to you, it may even be thoroughly shocking to you, but nevertheless it is actual fact.

This particular world is not a very advanced world, actually it is a penitentiary world, a hell, a hard school - call it what you will—and many of the Manus in charge of this world are themselves learning! As they gain experience and as they become successful, then, just like a departmental manager, they get promoted, and if the General

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Manager can make a success of things in his small branch then he might well be promoted to a much larger branch.

It really is necessary to look at things with an open mind and to remember that when on the Other Side in the astral one does not sit on a cloud and strum a banjo or pluck the strings of a harp; one has to work.

If you are in the kindergarten class at school you might think that the great big 'grown-ups' of twelve years of age in a class higher are real Gods who do nothing except tell the teachers where to go, and these twelve and fourteen year olds might think that the sixth-formers or thirteenth graders, or whatever you want to call them, are truly Gods of Creation. But these Gods of Creation still have to do homework, still have to attend classes, still have to gain experience. All right, people come to this Earth to gain experience, Manus look after this world (more or less) in order to gain experience, and if there are a few fights between countries, well, it's teaching humans and it's teaching Manus as well.

In higher states, that is, with much more advanced worlds, Manus can get together and discuss things amicably so that there are no wars and no particular crime, but that is much too advanced for the hoodlums of the Earth. The Earth people are here to learn the hard way because they won't learn in the soft way, the kind way. If a chap comes along and takes a swipe at you with a club or shows an earnest desire to bonk you on the noggin and lay you out, well, it's useless to say, 'I pray, my dear fellow, that you will kindly desist from these unwelcome attentions.' Instead if you are wise you will kick him where it will do most harm, and then let out a hoot for the police.

So the Manus of this world are learners. They are learning things just as you are, and when they have learnt to straighten up things a bit they will move on to something better. But, cheer up, you have to stay only about seventy years or so to a lifetime, the poor Manus have a longer sentence than that by far.

Now here is a little question tucked in, 'It is understood that the line of the Thirteenth Dalai Lama was all the same soul. Could the Thirteenth be now in the Land of the Golden Light and still reincarnate in the Fourteenth?'

Well, that is the easiest question of all to answer because the Fourteenth Dalai Lama himself seems to have spilled the beans to the press and admitted that he is not a reincarnation of the Great Thirteenth, which is just as well because the Great Thirteenth is a very active entity indeed in the astral world doing very much good, and, I believe, rather sad that the present 'leaders' in exile in India are not doing much to aid suffering Tibet. But I dealt with that at some length in an earlier chapter of this book so perhaps I should not gild the lily or repeat myself when I need not.

Another person writes in referring to 'My Visit to Venus', but let me state here and now that I definitely, definitely, definitely do not recommend that 'book'. It is just a few pages containing some articles which I wrote years ago, and it contains some — well, I consider them offbeat - illustrations not done by me. This book containing parts of my work and filled out with a lot of blurb was published entirely without my permission and

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entirely against my wishes.

The same applies to a record, 'The Power of Prayer.' I definitely do not recommend it. The quality is exceedingly poor and it was never meant to be reproduced as a record. It is just something that I made many, many years ago, and when I left North America to go to South America I was informed that this record had been made without my permission, without my desire, during my absence from the continent.

If you want a real record then purchase the Meditation record which I made specially for a record. This was made specially to help people meditate, and it may be obtained from :—

Mr. E. Z. Sowter, 33 Ashby Road, Loughborough, Leicestershire, England.

I will tell you that Mr. Sowter has world rights for this record and for Touch Stones and many other things, and he is the only person who has my full permission and agreement to sell my records and Touch Stones. He also sells various other things of my design.

That is a free advertisement for Mr. Sowter who is a very decent man and who is trying to do good.

This book is not meant to be a catalogue of nice people, it is not meant to be a catalogue of crummy dopes on the outer fringe of sanity either, but I cannot let the book be completed without mentioning a very pleasant family indeed: Mrs. Worstmann and her two daughters. You may recall that one of my books was dedicated to Mrs. Worstmann, a very pleasant, very highly educated woman whom it is a pleasure to know, and I have known her for several years, known her while her husband was still alive on this Earth, and I have been in touch with him now that he is on the Other Side. Mrs. Worstmann, then, is one of the more enlightened types. Certainly she was enlightened enough to have two talented daughters, Luise who is a nurse in one of the better London hospitals; she is a good nurse, but she is good at so many things. She is artistic—well, I am not going to list all her virtues, they are too many to put down on these pages. I want to mention, also, her sister, Therese, another talented one. She also is a nurse, and she is very anxious to train as a surgeon, she has all the capabilities for it, everything except the money in fact. I have been looking around to see if there were any Insurance Schemes which would enable a highly gifted young woman to get training as a surgeon. Unfortunately I have not yet found any such source, so if any of you, my Readers, know how to raise money whereby an entirely capable young woman can pay for her training at Medical School, then now is your chance to do good.

I make it clear, I make it absolutely clear, that this young lady has the ability to do some good for the world as a surgeon, and it seems rather dreadful that she may be deprived of the opportunity of doing that good through lack of money to finance her training.

Dealing with a surgeon-to-be, let us deal with heart transplants. I have a question here, 'What about the current rash of heart transplants and other radical surgery inserting foreign organs, plastic valves, and tubing, etc. into a body.'

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From a purely material, physiological standpoint this seems to be considered an almost miraculous scientific breakthrough, but does it do the trick? Will the use of various chemicals counteract the normal tendency of the body to reject any foreign material introduced into it this way? Or is such rejection inevitable simply because the substituting of a healthy new organ into a body to replace a diseased member, won't result in proper meshing between the still diseased etheric of the organ in question with the artificially introduced material counterpart? And, furthermore, is there anything really gained for the individual being operated upon if he has a few months or even years of invalidism added to his present stay on Earth, unless he really uses the time gained thereby to learn some really worthwhile lessons which would otherwise have been deferred to another incarnation?' Well, that's a mouthful, certainly! Many hundreds of centuries ago in the days of Atlantis people could do transplants. It was possible in those days to graft on an arm or a leg, possible to replace hearts and kidneys and lungs, but it was a providential act of Nature that a civilization which did such things came to an end. They tried replacing brains, and they produced amoral monsters.

Basically there is nothing very difficult in replacing a heart. It is just a mechanical procedure. You have to cut out the heart and you have to trim the replacement heart to exactly fit the 'pipes' which are left. Any competent surgeon could do such an operation.

In the physical world one has a semi-invalid. After all, when one does such a radical operation certain small blood vessels and nerves cannot be rejoined, the whole structure becomes impaired and so a very sick man is given an added sickness - impairment of his body. But still such a person could go on for an indefinite number of years, go on living a life of semi-invalidism.

In the astral world, however, there are two people who are suffering greatly by being 'cross-mixed'. One person is half in the astral, that is, he goes to the astral world during sleep only, and the other person is right in the astral but because his heart or other organ is still living he has a sort of sympathetic attachment through the Silver Cord of the person who now has that organ.

You sometimes get two radios; you switch on two radios in the same room, perhaps on the same programme, and if you switch off one then it does make slightly more volume to the second there is some interaction between the two, and these are only radios, only things which some set of girls put together while they were talking about their latest boy friends and how mini their mini skirts would be the next season. When you get to living humans the interaction is much, much stronger, and it definitely, very definitely, impairs the efficiency of a person living in the astral world to be even 'sympathetically' connected to the body of another person.

It is my firm belief that replacing organs like this is terribly, criminally wrong, and really people should not permit such abuses of Nature. The reflections from the donor's heart show up in the aura of the recipient, and the two people may not have been compatible. The fact that one could be colored and the other white has nothing to do with it. The basic rate of vibration, that is, the frequency of each person, has everything to do with it, and I certainly hope that such transplants can be outlawed. It is a different matter

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if one is replacing an organ with a synthetic organ because that is no worse than a person wearing glasses or a hearing aid or clothing, no worse than using a crutch.

I believe that medical scientists should be encouraged to devise artificial organs which could safely be used on humans, then there would be no cross-linkage between two entities which causes a handicap to both entities until both are free of their Silver Cords and living in the astral world. So, to answer this specific question, I am definitely opposed to organ transplants.

Here is another question which should be of general interest. It is:—

‘Information or directions on how a few people working devotedly could bring about a change in the course of world affairs.’

If a few people would definitely think ‘in step’ on a specific subject, then whatever they think about could actually be so. Nowadays people cannot hold a thought for more than a second or two. If you doubt that, try it yourself, try and think about one specific subject while watching the seconds hand of your watch. You will find, if you are honest, that your attention will waver and wander far more rapidly than you would believe possible. Your attention will only stay more or less constant if you are thinking about something to do with yourself, something you want, something you want to do, something which affects you deeply. Anything else such as bringing help to another person whom you have met—well, you cannot hold the interest for very long.

Peoples’ thought is not constant, and no one thinks of the same thing at the same time with the same intensity. They are like a mass of people milling about, all walking but all out of step, whereas if people could think ‘in step’ then they could indeed accomplish miracles. If you want to think of this further, consider an army of men, consider a regiment of soldiers marching over a bridge. If those men marched in step across the bridge they would destroy it, and for that reason the men are instructed before going on to the bridge to ‘break step’. So they go over walking just as a disorderly rabble would walk, not in step, not in rhythm, and so the building up effect of many men walking in step is destroyed, there isn’t the force there any longer, and the bridge is not damaged.

If you could get a number of men marching absolutely in step they would destroy any bridge that could be made, and if one kept up the marching they could destroy a building also because the constant pounding down and lifting up would build up such a series of vibrations that the amplitude or degree of vibration would increase and increase beyond the point where the natural elasticity of the bridge or building could encompass it, and then the bridge would just shatter like a broken glass.

If one could get—oh, half a dozen people, and get them to think definitely, deliberately in waves of the correct pattern they could topple governments, or build governments, they could make one country preeminent over all others, and they could do things which now would be regarded as utterly impossible.

It is perhaps fortunate that it is not too easy to get people to think in unison at exactly the right frequency because, and I am telling you this quite seriously, it is not a joke, if one had a gang of crooks who were trained in thinking correctly they could think

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open a bank vault. Dear me, what a pity I haven't a nice little gang; it would be very pleasant to have a nice load of money, wouldn't it? Still, it is truly quite possible, and in fact in Atlantean days it was an everyday occurrence.

The Catholic chants are a relic of those bygone days, chants which some think are only two thousand years old, but they are still chants which have been built on the original songs of power of the Sumerians and the Atlanteans. Perhaps I should put it the other way round, Atlanteans and Sumerians because, of course, the Atlanteans are the oldest civilization of the two.

In those days it was possible to lift massive chunks of stone by thought, by having a trained mass of priests thinking at the same time under their conductor so that the stone would lift straight up in the air. If you think that is too fantastic remember that you can make a sound which will break a glass. If you sustain the sound you can break a glass or break a window, and thought is just another form of sound, that is, a vibration, everything is a vibration, and if you set the right vibration in motion you can accomplish anything.

Another question; 'Readers are wondering when will be the proper time for the free world to know of the Time Capsules.'

The proper time is not yet. The proper time is not until the end of this civilization, the end of this civilization as we know it at present. Later—oh, not in your lifetime, so don't worry:—much later there will be earthquakes which will really shake the crust of the Earth and these Time Capsules will be thrown up to the surface ready to be opened. There are quite a number of them. One tremendous capsule is in Egypt; I suppose technically it is a capsule, but actually it is a vast chamber deep beneath the shifting sands of the Egyptian Desert. The Chamber is an absolute museum of artifacts which existed tens of thousands of years ago—yes, 'tens of thousands of years ago'.

There are aircraft of a very very different type than those in use now, aircraft which work by antigravity so that the power of the motor is not expended in supporting the weight but is used just to propel the vehicle forward. I will tell you quite truthfully that I have seen such an aircraft.

One device would be especially of interest to the housewife or to the person who has to carry weights. It is a sort of handle which attaches to whatever has to be carried, and then one just catches hold of the handle as when one is carrying a basket. If the parcel or bundle is heavy then the handle is depressed more, if the parcel is not very heavy then the handle is not very far depressed. Each of these devices was constructed so that no matter whether the parcel weighed a ton or ten pounds, the person had no more than about a pound of effort to expend.

Antigravity was a perfectly ordinary, perfectly common thing in centuries long past, but the priests of that day, who also were the leaders of the armies, got a bit cross with each other, and each side tried bigger and better weapons than the other, with the result that they blew their whole civilization in the air, and it came down as a radioactive dust. Later, when these Time Capsules are opened, television in three dimensions will

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be seen, and not just 3-D by means of two cameras or two lens, but a thing in which there appear to be actual people, miniature size, of course, acting out plays, dances, and even debates.

Photography too was different in those days, there were no such things as the flat photographs which we now see. Everything was in the 'solid', more 3-D than 3-D itself. The nearest thing is the very, very crude holograms with which scientists are just experimenting in which you can almost look behind the object you had photographed. Well, in the days of Atlantis you could look behind!

Hundreds of centuries ago there was the mightiest civilization the world had seen up to that time, but there was such a cataclysm that people became almost demented, those that were left, and they had to start just about from the savage state and the present so-called Age of Science has barely reached what would be called the kindergarten stage when Atlantis was at its peak.

Many people disbelieve in Atlantis which, of course, is just utterly foolish. They are like the fishermen who go out fishing and because they don't catch anything they say, 'Oh, there are no fish in the seas any more, they have all died off.'

Yes, there was an Atlantis, and there are living remnants of Atlantis still, deep underground in a certain part of the world, and let me make clear here that that part of the world is not Mount Shasta. Don't believe all the hooey you read or are told about Mount Shasta; this is just an ordinary area which has been over publicized by people who wanted to make not just a fast buck, but a whole sack of them.

I wish I could tell you some of the things I absolutely, definitely know, but there are certain things which cannot be told at present. I know the actual truth about the submarines Thresher and Scorpion, and I know what happened to them and why. The story, if it could be told, would make cold chills run up and down your spine, but the time is not yet. There are many things which could be told, but - well -these books circulate everywhere, many, many people read them, and there are many people who should not be aware that certain people know what is really going on. You can take it, though, that the mystery of the Thresher and the Scorpion is a stranger thing than you would ever believe.

'But you seem so very interested in animals,' said the letter, 'and yet you say that you do not believe in vegetarianism. Why? How do you reconcile the two, a love of animals and a dislike of vegetarianism?'

I believe most firmly that Man has a body which at this stage of existence needs meat for its sustenance. Now, let me tell you something. Countless years ago—years and years and years ago—there was a form of Man who was entirely a vegetarian. He was so busy eating that he had no time for anything else. It never occurred to him to eat meat, and so that he could deal with the tremendous bulk of vegetables, fruit and nuts necessary he had an additional organ, the last vestigial remnant of which is the appendix.

The experiment was a complete failure. The Gardeners of the Earth found that vegetarian Man was inefficient because to take in the necessary amount of cellulose matter

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to enable him to do any worthwhile work was quite a prohibitive matter. He would have to be eating all the time, eating for so long that there would not be any time left for him to do any constructive work. And so the Gardeners of the Earth scrapped that type of Man, or, if you don't like the word 'scrapped,' let us say that through evolution mankind turned into a meat-eater.

We have to face basic facts, and one of the basic facts is this; all vegetable matter is cellulose supported. Now, you imagine lace curtains, a nice openwork net, and then you stuff the holes with paste stuff containing food substance.

Supposing you had to eat the lace curtains in order that the food value packed in the holes could be absorbed into your body. It sounds a bit fantastic, doesn't it? But that's just what you do when you eat a lot of lettuce or cabbage or other vegetable or fruit stuff. What you are eating is a cellulose sponge, the holes of which are packed with food, but the sponge material takes up a lot of room and so to get an adequate amount of food one has to take a quite excessive bulk of cellulose, and the poor wretched body cannot digest cellulose, you know, it has to be excreted.

In all my life I have never, never met a vegetarian who could do any hard work. Of course if he was sitting on his behind all day letting other people do the work, then no doubt he could get by, but he wouldn't be very bright. If by any chance he was bright then you could take it that if he lived naturally he would be a darn sight brighter.

Quite truly have you ever seen a navvy or a person who does hard manual work who could live on vegetables and fruits only? You haven't have you, now you come to think of it?

But let us get back to our animal business. I am truly an animal lover, I love all animals, and I can assure you that animals know they have to die sometime and it helps their own Karma if they can die for a useful purpose.

Animals who are raised for food are looked after, they are bred carefully, any sickness is treated. The herd is very carefully supervised so that there are only healthy animals. In the wild state you get animals who are diseased or stunted, or who have been injured in some way, or even those who have some disease such as cancer or lung trouble and they just have to drag out a miserable existence. Supposing an animal breaks a leg, then it has to live out a really miserable existence until it dies in pain and starvation, yet any herd animal would be cared for immediately.

If no one killed any animals then soon the world would be overrun with animals of every type. There would be cattle in large numbers, and the greater the number of cattle then the greater the number of predator animals which Nature herself would provide to keep down the number of cattle.

If humans eat meat, then it's to their advantage to kill an animal painlessly and quickly. In killing an animal for food one is also keeping down the numbers of animals and keeping them in check so that in growing to uncontrollable numbers and in running wild the stock does not become downgraded.

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Now whether we like it or not, humans also have to be kept in check so far as their numbers are concerned. If there are too many humans then inevitably there is a big war or a serious earthquake, or some sort of plague or illness which carries off large numbers of humans. That is just the Gardeners of the Earth thinning out the ranks, cutting down on surplus people; people, after all, are just animals of a different type.

And all the people who fairly yowl with anguish at the thought of a person eating a piece of beef, well, how about eating a live lettuce? If one eats a piece of beef or chicken the original owner of the flesh is no longer able to feel the bites, yet people go and eat live lettuce, eat live pears, so how do they reconcile their so-called humanitarian principles? Science, cynical and skeptical though it be, has now discovered that plants have feelings, plants will grow better when they are tended by people who are sympathetic to them. Plants respond to music. There are instruments which can indicate how much pain a plant is enduring. You may not hear a cabbage shriek when you tear off its outside leaves -no, because it has no vocal chords and yet there are instruments which can record that shriek of pain as a burst of static.

This is not fairy tale stuff, it's actual fact, it's stuff that has been investigated and proved and proved again. In research laboratories in Russia, England and the U.S.A. it has been proved.

When you pick some berries and stuff them in your mouth, well how about the feelings of the plant? You don't go and tear a lump off a cow and stuff it in your mouth do you? If you tried to the cow would soon object, but because a plant cannot make its pain known you think you are a jolly wonderful humanitarian when you eat plants instead of meat which cannot feel the pain of being eaten.

Quite frankly I believe that vegetarians are a lot of cranks and crackpots, and if they would only come off their stupid attitudes and remember that the Gardeners of the Earth designed their bodies for certain food, then they would be a lot better in their mental health.

If you have a car you wouldn't drain the sump and fill it up with water, would you, and say you couldn't possibly use oil because it might come from the Earth somewhere and hurt somebody underground. If you try to run your body on food for which it is not designed you are being just the same as a person who won't use oil in the sump of his car but instead uses salt water.

If we are going to be logical and if we are going to say that vegetarianism is good, then how about the practice of using cut flowers in one's rooms? Plants are living entities, and when you cut flowers you are cutting off the sex organs of the plants and sticking them in vases, and actually humans would be shockingly unhappy if their sex organs were cut off and stuck in vases for some different race to enjoy.

Let me digress here to say that when I was in hospital I received a very pleasant surprise. A group of very kind ladies as far away as the Pacific coast of the U.S.A. had wired to a florist in the city of Saint John to have some plants delivered to me at the hospital. I appreciated it very much indeed. The ladies did not give any address but I was

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able to locate them!

A personal choice—I do not like cut flowers. It seems to me such a pity to cut them off. Instead I very much prefer a complete plant, here one has a living thing which is growing and not just dying. I often think people who send great bunches of cut flowers—well, why not cut off the heads of small children and impale them on sticks and put those in a room!

Have you ever thought of the state this old Earth of ours is in? It's quite a mess, you know. Compare it to a garden. Now, if the garden is properly maintained there are no weeds or anything like that, all pests are kept in check, there is no blight on the trees and the fruits are full and healthy. Plants have to be thinned out, the sickly ones have to be removed. Every so often fruit trees have to be pruned, sometimes there are grafts taken. It is necessary to carefully supervise the garden and to prevent cross-pollination between undesirable species. If the garden is maintained as it should be it becomes a thing of beauty.

But let the gardeners go away, let the garden remain idle for a year or two. Weeds will grow and will choke and kill off the more delicate plants, unchecked pests will come, and blight will appear on the trees. No longer will there be round, firm fruits, but soon they will be shriveled, wrinkled up with all sorts of brown spots. A sadly neglected garden is a tragic sight.

Or let us go from the garden to livestock. Have you ever seen wild ponies on a moor, or wild cattle where the grazing is poor? They become stunted, some of them suffer from rickets, many suffer from skin diseases. Generally they are a pretty pathetic sight, little dwarf creatures, unkempt and very, very wild.

Look at a well maintained stock yard. Here you see pedigree animals carefully bred, faults bred out of them in fact. You get fine pedigree horses or excellent pedigree cows; they are healthy, they are large and substantial looking, they appear glad to be alive, and you can look at them with pleasure knowing that they are not going to start away from you in fright. They know they are looked after.

Now think of the Earth, think of the people here. The stock is getting poorer and poorer. People are becoming more vicious, people are listening to more depraved 'music' and watching ever more obscene pictures. Now it is no longer an age when beauty and spirituality count, no longer do people love good music, love good pictures, everything is being torn down. You cannot get a great man without some moronic clot trying to say unkind things about him. One of the greatest men of modern times, Sir Winston Churchill, probably saved the world from being under the cloud of Communism, yet even Sir Winston Churchill had his detractors just because of the spirit of evil which pervades the atmosphere nowadays.

The garden which is the Earth which is our world has gone to seed. Weeds grow apace. You can see them in the streets with their long hair and dirty complexions, and if you can't see them you can jolly well smell them yards off. The races need pruning, stock needs replenishing and soon will come the time when the Gardeners of the Earth come

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back for their periodical inspection and find conditions here to be quite intolerable.

Something will be done about it. Mankind will not be left to go to bad seed as it has of late. There will come a time when all the Races of Man will unite, when there will no longer be black people and white people and yellow people and red people; the whole world will be peopled by 'the Race of Tan', and that will be the predominating color—tan. With the coming of the Race of Tan there will be much fresh life injected in the human race. People will again value the better things of life, people will again value spiritual things and when mankind gets spiritual to a sufficient degree it will be possible for mankind once again to talk by telepathy with 'the Gods'—the Gardeners of the Earth.

At present Man has sunk in the slough of despond, sunk in his own lack of spirituality, sunk so low that his basic vibrations are reduced to such an extent that he cannot be heard telepathically by any creature higher, not even by his fellows. But the time will come when all that will be remedied.

I am not trying to sell you Buddhism, nor Christianity, nor Judaism, but I am saying quite definitely that there will have to be a return to some form of religion because only religion can give one the necessary spiritual discipline which will convert an unholy rabble of humanity to a disciplined spiritual group of people, who can carry on the race instead of having it ploughed under and a fresh set of entities placed here.

Now, in the present state of dissonance, even Christians fight against Christians. The war in Northern Ireland between Catholics and Protestants—it doesn't matter who is right or who is wrong, they are both alleged to be Christians, they are both alleged to follow the same religion. Does it matter whether one sect crosses himself with the left hand while another does it with the right hand? It's much the same as one of the stories in Gulliver's Travel's where the people of one mythical country went to war about which end of an egg should be opened first, the small end or the broad end! How can Christianity possibly try to convert other nations, other religions, when Christians fight against Christians, because both Catholics and Protestants are Christians.

CHAPTER TEN

The gem cannot be polished without friction, nor Man perfected without trials.

Breakfast was soon over. One doesn't take long to consume a breakfast consisting solely of one fifty gram boiled egg, one piece of bread, and five grams of butter. The two cups of tea permitted did not take long 'going down the hatch' either.

The Old Man pressed the button on the left-hand side of the bed and a motor whirred, and the back section lifted up, to a forty-five degree inclination. 'Oh!' smiled Cleo, 'I do love it when that thing goes up.'

'Well, I have to work now, and you wretches mustn't disturb me again. You know what fun we had yesterday, don't you?'

The end of Miss Cleo's tail twitched with amusement, and she sauntered off to her

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accustomed place on the windowsill right over the radiator.

'What fun yesterday?' asked Ra'ab. 'I don't remember any fun yesterday.'

The Old Man looked up and said, 'I tried to do some of the book in the afternoon, and Fat Cat Taddy said I mustn't do it. She said I didn't look well enough and when I wouldn't stop she told me again and then she kept jumping at me and slapping me.'

'Good for her,' said Ra'ab, 'she's just looking after you.'

'Yes, sure she's looking after me, but she kept on jumping at me and trying to push things out of the way, she tried to sit on my chest so I couldn't work, and if I don't get on and do this book who is going to pay all the doctor's bills?'

The Old Man thought with considerable gloom of all the people still making money out of him; Secker & Warburg, for instance, first published *The Third Eye*—oh, about fifteen years ago, they published it in hardback form and then they sold the rights to a paperback firm, and ever since Secker & Warburg have been taking fifty per cent of the royalties on the paperback edition. And the same thing happens with Doubleday in the U.S.A. There are other publishers who are dipping their hands in and, as the Old Man said, it's no wonder he never had any money when there were so many people, including the tax collectors, who were trying to get a share of the money that he earned.

The Old Man thought always in the kindest of terms about Corgi of England because throughout a long association there has never been any disagreement, never one word of dispute between Corgi and him. He thought with considerable affection of his Agent, Mr. A. S. Knight of the firm of Stephen Aske, a painfully honest man who has always done his best and, as stated, the Old Man had a considerable affection for him. That all came about because a former Agent with whom the Old Man was dealing said, 'If you know of a better Agent, find him.' And the Old Man did just that—Mr. Knight.

But now was the time to work once again, the time to pass on a few more bits of information to people who would appreciate it. The Old Man turned over his papers and Fat Cat Taddy raised her head and glowered, and sent the strong telepathic message, 'No larks now, you cannot do too much at once or this time Cleo and I will both jump at you.' Having said that she curled up comfortably and awaited further developments.

Quite a lot of questions came to the Old Man, quite a lot of letters. People wanting things, wanting help, wanting suggestions, but most of the people wanted the Old Man to agree with them so they would be justified in their own minds. So many people wrote in about love affairs, asking the Old Man to decide between that person or some other person, asking if they would be happily married, and all the rest of it, but most of the people did not want any advice that meant doing anything, they just wanted to be told that they were doing satisfactorily and needn't make any more effort, they wanted to be told that fate was too hard on them and that they were worthy of the deepest sympathy and just give up and don't do anything, you can't fight against fate. You can, you know, if you want to.

People come to Earth with a very carefully worked out plan of what they are going

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to do. They are fired with enthusiasm and determination, they know exactly how successful they are going to be in the forthcoming life. So they set out on the journey to Earth like Crusaders full of zeal. When they get down to Earth, and when they have a few years experience behind them, inertia or lethargy sets in, they get disillusioned with life which is a more polite way of saying downright lazy, which is actually the truth. People try to evade their responsibilities, try to shirk the plan which they, and they only approved because, remember, nothing is forced upon a person, a person comes to learn certain things, to experience certain things, but they are not made to. In the same way a student who goes to a University — well, he didn't have to go, he doesn't have to learn certain things unless he wants to. If he doesn't learn then he won't get the desired qualifications and that's all there is to it; it's his choice.

People ask for advice and guidance, they absolutely vow that they will follow the advice, but then they go on in their most erratic way, a way that is something like trying to drive a pig to market. Have you ever driven a pig to market? No?

Well, it's like this; you have two long sticks in your hands and you get behind the pig, and then you try to drive him forward in a straight line and the stick in each hand is to give him a little tap if he doesn't keep to the prescribed course. Nowadays, of course, pigs get driven in trucks to market which is altogether too easy, but people try to do everything except the obvious. People cannot understand that the Path is here, right beside them, right in front of them, the Path is within reach. People won't believe that, they think they have to travel to some exotic country and seek the Path there, they think they have to go to Tibet and get a Guide, or become a Buddhist. The number of people who claim they have Tibetan Lamas as Guides—well, there just isn't the population in Tibet. And the number of people who write to me and tell me that they are going to Tibet to study in a Lamasery indicates that so few people really read the Truth; they can't go to Tibet, the Communists are there, the Lamaseries are closed. It's just silly to think that because a person is all fired up with enthusiasm that he can go charging off leaping across the oceans and landing with a plonk in Darjeeling, and then making his way on an outstretched red carpet to the nearest Lamasery. What do you think the Communists are there for? They are there to stop religion, they are there to kill off lamas, they are there to enslave innocent people, and they are doing it because there doesn't seem to be anybody who is going to lead the Tibetan people out of the wilderness, out of the darkness of Communism and into the light (such as it is) of the free world.

It should be emphasized once again that if people seek advice and receive advice, and then ignore advice, then they are much worse off than if they did not seek help in the first case because when the Path is pointed out to them, when they are told what they really should do after having invited suggestions, then, well, they add a bit more to their Kharma if they do not do it. So if you do not want to do anything about your state, about your dissatisfaction, do not seek advice, otherwise you are just adding on a bit to your own load.

Now here is another question; 'The idea has been gleaned that efforts to bring about healing of the sick may be ill-adjusted, interfering with the Kharma the patient is working off, and such helper may be subsequently burdened with the patient's Kharma.

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If this was true, what about the practicing physician, what a load of Kharma he must get. Is one supposed to try and help and heal or not?’

Poor old Kharma takes a beating once again! Not everything is due to Kharma, you know. People tell me that I must have a terrible Kharma to have such a difficult life, but it’s not that at all. For example, if you go out and do some hard work, dig a ditch or run a mile, that may be hardship to some people but you may be doing it because you like it or because you are studying something. You may dig a ditch to see if you can discover some better way of doing it.

Many people come to this Earth with a definite plan that they will have a specific illness, it might be T.B., it might be cancer, it might even be chronic headache. No matter what it is, that person can come with a definite plan to have some definite illness. A person may come as a mentally sick person and be doing an extremely good job of studying mentally sick people. It doesn’t at all mean that because a person is mentally sick that they are burdened down with Kharma; on the contrary, they may be coming so that they can study at first hand mentally sick people and then when they return to the Other Side they can help through the astral world those who are sick upon the Earth.

A physician or surgeon is in a special category. He can help those who need to be helped, he can operate on those who otherwise would die, and the sufferer, if he or she came with the intention of studying illness, would be able to study how the suffering of such illness may be alleviated.

Let me make this statement; so-called ‘faith healers’ do tremendous harm by setting up conflicting vibrations. The faith healer may be full of good intentions, but then the road to Hell is paved with good intentions, people say, and unless the faith healer knows the exact cause of an illness it is definitely, definitely harmful to start up all this so-called healing business. It just sets up a jangle in the aura which, all too frequently, makes the condition worse.

In these ‘miracle cure’ cases it is sadly all too frequent that the person did not have the illness in the first case, but merely had a neurosis. Some people can delude themselves for years, they can go into a state of auto-hypnosis—yes, they’ve got cancer, yes, they’ve got T.B., yes, they’ve got everything. They can go to a doctor’s waiting room, hear a few other patients discussing their symptoms, and then the neurotic person copies the whole bunch and gets one ‘illness’ after another. Now, if a faith healer can come along and ‘cure’ that often there is a serious breakdown after it. Quite frankly I have no time and no patience with these faith healers.

If you are ill go to a recognized doctor. If you need other specialized attention a qualified doctor will advise it and tell you where and how to get it, but to just send a sum of money to somebody who advertises in the Tom Cat Times about faith healing — well, that really is insane.

A recognized doctor naturally does not add to his Kharma in helping to cure the sick. This business of Kharma is so dreadfully misunderstood. It doesn’t at all mean that if you are going to help a person you are going to take all his hardships on to your own

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back. It means that if you do an ill service to a person, then you have to pay back. If, through your viciousness, or your violent temper let us say, you shoot a person and impede the accomplishment of the task which he was doing, then you have to pay by having your own path impeded. Forget about hellfire and damnation because there is no such thing, no one is ever, ever abandoned, no one is ever, ever condemned to torments. The only suffering and torment that you will experience when you leave this Earth is when you enter the Hall of Memories and see what stupid things you have done, and that is easily overcome; if you really do your best now while you are still upon Earth, you can be assured that your visit to the Hall of Memories will not be so bad after all. Of course your face will be red, but— well, no wonder, eh? Think of some of the things you have done, think of some of the things you haven't done.

Here is a question about telepathy. 'Could more detail be given regarding the means of reaching the octave for telepathy between animals and Man. How can cat wavelengths be intercepted, for instance?'

If you want to talk telepathically with animals you have to be in complete rapport with those animals, you have to be able to think as they do, you have to love them, and you have to treat them as equals. Most people regard animals as some inferior species of life, they think of animals as dumb clucks or dumb creatures who just cannot speak and, therefore, haven't any brains. Let me tell you that many humans think that deaf humans are mentally bereft. If you had ever been deaf, or if people thought you were deaf, you would often hear them discussing you, saying, 'Oh, he's a bit weak in the head, he doesn't know what we're saying, don't bother with him.'

Animals are in every way the equal of the human animal, they are just in a different shape, they think along different lines, and because they think along different lines their basic wavelength is different.

But let me give you another cause for thought; can you telepathise with a fellow human? No? Do you know why? Throughout the years humans have distrusted humans, humans try to conceal their actions from humans. There is always more or less the intent of deceiving fellow humans, so you try subconsciously to make the wavelength of your thought transmission at variance, with the thought transmission of other humans then they can't pick up your thoughts. If there was true 'brotherly love' on this Earth everyone would be telepathic to each other. It is only humans who are not telepathic, or rather, only humans who cannot use telepathic ability.

I speak to my cats quite as distinctly, quite as easily as I speak to any human. I speak to that Big Fat Cat Taddykins and she gets my message with absolute clarity and I receive her reply, and often the Beauty Queen Cleo will come rushing out of another room so that she can take part in any discussion. Womanlike she likes to have the last word.

If you want to talk telepathically with animals you have to love them, you have to treat them as equal, you have to realize that they think rather differently from humans but they are no less intelligent because of that.

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An Englishman and a Spaniard construct their sentences differently, but then so do a German and a Frenchman. The basic message is the same, but the actual construction is different. It is even more so between human and cat. You also have to take into consideration that the cat's viewpoint of things is different from that of a human. So unless you can think as a cat much of the messages you would receive would be somewhat incomprehensible to you. As an illustration, I was given a message about something I wanted—this was when I lived in Montreal. I got an actual picture of the shop where the article was for sale, but, of course, the picture was from a cat's-eye view of a few inches from the ground, and from that peculiar angle I just could not get the name of the shop because of the extreme elongation of the letters of the name seen from near-ground level. Only when the cat, specially to oblige me, jumped on top of a car could I actually read the name through the cat's eyes. Yes, I got the article and it was quite satisfactory.

There are many such instances. I wanted something for research and no shop could supply me, so Miss Taddy, our highly gifted telepathic cat, sent out a general call on the cats' telepathic wavelength and we received the desired information from a French-Canadian cat. So here in New Brunswick we have received a message from a cat in the Province of Quebec, and an urgent telephone call really truly did locate the thing that I wanted. I had no idea where to get it, but by contacting cats I was soon in possession of the article.

I have a friend living many thousands of miles away and through receiving telepathic messages he has been saved much trouble. Miss Taddy was in touch telepathically with a cat who lives near my friend, and this cat who was quite a good telepath himself was able to inform Taddy of certain things. Then I got in touch with my friend and gave him the information, and he confirmed that everything was actually as I said.

If people would practice telepathy they could soon put the telephone companies out of business. Perhaps you and I should get together and set up a special telepathic telephone communications system and make ourselves rich! Here is another question which possibly is a little belated and, like most other things in this book, will be out of place. Before I say about the question let me say something else :—

In this book I have deliberately had questions 'higgly-piggly', otherwise too many people would just run to that question in which they were interested, or that section in which they were interested, and ignore the rest of the book. They would then write and complain to me that I had not dealt with such-and-such a thing which they had not read because they forgot to turn the page:

Here is the question; 'It is the spirit that survives, isn't it? Now when a person has a mental affliction does that mean that it is more than a physical impairment, something that will not be left behind when we pass into another existence, or will a person automatically be free of it as soon as the spirit gets out of the body, just as one wouldn't feel a broken leg, for instance, on the astral plane.'

Many people come down here with a deliberate mental affliction. They come down to see at firsthand what it is like to be mentally impaired. It doesn't mean that their Karma is faulty at all, that is nothing to do with it. You might say that a horse who has a handicap

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in a race has Kharma, and that would be absurd, wouldn't it?

In some races I understand that horses who are consistent winners have a handicap in that they have to carry certain weights which are assumed to slow them up a bit and give other horses a chance. Mind you, I know very little about horses, I have never yet found the brake pedal on a horse, but I do know which is the front end and which is the rear end. The front end bites and one also has to avoid the rear end for various other reasons which we need not detail.

No horse would be accused of having Kharma when it carries handicap weights. In the same way no human would be accused of having Kharma when he or she comes to this Earth with a deliberate derangement or malfunction of some organ, and if a person should come here as a raving lunatic that would have no effect whatsoever on the astral body. The insane part is shed when the astral body 'goes home'.

In addition to the class of person who comes with a deliberate affliction that he may study the matter, there are those who, through mischance, are injured perhaps through a mother having a faulty diet, or possibly through a midwife or doctor using instruments in a faulty manner. For an illustration let us say that a doctor uses instruments and damages the skull, then the person may have a definite mental impairment as a result of that damage. But it's not necessarily the person's Kharma 'paying him back'. It could be an accident, a mischance, and nothing more. Nor does it mean that the poor wretched doctor has got a load of Kharma added because some things are accidents, and it does not mean that if a person has a definite, unavoidable accident, he is going to be saddled with Kharma. There is such a lot of miss-conception about Kharma.

The person who comes down and is injured through a complete mischance gets 'credits' because the failure of that life was not of his making. If he is very badly impaired, that is, if he is what we term a human vegetable, then the astral itself will go and take up residence elsewhere, and the human vegetable will then continue to tick over throughout the rest of the life, getting neither better nor worse.

There is no way known on Earth whereby an action on Earth can make an astral entity insane. The nearest one can come to it is when one takes drugs excessively. If one takes drugs to excess, then the astral entity is very definitely affected, not to the extent of being violently insane of course, but it does cause a bad nervous condition, and that has to be cured by quite a long sojourn in an astral hospital.

Much the same conditions prevail when a person is a real out and out alcoholic because through his drunkenness he has loosened the bonds between the astral and the physical and has actively encouraged lower grade elementals to attack the Silver Cord, or even to take over the physical body completely. This causes a very severe shock to the astral and, again, while it does not cause insanity it does cause shock. The shock is akin to that which you would experience if you were asleep and a whole gang of rowdy kids beating drums and sounding trumpets jumped on your bed, not just appeared in your room, but actually jumped on your bed. You would suffer a severe shock, your skin would become pallid, your heart would race and you would get palpitations, and generally you would begin to shake all over. Well, when you had beaten up the kids and tossed

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them out you would be perhaps an hour or two before you fully recovered. But if your astral body had got into this condition through an alcoholic state or through excessive taking of drugs, you might be several years in the astral recovering from it.

That brings me to another question which is, 'What is this about powers that live on the astral plane at times affecting the Silver Cord'?

Let us visualize the prevailing conditions. Suppose we were sitting on top of a building, perhaps in a very beautiful pent house, with a nice roof garden; we were lolling at ease but at the same time keeping contact with a person right down on the ground level, we were keeping contact through, if you like, a pair of telephone wires connected to a headset on us and a headset and mouthpiece on the person right down on the ground floor. We are picking up his impressions and listening in to all that he says and hears. Our telephone wires are such that they can pass through trees and walls without being disturbed, but they can be disturbed by a certain type of entity.

Down below, also, there is a gang of hoodlum kids, yelling whooping around. They keep on trying to catch this telephone cable, and when they do catch it they try to break it or even lay it on a stone on the ground and give some hearty bashes at it with another stone. Although they cannot break it, they can cause considerable bruising and disturbance. It also impedes the poor wretch who is trying to talk and move about.

Now let us put it in astral terms. We are down here on the Earth—unfortunately—and our Silver Cord stretches upwards to the astral world. If we are weak or afraid, that is, if our authority is not respected, then any low grade elemental through whose territory our Silver Cord passes can take a grab at it and do to it, or try to do to it, much the same as the children on Earth tried to do to the telephone wires. Perhaps they cannot actually touch it, but they can impress signals upon it by magnetic induction in just the same way as one can speak into a microphone attached to a tape recorder and our messages spoken into the microphone are magnetically impressed on the tape which is passing through the recording head. Now supposing we are making a tape recording; we are busy doing our best diction, making our best composition, and we are quite proud of the job we are making, and then someone sneaks up behind us and shouts 'BOO:' into the microphone. It causes a disturbance, it shakes us considerably, and it leads to irritation on the person's part when listening to the recording.

If children respect one—and for that one has to really scare the daylights out of them—they will not do such things as to try and shout into microphones, etc. In the same way, one must absolutely and utterly show that one is not a bit afraid of the elementals. The elementals work hard at trying to make astral traveling humans afraid of them, they blow themselves out, they put on their fiercest looks and they utter the most outlandish cries one can imagine. Actually, the lower astral, the world of the elementals, is very much like the really insane ward at the local hospital. However, provided one maintains discipline, and it's easy, and provided that one is not afraid of these stupid elementals, and that is easier still, then there is never any cause to worry about interference from astral entities. Remember that nothing whatever can upset you or disturb you or hurt you unless you are terrified. If you are terrified, then your own state of fright, and that only,

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will cause your chemicals to be upset. If a person receives a bad fright it upsets one's digestion in the physical, and—well, that's all there is to it you really cannot be hurt, but you cannot be even disturbed if you refuse to be frightened or intimidated.

Now here is a question which was asked by a mother. The question is, 'When children go to the Other Side do they grow up or do they stay as children? How do the parents know their child? Do they grow before their eyes?'

Mother, no, I won't mention your name because I did not, ask you in time, and I will not mention any name except with the person's actual permission. So — Mother, you've got it all wrong. Now read this carefully; people are on the Other Side, that is, in the astral. They are not children, and they are not old people, they are of just what one might term an average, indeterminate age, because on the Other Side years are different. But, anyway, this person, an adult let us say, decides to go back to Earth; he cannot go back as a fully grown adult, can he? He has to go through the usual channels, one might say, and so this person goes to sleep and when he wakes up he is in the process of being born as a baby.

Then he grows a bit and, let us for the purpose of this illustration say that, when he is—oh, what shall we say?—when he is ten years of age he dies and is buried. The astral is released from the body and goes back to the Other Side where he says, in effect, 'Well, that was a short stay, thank goodness. Now what do I do next?' On the Other Side he is not a child any longer, but supposing that for some very, very important reason he has to get in touch with those who were his parents on Earth, it would be no good giving them the impression of himself as an adult, as one perhaps older than the parents. So he impresses upon their subconscious sight a vision of himself as a child, and the fond parents rejoice at having seen the spirit of their ten year old boy who came all the way from Heaven to say, 'Hi folks,' or whatever it was that he wanted to say.

There are many authentic cases where people have materialized back on Earth for some special reason, and, of course, if they want to be recognized, and that after all is the main reason for materializing, then they have to materialize in a pattern which is readily recognizable to the people who knew that person before his death. So always the person materializes as a very healthy specimen of the age group to which he belonged when he passed over. He always looks more beautiful than the Earth-child was, and that rejoices the parents' hearts.

If the parents really do love 'the child' they can meet in the astral, and first 'the child' appears as just that, as the identical child which died to Earth and was reborn to the astral. But as soon as the parents can recognize this, then the 'child' reappears as his natural self.

You must remember that although you have a mother and a father in this life they are not necessarily the same mother and father you will have in six hundred years time. You may have been the mother or the father, depending on your sex, of course, in a previous life. Actually people on Earth are just like a lot of actors coming to a stage; they take their clothes to suit the role they are going to play. So if an entity has to learn something as a woman it would be useless for that entity to come to Earth as a man, so instead

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she comes as a woman, and as a woman to a class which will enable her to learn those things which she came to learn.

'I wonder how it is that so many beings come to this world for the first time and encounter hunger, poverty, injustice, etc., when they don't have any previous debts and because Kharmic justice shouldn't be negative for them.'

Well, they have to come somehow, haven't they? It is impossible for a person coming to Earth for the first time to come as a king or a queen. You can say they are 'new boys'.

New boys at school, you know, the newest of new boys, most times have rather rough conditions, they are usually set upon by older boys and until they have 'worked their way in' they are not necessarily popular with the teachers either.

If one sets out as an apprentice one gets all the worst jobs to do, cleaning tools, cleaning equipment, sweeping floors and all the rest of it, and because they are only apprentices they do not have much money, they might even feel hungry on occasion. It doesn't mean that their Karma is at fault, because if they have just come to Earth for the first time, then they don't have much Karma, do they?

But we have to start somewhere. A person comes to the Earthbound for the first time, and nearly always that person is a member of some savage race, some really savage tribe where he gets the rough corners knocked off and gets some training, no matter how rudimentary, of how humans go on.

It is unheard of for a person to come to, let us say, Europe or North America, as a first incarnation. He might come as a member of one of the savage backward tribes such as in Africa or Australia, one of those places where so-called civilization has hardly touched. Then he has to live according to the equipment he has, that is, is he a good natured person or is he nasty natured? If he is good natured then he will get on quite well. If he is unpleasant he wouldn't get on in any society at all. So, even in the very savage tribes a good natured person makes out better than a bad natured person.

Later the person incarnates into more and more advanced societies. By that time, of course, he has acquired a bit of Karma, not merely against him but also in his favor. So many have the utterly foolish notion that Karma is oppression, and it's not so at all. It's like a bank account. If you do a person good, then you have money in the bank. If you do a person some ill, then in effect you have lost money from the bank and so you are in debt. If you are in debt you have bad Karma. If you have money in the bank, then you have a credit balance and that credit is good Karma. If you have good karma you can do things that you want to do and you can also trade on your good karma so long as you do not do so much 'horse trading' that your good karma or your credit balance disappears and you get into debt, because then you've got to work hard to get out of debt.

'It is said that we reincarnate many times but the time we stay in the astral plane varies according to the degree of evolution we have reached. The number of people will probably have to decline or be stabilized in the future, so what happens to all the souls who cannot come down to this material world to continue their reincarnation? Or will

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they have to remain in the astral for longer than their kharma really permits?’

But there again, you see, this talk about kharma. People do not have to reincarnate because of their kharma, they reincarnate because they want to learn something more. You don’t necessarily go to college to pay somebody else, you go to college because you want to learn something. In just the same way you come to Earth because you want to learn something. If you wanted to pay off kharma, then you could pay off kharma by staying in the astral. There is a lot to be done there, and in doing good for others you do pay off kharma, but if you just stay in the astral—well, you remain ‘as you were’, and you are perhaps a dropout from the school of Earth. If you want to progress more you come down to Earth and have some additional lessons in hardship, in tolerance, in patience and all that sort of thing. Get this quite clear, you do not come down to Earth just because someone else says you have to, you do not come down to Earth and have some suffering just because you have misbehaved yourself. You come to learn, and if conditions are a bit hard then it’s no good blaming poor old kharma for it, it’s what you choose yourself, it’s the conditions you set up for yourself. Too many people take a rather peculiar satisfaction in saying, ‘Oh, I couldn’t help it, my kharma was against me.’

Of course there is kharma, but then of course there are bank accounts. If you have something to sell or something which other people want, then you can get in money. If other people have something that you want, then you have to pay out for it and that means that you lose money. In the same way with kharma, if you do good to others then you are banking good kharma, but if you do ill to others then you are losing your good and getting a debit of bad kharma which has to be paid off sometime somewhere, not necessarily upon this Earth. Remember there are quite a lot of different worlds, and you will go to different worlds just as at school you had to go from class to class or grade to grade.

CHAPTER ELEVEN

A man has to hold his mouth open a long time before a roasted partridge flies into it.

The Old Man snorted in the throes of preoccupation, all these letters, all these questions, how to put within the compass of one book answers which would really help people, because that is the purpose of a book, isn’t it? To help or to amuse. And this isn’t an edition of comic cuts, it’s meant to help, so let’s get on with the first question.

‘I am not at all clear on this Kharma business. So everything we do affects someone else, does it? We must get an awful lot of Kharma without knowing why we’ve got it.’

No, that is not true at all. People have the weirdest ideas about Kharma, perhaps they haven’t read my books properly. I sometimes get a letter from a person who writes so happily, ‘Oh, Dr. Rampa, I read “Wisdom of the Ancients” last night, tonight I am going to read “Chapter of Life”. I managed to go through “You – Forever” in two hours.’

Well, of course that is just a waste of time, it doesn’t do anyone any good, and it doesn’t do an author any good to know that his books are being skimmed like that. These

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books are meant to be studied. Karma is of vital importance to all of us, and in my books you have an opportunity of knowing what Karma is all about. It means, in brief, that if you do something wrong you pay for it. If you do something good, something pays you. As I have said before, it is like a bank account. You are like a storekeeper who has good and bad on the shelves. If you sell something that is good then you get paid by good, if you sell something that is bad you get paid by having an overdraft. Now get this quite clear; whatever you do does not necessarily and automatically have an effect on any other person or creature. It depends entirely upon the circumstances. If, for example, you take a dagger and stick it into a person, then, of course, you are not doing a good deed, are you? In that case, then, you would have Karma against you. But if you do something which has an effect, a bad effect upon a person you have never heard of, an effect which you certainly did not anticipate, then you do not have to come back and pay off that person. I advise you, though, to read my books more thoroughly and then you will know a lot more about Karma.

Question: 'What are we doing down here, anyhow? When we leave here what is our objective, not just playing about in the astral, but what do we really want to do in the end?'

The Overself cannot of itself experience desire, suffering, pleasure, etc., as we know it on Earth, and so it is necessary for the Overself to have some other method of gaining knowledge. People upon Earth are just extensions of the Overself which can gain knowledge. For example, suppose you have a bag and you cannot get inside the bag and you cannot see inside the bag. If you can get it open enough to get your hand in, your hand, which is an extension of your other senses, can feel around inside the bag and can 'tell' the brain what there is inside. In much the same way the Overself gains information through the extensions called human beings.

When the Overself has sufficient knowledge, when the Overself is so advanced that no more knowledge on the Earth cycle is desired, then it calls home all the puppets which are humans, and they all merge again into the Overself, they become united in 'Oneness'; that is the ultimate form of existence because although it seems to be just one entity, each part of the entity lives in rapport with the other part. You have heard of twin souls—well, on the Earth plane it is impossible for twin souls to get together, but when they return to the Overself twin souls are reunited to form a perfect whole; and they live in a state of very great bliss until it occurs to the Overself that perhaps there is yet a higher form of knowledge which could be investigated. And then the Overself sends out puppets, not on the Earth plane, but on some super super plane, and the whole cycle is repeated. The puppets gather in the knowledge throughout a period which to us is eons of time. Again, when sufficient experience or knowledge has been garnered the Overself calls in the puppets, twin souls are again united in an even greater state of bliss.

Now here is a question from Miss Newman. She says, 'How should animals be destroyed so that death is painless and their astral body is not harmed?'

The best way is to inject some drug which causes the animal to lose consciousness, and then the method of disposing of the animal is not so important because there

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would be no pain. If an animal is made unconscious first, then it can be killed by some very rapid death-producing drug and that does not cause pain for the astral nor for the Overself. There is only distress to the astral when the physical is tormented by a slow killing.

Now here is something, this is a question from a young man whom we call 'Argie'. He will recognize himself. He is a remarkably brilliant young man who is his own worst enemy. He is a young man with truly unusual talents, and he is not using those talents to the best advantage because he wants to rebel against all authority. Argie has had a rough time, mostly of his own making. We will give two questions from Argie. The first:

'Genius in children ; how does a child become a genius?' In most cases the entity on the Other Side, before coming back to Earth, realizes that there is some special and specific task to do. It realizes that after a certain number of years it (the entity) may leave, and may perhaps leave a 'caretaker' in its place, so the entity makes plans whereby it comes down to Earth and is born into a body with a memory and an ability to do that which has to be done. For example, an entity may decide that something has to be done about a certain form of music, so it comes down with a memory of that almost intact. Then, just about as soon as it can speak or move of its own volition, the entity finds it can compose or play, and then it is said, 'We have a genius, we have an infant prodigy.' Most times the poor wretched child is stuck in front of a cine camera or something, or dumped on a stage to make money for people who do not know what it's all about, and the child is so busy making money that the inherited memory peters out.

In those cases where there are no stage shows and no cine shows the child may play divinely, and may compose exquisite music, and then when he reaches a certain age, let us say twenty years of age, the entity realizes that his task is done and he lets some other entity take over while he, the original occupant, moves on. This is called transmigration of souls, and it is far far more common than is generally supposed.

Argie has a second question, and here it is: 'Why do Negroes rarely need tuition to play musical instruments?'

Negroes are a special type of people. Their basic vibrations are such that they are 'in tune to the music of the spheres'. Often a Negro can hum music which he has never heard before, often he can just pick up a musical instrument and play it because that is his basic makeup.

You get certain classes of people such as North Europeans who are very cold and very analytical. They are very frigid in their attitude. That is their makeup. But if you get the Latin type of people they are warm in their makeup, quick to smile, quick to pass a joke. They can see the funny side of things - particularly if the misfortune happens to someone else. That is their makeup.

Negroes, for many years, have had a hard life, a life of persecution, and the only thing which has sustained them has been their musical makeup, their ability to derive consolation and solace from 'religious music'. As such it is part of their birthright, part of their heritage, part of their basic makeup. Negroes are usually very, very musical be-

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cause their basic frequency is such that they subconsciously pick up music from other sources in much of a way similar to the poor wretched man wearing a hearing aid who sometimes picks up transmissions from the local radio taxi cab company!

Well, let's get on with it; here is a question, 'I am a loving mother of a five year old boy, and your books, true as they are, scare me for what my son and all the other young children will have to suffer owing to events bigger than themselves. I can see him torn into pieces by atomic bombs and all grim pictures like those. His life lines on both his hands are abruptly interrupted at an age of about thirty to forty. I can find some consolation in your books for what concerns my death, but has ever a mother of any religion rejoiced at the death of her only son?'

Now, you are presupposing that your son will inevitably be killed or maimed in a forthcoming war, but remember that if you give him a good education and let him specialize in something he can be one of those protected. It is a sad thought that 'cannon fodder' is usually the person who is easily replaceable, whereas if a man is a specialist of use to his country he will be protected. So give your son a really good education. And in the matter of the hand lines, please be assured that if these are the only indications of the termination of his life, then they mean nothing except possibly a change of career. You should never take it as definite that death will occur unless there are about seven confirming indications. Too often palmists are guilty of criminal negligence in saying that a person is going to die, etc., etc., when it just means that they are going to change job and change location.

'You always state that death and after death are painless apart from the suffering at our own judgment, but in the Bardo Thodol and specifically in the Chonyd state the suffering seems to be atrocious.'

The Bardo Thodol was not written in English, it was just translated into that language by some creepish Christian who altered things a bit to make it tie in with the Christian belief of hellfire and damnation. There is no hellfire and damnation, that is all a misconception fostered by priests to bolster up their own power in much the same way as some misguided parents frighten their children by threatening to call in a policeman if they don't behave. Of course we are not happy when we are judging ourselves, it really does give us a pain when we see what stupid clods we have been. The self-contempt can be quite hellish, in fact, and well justify the description of 'hellfire'. As one who has total recall I tell you most emphatically that there is no torture, no atrocious pain, no ferocious suffering.

'Spirits who haunt old houses, have they not been reborn yet?'

Spirits who haunt old houses have nothing to do with current entities. For example, a person dies in tragic circumstances, and much energy is generated, but the person can go to a completely different plane and even be reborn while the energy which was generated will be dissipated in the form of hauntings. Its much the same as heating a piece of metal; the heat remains in the metal, although gradually fading; for quite a time after the source of heating has been removed.

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Here is a thought for you—it is quite possible for a person who dies in extremely difficult circumstances to have his energy as a thought form which haunts a place, and even to haunt the newborn incarnation who caused all the trouble in the first case?

‘Are humans ever reborn as animals? The Bardo seems to be pretty incoherent in the matter, or may be I don’t understand.’

No, humans are never reborn as animals, and animals are never reborn as humans. Nothing that you can do can turn a cabbage into a cow, nor can you change a rhinoceros into a rose, but I have dealt with this enough on preceding pages.

‘What is nervous force, anyway? What’s the good of telling us about nervous force if we have no idea what it is?’ Nervous force is the power which generates the etheric, and nervous force properly directed can rotate a paper cylinder, as I say in one of my books. Everybody, whether animal or human, is a generator of electricity, even the Earth has its magnetic force, its magnetic field if you prefer to call it that.

And just as a radio programme has to have a carrier wave to support it, so does a human have to have an etheric consisting of nervous force or energy which propagates the aura. This in its turn originates from certain cells in the brain. The food we eat goes into the blood, and some of that food well mixed with oxygen goes to highly specialized brain cells, and provides the food for the generation of an electric current which powers the thought impulses. This is nervous force. If you find it difficult to believe, remember that you can get a device consisting of a zinc case with a few chemicals and a carbon rod inside it. If you connect that to a piece of wire inside a glass bulb from which air has been withdrawn you get a light, don’t you, an electric light. So you get electricity from chemical reaction, and in the human you get electricity from chemical reaction provided by the food we eat.

I have a letter here from Mr. H. Mr. H. writes, ‘I have enclosed two questions which you may care to answer. I would be very interested in the answer to question one, and would like to expand it a little. In addition to the matter of personal responsibility, which I think very important, I am confused on the matter of personal identity. This really boils down to the definition of the word “I”. While I can see that in many ways “I” am not the same “I” that I was twenty years ago and presumably will not be the same as twenty years hence, yet I retain a sense of identity between these various I’s.

‘However, if an Overself can operate ten puppets what happens to the sense of “I”, and when all puppets are dead does the Overself then continue to operate ten astral puppets, and continuing the thought into the future, what happens if the ten puppets half succeed in liberating themselves?

‘On a more particular note I have often wondered why it was necessary for you to pick such an arduous route for your journey to the West. Would it not have been possible for you to go to a university in India or Europe, and could not funds have been deposited in the West for your use? Many of your troubles seem to have stemmed from a lack of money.’

Well, Mr. H., let’s see what we can do to answer your queries. Actually I think most

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of them have already been answered in this book or in previous books, but let us write you an imaginary letter.

'Dear Mr. H. You really are in a state of confusion, aren't you? Much of your confusion arises from the fact that one has to write in three dimensional terms and attempt to describe the operation of an Overself working, say, in a nine dimensional plane of existence.

'You say that you think a puppet loses personal identity. But of course, if you think about it, that is not the case.

'Look at that matter like this: Forget all about anything outside the body, and assume for the purpose of this explanation that the body is "compartmental". The brain, then, represents the Overself and everyone knows that the brain directs the hands, the fingers, etc. The fingers represent puppets and the brain can suggest that the fingers do something, but the fingers are still separate entities or separate individuals, they can feel and they can become highly skilled. In fact at times they seem to work of their own volition.

'The heart is another mechanism which cannot be controlled (except in abnormal cases) by the brain—Overself, because if the brain, representing our Overself, got in a bad temper, then conceivably it could stop the heart from beating and that would destroy the entire mechanism of brain-Overself and the organs-puppets. So, you see, the actual Overself provides the substance from which the human astrals are made, and each entity or human body has full control and full choice of action always provided that such action will not jeopardize the Overself-human organism. 'Take a big firm with many branches. There you have a chairman of the Board of Directors or a President. You have many departmental heads, and many general managers to staff all the district branches, and all these people work with their own responsibility while working within the framework of company policy. They do not have to tell the chairman of the Board of Directors every little thing, nor do they have to telephone him every moment about decisions which they are qualified to make.

'The chairman of the Board of Directors or the President, call him what you wish, represents the Overself, and all the departmental heads and managers are the puppets.

'You ask what happens when the puppets die, is the Overself, derived of its ten or so puppets, immobilized, you say. Let me ask you a question; what happens if one of the branch managers retires or is removed for some particular reason? The firm or branch does not close down. Instead a fresh manager, or puppet, is appointed. And anyhow in this chapter and possibly the chapter before I have already discussed how puppets return to the Overself.

'Yes, I could have taken an easy way. I could have gone to a university, I could have had sacks of gold all around me, but tell me, Mr. H., what sort of knowledge would I have gained then? I would be the reflection of other peoples' knowledge, some of it which is, admittedly, faulty. I would not have gained the knowledge of life which I have at present and which is very painfully firsthand, believe me. People who go to a University

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and learn everything the soft way merely learn the opinion of others from printed pages which may be years out of date. In a University a student may not dare to question the precepts of another. One is taught that it is impossible to do a thing except in the way specified in the text book, but the people who have not been to a University just go ahead and do the impossible thing anyway.

'Royce of Rolls-Royce, Edison, Ford, and thousands of other very intelligent men did not go to a Universe, so they did not know that the thing which they wanted to do was "impossible", they did not know that such a thing was "impossible" because they lacked the education (!) to read the text books which really are the opinions of other people. And so Royce, Edison, Ford and others just went ahead and invented the things which text books would say were "impossible". So attendance at a university can be a drawback.

'That should straighten out a few questions for you, Mr. H., and I hope that you now find your thoughts are more settled.'

Another question asks why we have illness and how would it be possible to detect illness through the aura. Well, illness and disease come either from within or without. When it comes from without a germ or virus can be caught from another person and it is not the 'fault' of a body that catches it.

When we have a case of illness from within, that is, when the disease comes from within, the body chemicals are affected because everything comes from thought, what the electricians call electromotive force comes into play. Thought is electric impulses. When we think we generate electricity. The electricity is thus the electromotive force which causes our muscles to work, or even upsets our body chemistry. If a person is frustrated, worried, sad, bad tempered, etc., or has an abnormal emotion, their thoughts generate an electric current which is defective. It may not have the necessary correct wave form, and because the electric current is defective it causes wrong messages to go to the glands and the glands' secretion change to cope with the wrong thoughts and the wrong messages caused by those wrong thoughts. After a time the most susceptible part is affected by the changed secretions, or changed chemical balance of the body. It may be the muscles that are affected, and so one gets, perhaps, muscular dystrophy, or it might be something to do with the bones, it might be arthritis, or, if some wrong message causes a disturbance in the stomach, the gastric juices may become too acid, too strong, and then we might have an ulcer. Closer to home, if the messages are too localized and affect the brain, then there might be a brain tumor.

If the chemistry can be studied then it can be corrected by hormone treatment or some other appropriate treatment and the disease can be cured if it is caught in time. If too much damage has been done, then it can't be cured but can be alleviated. The person should remedy the thing or emotion that caused the damage in the first place by getting a more balanced outlook, by controlling the emotions, or by a changed set of circumstances such as fresh job, fresh partner, etc.

All these things can be seen in the aura. Whatever happens to a body can be seen in the aura. Looking at the aura is like looking at radar pictures. You can see land or a

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storm disturbance which is quite beyond ordinary sight. Whether an illness starts from 'within' or 'without' it can be detected from the aura. If one catches an infection from some other person then it takes a certain time for that illness to manifest substantially in the physical, yet in the aura at the exact instant when the infection took place it shows quite clearly, it shows like lines of stress.

If the illness is caused from 'within' then a periodical examination of the aura will show the danger of an illness quite a long time before the body is seriously affected, and so the illness can be cured almost before it has become apparent.

In connection with this, I have been working on such a matter for a whole lifetime and the biggest difficulty has been getting people to part with their clothes. There was a certain noble lady in England with whom I was discussing the matter. We were only talking about it, and this very noble lady, who had been married and has a family of her own, said, 'Oh You want nude bodies. Most definitely I should do everything to oppose anything which required a woman to remove her clothing or to expose certain portions of her body.' I, with great restraint, refrained from reminding the noble lady that even she had to expose a certain portion of her body so that her babies could be born.

CHAPTER TWELVE

If you don't believe in others how can you expect others to believe in you?

The Old Man lay back on his bed. The evening sun was just setting behind the low hills sending its last rays gleaming on the placid water of the Saint John River.

Off to the left the paper factory was still belching out furious clouds of smoke and steam as it did twenty-fours a day, obscuring the sky and polluting the atmosphere. Into the river poured all the waste products making an incredible stench in the air of Saint John, a stench about which everyone complained, and about which no one did anything.

The snows were melting fast. This was spring, the start of spring, but now with the fast setting sun dipping behind the hills birds were scurrying along in droves hurrying to get home to their perches while the light yet held.

Directly below the window Sinjin, a telepathic cat, was singing a lonely song, inviting all the cat ladies of the neighborhood to come and be welcomed by him. His voice rose and fell, quavering with the intensity of his emotion. From time to time he stopped, raised his head high, and even sat upright on his back legs like a rabbit while he listened intently for any calls that his invitation was being accepted.

Disappointed that he had no such intimation, he dropped to all fours again and with his tail twitching with emotion he started all over again like an old-time London costermonger, crying his wares, but nothing of 'any old iron, any old rags'; this was a different cry: 'love for free, come quick, I'm waiting'.

Cars drove up with a roar and a clatter and store keepers and their assistants drove into the parking lot with much elan and got out of their cars with great slamming of

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doors and calling of 'Goodnight—goodnight', before hurrying up the steps in the constant fight to get room in the elevator.

The Old Man lay back and thought of the past, thought of the difficulties of this life, thought of the few, few pleasures and the many, many hardships. A hard life, yes, he thought. But, praise be, the last time on this round, the last time on this Earth. And now, he thought, I have just about cleared up all that has to be done, cleared up all those empty corners, turned out the attics, even tossed out the garbage.

'Not so, not so,' said a most familiar and well-loved voice. 'The task is not yet ended, you have done more than you came to do, but—the task is not yet ended.'

The Old Man turned on his side and there right close to him was the super-astral figure of the Lama Mingyar Dondup, smiling and with a brilliant gold radiance. 'You quite startled me,' said the Old Man, 'and I wish you'd turn your lights low, it reminds me of when I was in England, in London.'

'Oh, what was that?' asked the Lama Mingyar Dondup.

'Is it something which I do not know?'

'I think it must be,' said the Old Man, 'let me tell you about it. I was in a building in South Kensington late at night, and I was sitting in the dark thinking, just thinking over things, just meditating, and for some reason I had not pulled the blinds. Suddenly there came a tremendous knocking at the door down below. I started back to awareness and went down to see what was the cause of the commotion. Two big beefy London bobbies were there.' 'Sir,' said one—a sergeant I saw by his stripes—'what are you doing in this building?' 'Doing?' I replied. 'I don't think I was doing anything. I was just sitting thinking as a matter of fact.' 'Well,' replied the Sergeant, 'we were called here in a great hurry because you were shining very bright lights out of the window.' 'Oh,' I replied, 'I most certainly was not, but if I had been is that a crime?'

'The sergeant looked at his subordinate, and shrugging his shoulders said, "Well, it might be, you know. You might be signaling to a crime gang to show that the road is clear or something." Then he came to a decision. "I want to search the place." I said, "have you a search warrant?" "No," he replied, "but if you do not give me permission to search the place I can leave the constable here to watch you while I go and get the necessary warrant."'

'So I just shrugged my shoulders and said, "All right, go where you like, look where you like." So the two policemen wandered around, looked at everything, and most extraordinary of all, they pulled out the drawers of my desk and looked inside. I don't know what they thought they would find there. But anyway, after about three quarters of an hour they appeared satisfied, and as they were leaving the sergeant said, "Don't do it again, sir, please. It makes too much work." And off they went.'

The Lama Mingyar Dondup laughed, 'Whatever you do, Lobsang,' he said, 'you seem to attract the wrong sort of attention. I can't think of anyone else who would be almost arrested just for showing his aura when he was thinking.'

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The Old Man was looking a bit gloomy as he said, 'So you think my task is not finished, eh? What haven't I done now?'

The Lama Mingyar Dondup replied, 'You've done everything. It's not a question that you have left anything undone. You have done more, much more than you came here to do, but it so happens that through the failure of others there is still more to do.'

'What?' asked the Old Man.

The Lama Mingyar Dondup looked down his nose and tried not to smile as he said, 'There may be another book to make the twelfth. We shall have to think about it. It would certainly be appreciated. But there is another little task which has to be done, something in connection with an invention which may yet burst upon this startled world.' For some time the Old Man and the Lama Mingyar Dondup discussed things, but this is not the place to disclose all that was said. The Old Man, sick almost to death, and with expenses mounting through medical bills, and other vital expenditures, wondered how he was going to stick it for even a few months longer. At last the super-astral of the Lama Mingyar Dondup faded, and the failing daylight took over once again.

Time. What a strange thing is this artificial time. One could travel from the astral world here and back in the twinkling of an eye, and yet down here on this Earth one was bound by the clock and by the motion of the sun controlling the clock. Here in New Brunswick the sun was setting. A few thousand miles away John Henderson would still be busy at his work about in the middle of the afternoon.

Not so far away Valeria Sorock, that paragon of loyalty and exactitude, would probably just be leaving her office and probably thinking of her tea. Yes, most certainly, thought the Old Man, Valeria would be thinking of her tea because one weakness was that she thought too much of food! 'I shall have to talk to her about her diet,' thought the Old Man to himself.

In the other direction the Worstmann ladies would probably be at home very late in the evening, perhaps listening to the radio, perhaps studying, and perhaps one of them just about to go on night duty.

But here the ladies Taddy and Cleo were having their evening play, chasing around with a favorite toy, and the favorite toy was a nice, soft, woolly belt from a dressing gown. The Old Man thought of Taddy and Cleo, thought of how since they were born they had been treated as human children, how everything had been done to make them feel that they were entities as important as any humans, and the task had been most fruitful, the results had been most gratifying, for these two little people were indeed real people.

From midnight until midday Miss Cleo was mentioned first, but from midday until midnight Miss Taddy's name was mentioned first and so they were assured of quite equal treatment without any trace of favoritism.

Miss Taddy, ample, plump, and comfortable looking, loves to crouch down behind one of the scratch pads while the extremely beautiful, very slender, very graceful Miss Cleo bounces up and down and does wildly improbable feline gymnastics.

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But the night was growing darker, the air was growing colder and there still was a nip of frost about. Outside the red of the thermometer was dropping, outside people on the road were well muffled up.

The Old Man had been looking forward to this day, the day when the eleventh book would be ended and he could push aside all thoughts of writing and say, 'Never any more, it's all over, no more writing, my time on Earth has just about finished.' But now with the visit from the super-astral of the Lama Mingyar Dondup—well, the Old Man thought, isn't one's task ever ended is one driven along like a rickety old car until it finally falls to pieces? I'm just about in pieces now, he thought. But there it is, what will be will be, and when a task has to be done, it will not be done unless there is someone there to do it. So, thought the Old Man, I must try to hang on a little longer, and as for writing another book, who knows? It might be good to make the number in English up to twelve. He thought, 'I would like to tell everyone, everyone throughout the world, that all these books are true, everything related in these books is true, and that is a definite statement.'

So we come to the end of what is not a perfect day after all because the task is not ended, the final battle is not yet won, there is more to be done, and little time and little health with which to do it. We can but try.

Here and now let me offer my most grateful thanks to Mrs. Sheelagh Rouse, alias Buttercup, for the immense care and work she has devoted to typing my books, care and work which is appreciated perhaps more than she knows. Let me offer my thanks to Ra'ab for the extreme care and accuracy with which she has checked everything and made truly worthwhile suggestions. She has aided my task.

And finally, but by no means least, let me thank Miss Tadalinka and Miss Cleopatra Rampa for the encouragement and entertainment they have given to me. These two dear little people have made it worthwhile to continue a little longer for never in the whole of their four years of life have they shown any spite, any bad temper, and not even any irritation. If humans were as equable and sweet-natured as these two there would be no trouble on the Earth, no wars. Then it would indeed be the Golden Age for which people must yet wait.

And so at last we come, in this book, to the time when we can say 'The End'.

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THE THIRTEENTH CANDLE

EXPLANATION

‘The Thirteenth Candle?’ Well, it is meant to be a logical title derived from what I am trying to do. I am trying to ‘light a candle’ which is far better than ‘cursing the darkness’. This is my thirteenth book which, I hope, will be my Thirteenth Candle.

You may think it is a very little candle, perhaps one of those birthday-cake candles. But I have never had a cake of any kind with candles—never even had a birthday cake!—and now with my restricted sugar-free, low-residue diet of not more than a thousand calories is too late to bother.

So indulge me; let’s pretend that this Is ‘The Thirteenth Candle’ even though it be as small as the candle on a doll’s birthday cake.

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CHAPTER ONE

Mrs. Martha MacGoohoogly strode purposefully to her kitchen door, a tattered scrap of newspaper clutched in a ham-like hand. Outside, in the parched patch of weed-covered ground which served as 'back garden' she stopped and glared around like a cross bull in the mating season awaiting the advent of rivals. Satisfied—or disappointed—that there were no rivals for attention in the offing, she hurried to the broken-down fence defining the garden limits.

Gratefully propping her more than ample bosom on a worm-eaten post, she shut her eyes and opened her mouth.

'Hey, Maud!' she roared across the adjoining gardens, her voice echoing and reverberating from the nearby factory wall. 'Hey, Maud, where are ya?' Closing her mouth and opening her eyes she stood awaiting the results.

From the direction of the next-house-but-one came the sound of a plate dropping and smashing, and then the kitchen door of THAT house opened and a small, scraggy woman came hopping out, agitatedly wiping her hands on her ragged apron. 'Well?' she growled dourly. 'What d'ya want?'

'Hey, Maud, you seen this?' yelled back Martha as she waved the tattered piece of newsprint over her head.

'How do I know if I seen it if I haven't seen it first?' snorted Maud. 'I might a done, then, on the other hand, I might not. What is it, anyhow another sex scandal?'

Mrs. Martha MacGoohoogly fumbled in the pocket of her apron and withdrew large horn-rimmed spectacles lavishly besprinkled with small stones. Carefully she wiped the glasses on the bottom of her skirt before putting them on and patting her hair in place over her ears. Then noisily wiping her nose on the back of her sleeve, she yelled out, 'It's from the Dominion, my nephew sent it to me.'

'Dominion? What shop is that? Have they got a sale on?' called Maud with the first show of interest.

Martha snorted in rage and disgust, 'Naw!' she shouted in exasperation. 'Don't

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you know NUTHINK? Dominion, you know Canada. Dominion of Canada. My nephew sent it to me. Wait a mo, I'll be right over.' Hoisting her bosom off the fence, and tucking her glasses into her apron pocket, she sped down the rough garden and into the lane at the bottom. Maud sighed with resignation and slowly went to meet her.

'Look at this!' yelled Martha as they met in the lane at the garden gate of the empty lot between their two houses. 'Look at the rot they write now. Soul? There ain't no such thing. When you're dead you're DEAD, just like that—POOF!' Her face flushed, she brandished the paper under poor Maud's long thin nose, and said angrily, 'How they get away with it I don't never know. You die, it's like blowing out a candle and with nothing after. My poor husband, God rest his soul, always said, before he died, that it would be such a relief to know that he wouldn't meet his past associates again.' She sniffed to herself at the mere thought.

Maud O'Haggis looked down the sides of her nose and waited patiently for her crony to run down. At last she seized her opportunity and asked, 'But what is this article which has so upset you?'

Speechlessly Martha MacGoohoogly passed over the tattered fragment of paper that had caused all the commotion. 'No, dear ' she suddenly said, having found her voice again. 'That's the wrong side you are reading.'

Maud turned over the paper and started all over again her lips silently forming the words as she read them. 'Well!' she exclaimed. 'Well I never!'

Martha smiled with triumphant satisfaction. 'Well,' she said. 'It's a rum do eh, when such stuff can get into print. What d'ya make of it?'

Maud turned over the page a few times, started to read the wrong side again, and then said, 'Oh! I know, Helen Hensbaum will tell us, she knows all about these things. She reads BOOKS.'

'Aw! I can't BEAR that woman,' retorted Martha. 'Say, d'ye know what she said to me the other day? She said, "May beets grow in your belly—God forbid, Mrs. MacGoohoogly." That's what she said to me, can you imagine it? The CHEEK of the woman. Pfah!'

'But she got the gen, she knows her stuff about these things. and if we want to get to the bottom of THIS'—she violently fluttered the poor unfortunate sheet of paper—'we shall have to play her game and butter her up. Come on, let's go see her.'

Martha pointed down the lane and said, 'THERE She is, hanging out her smalls, fancy hussy she is, I must say. Get a load of them new pantie hose, must be on a special somewhere. Me, good old-fashioned knickers is good enough for me.' She raised her skirt to show. 'Keeps yer warmer when there is no man about, eh?' She laughed coarsely and the two women sauntered down the lane towards Helen Hensbaum and her washing.

Just as they were about to turn into the Hensbaum garden the sound of a slamming

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door halted them. From the adjacent garden a Pair of the Hottest Hot Pants appeared. Fascinated, the two women stared. Slowly their gaze traveled upwards to take in the see-three blouse and vapid, painted face.

'Strewth!' muttered Maud O'Haggis. 'There's life in the old town yet!' Silently they stood and goggled as the young girl in the Hot Pants teetered by on heels as high as her morals were low.

'Makes yer feel old, like, don't it?' said Martha MacGoohoogly. Without another word they turned into the Hensbaum place to find Mrs. Hensbaum watching the girl going on the beat. 'The top of the morning to you, Mrs. Hensbaum,' called Martha. 'I see you have Sights at your end of the lane, eh?' She gave a throaty chuckle. Helen Hensbaum scowled even more ferociously as she looked down the lane. 'Ach! HER!' she exclaimed. 'Dead in her mother's womb she should be, already!' She sighed and stretched up to her high clothesline, demonstrating that she DID wear pantie hose.

'Mrs. Hensbaum,' began Maud, 'we know as how you are well read and know all about such things, so we have come to you for advice.' She stopped, and Helen Hensbaum smiled as she said, 'Well now, ladies, come in, and I will make a cup of tea for you this cold morning. It'll do us all good to rest a while.' She turned and led the way into her well-kept home which had the local name of 'Little Germany' because it was so neat and tidy.

The kettle was boiling, the tea was steaming. Mrs. Hensbaum passed round sweet biscuits and then said, 'Now, what can I do for you?'

Maud gestured to Martha and said, 'She has got a queer sort of tale from Canada or some such outlandish place. Don't know what to make of it, meself. SHE'LL tell you.'

Martha sat up straighter and said, 'Here—look at this, I got it sent from my nephew. Got himself in trouble over a married woman, he did, and he scarpered off to a place called Montreal, in the Dominion. Writes sometimes. Just sent this in his letter. Don't believe in such stuff.' She passed over the tattered scrap of paper, now much the worse for rough handling.

Mrs. Helen Hensbaum gingerly took the remnant and spread it out on a clean sheet of paper. 'Ach, so!' she yelped in her excitement, quite forgetting her normally excellent English. 'Ist gut, no?'

'Will ye read it out to us, clear like, and tell us what you think?' asked Maud.

So Mrs. Hensbaum cleared her throat, sipped her tea, and started: 'From the Montreal Star, I see. Monday, May 31st, 1971. Hmmm. INTERESTING. Yes, I to that city have been.'

A short pause, and she read out: 'Saw himself leave his body. Heart Victim Describes Dying Feeling Canadian Press—Toronto. A Toronto man who suffered a heart attack last year, says he saw himself leave his body and had strange, tranquil sensations during a critical period when his heart stopped.'

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'B. Leslie Sharpe, 68, says during the period his heart was not beating he was able to observe himself "face to face".

'Mr. Sharpe describes his experience in the current issue of the Canadian Medical Association Journal in part of a report by Dr. R. L. MacMillan and Dr. K. W. G. Brown, co-directors of the coronary care unit of Toronto General Hospital.

'In the report, the doctors said, "This could be the concept of the soul leaving the body."

Mr. Sharpe was taken to hospital after his family doctor diagnosed a pain in his left arm as a heart attack. "The following morning, Mr. Sharpe says, he remembers glancing at his watch while lying in bed hooked to the wires of a cardiograph machine and intravenous tubes.

' "Just then I gave a very, very deep sigh and my head flopped over to the right. I thought, 'Why did my head flop over?—I didn't move it—I must be going to sleep.'

' "Then I am looking at my own body from the waist up, face to face as though from a mirror in which I appear to be in the lower left corner. Almost immediately I saw myself leaving my body, coming out through my head and shoulders. I did not see my lower limbs.

' "The body leaving me was not exactly in vapor form yet it seemed to expand very slightly once it was clear of me," says Mr. Sharpe.

' "Suddenly I am sitting on a very small object traveling at great speed, out and up into a dull, blue-gray sky at a 45-degree angle.

' "Down below me to my left I saw a pure white cloud-like substance also moving up on a line that would intersect my course.

' "It was perfectly rectangular in shape but full of holes like a sponge.

' "My next sensation was of floating in a bright pale yellow light—a very delightful feeling.

' "I continued to float, enjoying the most beautiful, tranquil sensation.

' "Then there were sledge-hammer blows to my left side. They created no actual pain, but jarred me so much that I had difficulty in retaining my balance. I began to count them and when I got to six I said aloud, 'What the . . . are you doing to me?' and opened my eyes."

'He said he recognized doctors and nurses around his bed who told him he had suffered a cardiac arrest and he had been defibrillated—shocked by electrical pulses to start his heart beating normally.

'The doctors said it was unusual for a heart-attack patient to remember events surrounding the attack and that usually there was a period of amnesia for several hours before and after an attack.'

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'Well !!!' exclaimed Helen Hensbaum as she concluded her reading and sat back to gaze at the two women before her. 'How VERY interesting!' she reiterated. Martha MacGoohoogly smirked with self-satisfied pleasure that she had shown 'the foreign woman' something she had not known before. 'Good, eh?' she smiled. 'The real Original McCoy of bunk, eh?'

Helen Hensbaum smiled in a quizzical sort of way as she asked, 'So you think this is strange, no? You think it is the—what you call it?—the bunk? No, ladies, this is ordinary. Look here, I show!' She jumped to her feet and led the way into another room. There, in a very smart bookcase reposed books. More books than Martha had ever seen in a house before.

Helen Hensbaum moved forward and picked out certain books. 'Look,' she exclaimed, rifling the pages as one handling old and beloved friends. 'Look—here is all this and more in print. The Truth. The Truth brought to us by one man who has been penalized and persecuted for telling the Truth. And now, just because some silly press-man writes an article people can believe it is true.'

Mrs. Martha MacGoohoogly looked curiously at the titles, 'The Third Eye,' 'Doctor from Lhasa'. 'Wheressat?' she muttered before scanning the rest of the titles. Then, turning round, she exclaimed, 'You don't believe THAT stuff, do you? Cor, flip me bloomin' eyelids, that's FICTION!'

Helen Hensbaum laughed out loud. 'Fiction?' she gasped at last. 'FICTION? I have studied these books and I know they are true. Since reading "You-Forever" I too can astral travel.'

Martha looked blank. 'Poor doll is mixing German with her English,' she thought. 'Astral travel? What's that? A new airline or something?' Maud just stood there with her mouth hanging open; all this was MUCH beyond her. All SHE wanted to read was the 'Sunday Supplement' with all the latest sex crimes.

'This ustral, astril travel or whatever it is, whatever is it?' asked Martha. 'Is there REALLY anything in it? Could my Old Man, who is dead and gone, God Rest His Soul, come to me and tell me where he stashed his money before he croaked?'

'Yes, I tell you. YES, it COULD be done if there was a real reason for it. If it were for the good of others—yes.' 'Heepers jeepers, cats in creepers,' ejaculated a flustered Martha. 'Now I shall be afraid to sleep tonight in case my Old Man comes back to haunt me—and gets up to his old capers again.' She shook her head sadly as she muttered, 'He always was a great one in the bedroom!'

Helen Hensbaum poured out more tea. Martha MacGoohoogly fingered the books. 'Say, Mrs. H., would you lend me one of these?' she asked.

Mrs. Hensbaum smiled. 'No,' she replied. 'I never lend my book because an author has to live on the pitiful sum which is called a "royalty", seven per cent, it is, I believe. If I LEND books, then I am depriving an author of his living.' She lapsed into silent thought and then exclaimed, 'I'll tell you what,' she offered, 'I will BUY you a set as a gift,

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then you can read the Truth for yourself. Fair enough?’

Martha shook her head dubiously. ‘Well, I dunno,’ she said. ‘I just DUNNO. I don’t like the thought that when we have put away a body all tidy like, and screwed him down in his box and then shoveled him into the earth that he is going to come back all spooky like and scare the living daylights out of us.’

Maud felt rather out of things, she thought it was time for her to put in her ‘two-bits worth’. ‘Yes,’ she said hesitantly. ‘When we send him up the crematorium chimney in a cloud of greasy smoke, well, that should be the end of THAT!’

‘But look,’ interrupted Martha, with a cross glance at Maud. ‘If, as you say, there is life after death, WHY IS THERE NO PROOF? They are gone, that is the last we hear of them. Gone—if they DID live on they would get in touch with us—God forbid!’

Mrs. Hensbaum sat silently for a moment, then rose and moved to a small writing-desk. ‘Look,’ she said as she returned with a photograph in her hands. ‘Look at this. This is a photograph of my twin brother. He is a prisoner of the Russians, held in Siberia. We know he is alive because the Swiss Red Cross have told us so. Yet we cannot get a message from him. I am his twin and I know he is alive.’

Martha sat and stared at the photograph, and turned the frame over and over in her hands. ‘My mother is in Germany, East Germany. She too is alive but we cannot communicate. Yet these two people are still on this Earth, still with us! And supposing you have a friend in, say, Australia whom you desire to telephone. Even if you have his number you still have to take account of the difference in time, you have to use some mechanical and electrical contrivances. And even then you may not be able to speak to your friend. He may be at work, he may be at play. And this is just to the other side of this world. Think of the difficulties of phoning to the other side of THIS life!’

Martha started to laugh. ‘Oh dear, oh dear! Mrs. Hensbaum, you are a card!’ she chortled. ‘A telephone, she says, to the other side of life.’

‘Hey! Wait a minute, though!’ suddenly exclaimed Maud in high excitement. ‘Yes, sure, you have something there! My son is in electronics with the B.B.C. and he was telling us—you know how boys talk—about some old geezer who did invent such a telephone and it worked. Micro-frequencies or something it was, then it was all hushed up. The Church got in the act, I guess.’

Mrs. Hensbaum smiled her approval to Maud and added, ‘Yes, it is perfectly true, this author I have been telling you about knows a lot about the matter. The device is stopped for lack of money to develop it, I believe. But anyhow, messages DO come through. There is no death.’

‘Well, you prove it,’ exclaimed Martha rudely.

‘I can’t prove it to you just like that,’ mildly replied Mrs. Hensbaum, ‘but look at it like this; take a block of ice and let it represent the body. The ice melts, which is the body decaying, and then we have water, which is the soul leaving.’

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'Nonsense!' exclaimed Martha. 'We can see the water, but show me the soul!'

'You interrupted me, Mrs. MacGoohoogly,' responded Mrs. Hensbaum. 'The water will evaporate into invisible vapor and THAT represents the stage of life after death.' Maud had been fretting because the conversation was leaving her behind. After several moments of hesitation, she said 'I suppose Mrs. Hensbaum, if we want to get in touch with the Dear Departed we go to a séance who then put us in touch with the spirits?'

'Oh dear no!' laughed Martha, jealously guarding her position. 'If you want spirits you go to the pub and get a drop of Scotch. Old Mrs. Knickerwhacker is supposed to be a good medium, and she DOES like the other kind of spirits too. Have you ever been to a séance, Mrs. Hensbaum?'

Helen Hansbaum shook her head sadly, 'No, ladies,' she replied. 'I do not go to séances. I do not believe in them. Many of those who do go are sincere believers, but—Oh!—they are so greatly misled.' She looked at the clock and jumped to her feet in agitated alarm. 'Mein lieber Gott!' she exclaimed. 'The lunch of my husband I should be getting already.' Recovering her composure, she continued more calmly, 'If you are interested, come along here at three this afternoon and we will talk some more, but now to my household duties I must attend.'

Martha and Maud rose to their feet and made for the door. 'Yes,' said Martha, speaking for both of them, unasked, 'we will come again at three as you suggest.'

Together they walked down the back garden, and out into the back lane. Only once did Martha speak, when they were parting. 'Well, I dunno,' she remarked. 'I really dunno. But let's meet here at ten to three. See ya!' and she turned into her door while Maud walked farther up the lane to her own abode.

In the Hensbaum house Mrs. H. swept around in a fury of controlled Germanic efficiency, muttering strange words to herself, dishes and cutlery spewing from her hands to find their unerring places on the table as if she were a highly-paid juggler in a Berlin music hall. By the time the front gate clicked and the measured tread of her husband's footsteps reached the door all was ready—lunch was served.

The sun had passed its high and was angling down to the western sky when Maud emerged from her door and sauntered jauntily down towards her friend's house. A stunning apparition she was, in a flowered print dress which smacked strongly of a bargain store near Wapping Steps.

'Yoo hoo, Martha!' she called as she reached the garden door. Martha opened the door and blinked dazedly at Maud.

'Blimey!' she said in an awed voice. 'Scrambled eggs and sunset, eh?'

Maud bristled. 'Yer skirt's too tight, Martha,' she said. 'Yer showing the lines of yer girdle and yer knickers. Who are YOU to talk, anyhow?'

And of a truth, Martha DID look a bit of a sight! Her two-piece pearl-gray skirt and jacket were almost indecently tight; a student of anatomy would have had no difficulty in

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locating the various 'landmarks' even including the linea alba. Her high heels were so high that she had to strut and the quite unnatural height gave her a tendency to tail-wag or behind-bounce. With her considerable endowments in the 'dairy bar' department she had to adopt a remarkable posture—like an American soldier on parade.

Together they paraded up the lane and entered the Hensbaum back garden. Mrs. Hensbaum opened the door at the first knock and ushered them in. 'My! Mrs. Hensbaum,' said Maud in some surprise as they entered the 'parlor'. 'Have you gone into the book-selling business?'

'Oh no, Mrs. O'Haggis,' smiled the German woman. 'I thought you were very interested in the psychic sciences and so I bought a set of these Rampa books for each of you as a gift from me.'

'Gee!' muttered Martha, fingering one of the books.

'Strange-looking old fellow, isn't he? Does he REALLY have a cat growing out of his head like this?'

Mrs. Hensbaum laughed outright, her face purpling in the process. 'Ach no,' she exclaimed, 'publishers take great liberties with the covers of books; the author has no say at all in the matter. Wait—I show you—' and she dashed away up the stairs to return somewhat breathless carrying a small photograph. 'THIS is what the author looks like. I wrote to him and he replied and sent me this, which I treasure.'

'But, Mrs. Hensbaum,' said Martha in some exasperation as they sat discussing things. 'Mrs. Hensbaum, you have no PROOF of anything. It is all FICTION.'

'Mrs. MacGoohoogly,' replied Mrs. Hensbaum, 'you are quite wrong. There is proof, but proof which has to be experienced, to be lived. My brother is in the hands of the Russians. I told a friend of mine, Miss Rhoda Carr, that he had visited me in the astral and told me that he was at a prison named Dnepropetrovsk. He said it was a very large prison complex in Siberia. I had never heard of it. Miss Rhoda Carr said nothing then, but some weeks later she wrote to me and confirmed it. She is connected with some sort of organization and she was in a position to make enquiries through undercover friends in Russia. But, very interestingly, she told me that many people had been able

16 to tell her such things about their relatives in Russia and all, she said, by occult means.'

Maud was sitting with her mouth open, then she sat up straight and said, 'My mother told me that once she went to a séance and she was told some very true things. Everything she was told came true. But why do you say that these séances are no good, Mrs. Hensbaum?'

'No, I did not say that ALL of them were no good, I said I did not believe in them. On the other side of Death there are mischievous entities who can read one's thoughts and who play games with people. They read the thoughts and then give messages, pretending that it is from some Indian Guide or from some Dear Departed. Most of the messages are silly, meaningless, but sometimes, by accident, SOMETHING comes through

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which is fairly accurate.'

'They must blush a bit when they read MY thoughts,' sniggered Martha. 'I never was a Sunday-school girl.'

Mrs. Hensbaum smiled and continued, 'People are very misled about those who have Passed Over. There, they have work to do, they are NOT hanging round waiting—panting—to answer silly questions. THEY HAVE THEIR WORK TO DO. Would you, Mrs. O'Haggis, welcome some silly telephone call when you were extremely busy and pressed for time? Would you, Mrs. MacGoohoogly, welcome a nuisance at the door when you were already late for Bingo?'

'Aw, she is right, you know,' muttered Martha. 'But you said about Indian Guides. I've heard about them. Why do they have to be Indian?'

'Mrs. MacGoohoogly, pay no attention to such tales,' answered Mrs. Hensbaum. 'People imagine Indian guides, imagine Tibetan guides, etc., etc., etc. Just think of it, here, in this life, one may regard the Indian, the Tibetan, or the Chinese as poor under-privileged colored natives not worthy of a second thought. How, then, can we suddenly regard them as psychic geniuses as soon as they get to the Other Side? No, many most uninformed people "adopt" an Indian Guide because it is more mysterious. Actually one's ONLY guide is . . . one's Overself.'

'Ah! 'Tis beyond us yer talkin', Mrs. Hensbaum. You have us lost amid the words.'

Mrs. Hensbaum laughed and replied, 'It is so, the books you should read first maybe, starting with "The Third Eye".'

'And if I may be so bold, may we come and talk to you again?' asked Maud O'Haggis.

'Yes indeed you may, for it will be my pleasure,' replied Mrs. Hensbaum hospitably. 'Why do we not arrange to meet here at this time one week from today?'

And so a few minutes later, the two ladies were ambling along the lane again, each carrying a load of books which were the gifts of Mrs. Helen Hensbaum. 'I wish she had said a bit more about what happens when we die, though,' said Maud wistfully.

'Aw, you'll know soon enough by the look of ye,' responded Martha.

The lights burned long at the MacGoohoogly and O'Haggis residences; deep into the night a glimmer of light shone through the red blind of Martha's bedroom. At times a vagrant wind would edge aside the heavy green drapes of Maud's sitting-room to reveal her hunched up in a high chair, a book clasped tightly in her hands.

A late bus roared past, carrying night-time office cleaners back to their homes. In the distance a train clanked majestically by, the heavy load of freight cars swaying and rattling over the rails of a shunting yard. There came the wail of a siren. Police or ambulance, neither mattered to Maud deeply immersed in her book. From the Town Hall clock came the chimes and the hour-strike indicating that the morning was progressing. At last the light faded from Martha's bedroom. Soon, too, the downstairs light was extin-

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guished from Maud's sitting-room, and for a few brief moments a glimmer of brightness appeared in her bedroom.

The clatter of the early morning milkman disturbed the peaceful scene. Soon there came the street cleaners with their trundling carts and metallic clangor. Buses swung into the street for early morning workers to board and be carried yawning to their jobs. Smoke appeared from a myriad chimneys. Doors opened briefly and slammed hurriedly as people sped forth in the daily race with time and trains.

At last the red blind of Martha's bedroom shot up with such violence that the pull-tassle was set a-dancing. The startled, sleep-bleared face of Martha stared blankly upon an uncaring world. Her hair, set in tight curlers, gave her a wild, unkempt appearance, while a vast flannel nightdress accentuated her large size and more than ample endowments.

Later, at the O'Haggis house, the door slowly opened, and an arm stretched out to reach the milk bottle on the step. After a long interval, the door opened again, and Maud appeared clad in a striped housecoat. Tiredly she shook two mats, yawned violently, and withdrew again into the seclusion of her home.

A solitary cat emerged from some dark passage, peered cautiously around before venturing to walk sedately to the roadway. Right in the center of the street he stopped, sat down and did his toilet, face, ears, paws, and tail, before ambling off into some other dark corner in search of breakfast.

CHAPTER TWO

'Timon! TIMON!' The voice was shrill, fear-laden, with that rasping intonation which jars one and sets the nerves on edge. 'Timon, WAKE UP your father is dying.' Slowly the young boy swam back from the deeps of utter unconsciousness. Slowly he struggled through the fogs of sleep, trying to open leaden eyelids. 'Timon, you MUST wake up. YOUR FATHER IS DYING!' A hand grasped his hair and shook him violently. Timon opened his eyes. Suddenly he became aware of a strange, rasping noise, 'like a strangling yak', he thought. Curiously he sat up and swiveled his head around striving to see through the gloom of the small room.

On a small ledge stood a stone dish in which a lump of butter floated in its own turgid, melted oil. Roughly thrust into the unmelted butter a strip of coarse cloth acted as a crude wick. Now it sputtered, flared, and dimmed throwing flickering shadows on the walls behind it. A vagrant draught caused the wick to dip momentarily; it spluttered and spat, and the feeble flame became even dimmer. Then, saturated afresh by its partial immersion it flared anew, sending smoky fingers of soot across the room.

'TIMON! Your father is dying, you must hurry for the Lama!' cried his mother in desperation. Slowly, still drugged with sleep, Timon rose to his reluctant feet, and drew his solitary garment around him. The rasping noise quickened, slowed and resumed its monotonous, chilling rhythm.

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Timon drew near the huddled bundle at the side of which crouched his mother. Staring down with fear-filled eyes he felt numb horror at the sight of his father's face, made even more ghastly by the flickering butter lamp. Blue, he was, blue with a hard, cold look about him. Blue with the onset of cardiac failure. Tense with the signs of rigor mortis even while he yet lived.

'Timon!' said his mother. 'You must go for the Lama or your father will die with no one to guide him. Hurry, HURRY!' Whirling about, Timon dashed for the door. Outside the stars gleamed hard and cold in the darkness which comes before the dawn, the hour when Man is most prone to fail and falter. The bitter wind, chilled by the fog-banks as he strove to peer through the darkness, a darkness but poorly relieved by the faint star-glow. No moon here, this was the wrong time of the month. The mountains stood hard and black, with only the faintest of purpling to show where they ended and the sky began. From the point where a vague purple smudge swept down to the faintly glowing river, a minute speck of wavering yellow light shone the brighter because of the all-pervading darkness. Quickly the boy jumped into motion, running, jumping hurdling fallen rocks in his overpowering anxiety to reach the sanctuary of that light.

Cruel flints slithered and stung beneath his unshod feet. Round pebbles, remnants perhaps from some ancient seabed, moved treacherously at his footsteps. Boulders loomed alarmingly through the blackness of the pre-dawn morning and bruised him as he grazed against them in his fear-inspired flight.

The feeble light in the distance beckoned. Behind him his father lay dying with no Lama to guide his soul's faltering steps. He sped on. Soon his breath was coming in rasping gasps in the thin mountain air. Soon his side ached with the agony of the 'stitch' which afflicts those who strive too much in running. The pain became a searing overtone to his life. Retching and sobbing as he strove to get more air, he was compelled to slow his race to a fast trot and then, for a few steps to a limping walk.

The light beckoned a beacon of hope in an ocean of hopelessness. What would become of them now, he wondered. How would they live? How would they eat? Who would look after them, protect them? His heart throbbed violently until he feared that it might burst forth from his heaving chest. Perspiration poured down him, to quickly turn chill in the frigid air. His solitary garment was tattered, faded, and scant protection against the elements. They were poor, desperately poor, and likely to become even more so with the loss of the father, the wage-earner.

The light beckoned on, a refuge in an ocean of fear. Beckoned on, flickered, burned low and rose again as if to remind the lonely boy that his father's life was flickering low, but would become bright again beyond the confines of this hard world. He burst into frenzied motion again, tucking his elbows into his sides, running with his mouth wide open, exerting every muscle to save the fleeting seconds.

The light became larger, like a star welcoming him home. By his side the Happy River flowed chuckling as it made sport with the small stones it had pushed from the mountainous heights which gave it birth. The river glowed dull silver in the faint starlight. Ahead of him the boy could now faintly discern the blacker bulk of a small lama-

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sery perched between the river and the mountainside.

Looking at the light and the river, his attention was distracted and an ankle gave beneath him, throwing him violently to the ground, skinning hands, knees, and face. Sobbing with pain and frustration he climbed painfully to his feet and hobbled on.

Suddenly, just in front of him, a figure appeared. 'Who is abroad around our walls?' asked a deep old voice. 'Ah! And what brings you to our door at this hour of the morn-

ing?' the voice continued. Timon peering through tear-swollen eyelids saw a bent old monk before him. 'Oh! You are hurt—come inside and I will see to you,' the voice went on. Slowly the old man turned and led the way back into the small lamasery. Timon stood blinking in the sudden light of some small butter lamp—bright indeed after the darkness outside.

The air was heavy with the scent of incense. Timon stood tongue-tied for a moment and then poured out his message. 'My father, he is DYING, and my mother sent me fast to bring aid that he may be guided on his journey. He is DYING!' The poor boy sank to the floor, covering his weeping eyes with his hands. The old monk shuffled out and soon might have been heard in whispered conversation in another room. Timon sat upon the floor weeping in an ecstasy of self-pity and fright.

Soon he was roused by a fresh voice saying, 'My son! My son! Ah, it is young Timon, yes, I know you, my boy.'

Timon respectfully bowed and then slowly climbed to his feet, wiping his eyes with the corner of his robe and so smearing moist road-side dust all over his tear-wet face.

'Tell me, my boy,' said the Lama, for that was whom Timon recognized him to be. Once again Timon told his tale and at its completion the Lama said, 'Come, we will go together—I will lend you a pony. First drink this tea and eat this tsampa, for you must be famished and the day will be long and tiring.'

The old monk came forward with the food, and Timon sat upon the floor to consume it while the Lama went away to make his preparations. There came the sound of horses and the Lama entered the room again. 'Ah, so you have finished. Good, then let us away,' and he turned, leaving Timon to follow him.

Now over the far edge of the mountain girding the Plain of Lhasa the first faint golden streaks of light were approaching, heralding the birth of a new day. Suddenly a glint of light shone through a high mountain pass and for a moment touched the house of Timon's parents at the far end of the road. 'Even the day dies, my boy,' said the Lama, 'but in a few hours it is reborn as a new day. So it is with all living things.'

Three ponies stood restlessly at the door in the very insecure care of an acolyte scarce older than Timon. 'We have to ride these things,' the young acolyte whispered to Timon, 'put your hands over his eyes if he won't stop. And'—he added gloomily—'if THAT doesn't stop him, JUMP for it.'

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Quickly the Lama mounted. The young acolyte gave Timon a hand, and then, with the leap of desperation, jumped on his own horse and rode off after the other two now fading into the darkness that yet covered the land.

Golden shafts of light spread across the mountain-tops as the sun showed his top-most edge over the eastern rise. Frozen moisture in the frigid air reflected a myriad of colors and shades of colors from the prisms of ice. Giant shadows raced across the land as the shades of night were pushed aside by the relentlessly approaching day. The three lonely travelers, mere specks of dirt in the immensity of the barren land, rode on through the boulder-strewn countryside, evading the rockfalls and pits the more easily for the increasing light.

Soon there could be seen a lonely figure standing at the side of the desolate house, a woman, shading her eyes, peering in anguish along the path. Hoping for the help that seemed so long in coming. The three rode on, picking a careful way amid the rock debris. 'I do not know how you managed so well, boy,' said the Lama to Timon, 'it must have been a frightening journey.' But poor Timon was too frightened and too tired to answer. Even now he swayed and drowsed on the back of the pony. The three rode on in silence.

At the door the woman stood wringing her hands and bobbing her head in a half-abashed gesture of respect. The Lama swung off his horse and went to the sorrowing woman. The young acolyte slithered off his pony and went to the aid of Timon, but too late; that young man had just toppled off as soon as the pony stopped.

'Holy Lama,' quavered the woman, 'my husband is almost gone, I have kept him conscious but I feared you would be too late. Oh! What SHALL we do?'

'Come show me the way,' commanded the Lama, following the woman as she turned and led the way in. The house was dark. Oiled cloth covered the holes in the walls, for there was no glass here and well-oiled cloth brought from distant India served in its place, admitting a strange kind of light and a peculiar fragrance all of its own. A fragrance composed of drying-out oil well mixed with soot from the ever-smoldering butter lamp.

The floor was of well-pounded earth, and the walls were composed of heavy stones compacted together, with gaps stopped by yak dung. A small fire, the fuel of which was also yak dung, smoldered in the center of the room and the smoke drifted up and some of it eventually escaped through a hole in the roof constructed for that purpose.

By the side of the far wall opposite the entrance there lay a bundle which at first glance might have been taken for a bundle of rags tossed aside, but the illusion was dispelled by the sounds which came from the bundle. The rasping, croaking sounds of a man struggling to keep the breath within his body, the sounds of a man in extremis. The Lama moved towards him and peered through the all-pervading gloom at the one who was lying on the floor, an elderly, thin man stamped with the hardship of life, a man who had lived according to all the beliefs of his ancestors without having a thought of things for himself.

Now he lay there gasping, blue faced through lack of oxygen. He lay there sob-

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bing out his life, striving to retain some tenuous consciousness, for his belief and traditional belief was that his journey to the other world would be the easier for the guidance of a trained Lama. He looked up and some semblance-some fleeting look- of pleasure flitted across his ghastly features at the realization that now the Lama was here.

The Lama sank down beside the dying man and placed his hands upon his temples, uttering soothing sounds to him. Behind him the young acolyte hurriedly set out incense burners and took some incense from a package. Then, taking from his pouch tinder, flint, and iron, he industriously set spark to tinder and blew it into flame so that the incense could be lighted when required.

Not for him the easier disrespectful system of touching the incense to the now-guttering butter lamp, that would have shown lack of thought for the incense, lack of respect for the ritual. He was going to light the incense in the traditional way, for he, that eager young man, had great ambitions of being a Lama himself.

The Lama sitting in the lotus position beside the almost moribund man on the floor, nodded to the acolyte who then lit the first stick of incense, lit it so that flame just touched the tip of the first stick and then, as it glowed red, blew it out, leaving the stick to smolder. The Lama moved his hands slightly to a different position on the man's head and said, 'Oh Spirit about to depart from this its case of flesh, we light the first stick of incense that your attention may be attracted, that you may be guided, that you may take an easy path through the perils which your undirected imagination will place before you.'

There was a strange peace apparent on the dying man's face. Now it was bedewed with perspiration, a thin sheen of moisture, the perspiration of approaching death. The Lama gripped his head firmly and nodded slightly to the acolyte. That young man bent forward again and lit the second stick of incense, and blew out the flame, leaving the second stick of incense to smolder.

'Oh Spirit about to depart for the Greater Reality, the True Life beyond this, your time of release has come. Be prepared to keep your consciousness fixed firmly upon me even when you leave this, your present body, for I have much to tell you. Pay attention.' The Lama moved forward again and placed his interlocked fingers on the very top of the man's head. The dying man's stertorous breathing sounded rattly, raggedy. His chest heaved and fell. Suddenly he gave a short, sharp gasp, almost a cough, and his body arched upwards until it was supported by the back of his head and his heels. For what seemed to be an interminable time he stayed thus, a rigid bow of flesh and bone.

Then all of a sudden the body jerked, jerked upwards so that it was perhaps an inch, perhaps two inches, from the ground. Then it collapsed, sagged like a half-empty sack of wheat thrown carelessly aside. A last despairing wheeze of air escaped from the lungs, the body twitched and was still, but from within there came the gurgle of fluids, the rumbling of organs, and the settling of joints.

The Lama nodded again to the acolyte, who, waiting, immediately touched flame to the third stick of incense and set it to smolder with flame extinguished in the third incense holder. 'Spirit now released from the suffering body, pay attention before set-

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ting out on your journey, pay attention for by your faulty knowledge, your faulty imaginings, you have set snares which can impede the comfort of this, your journey. Pay attention, for I shall detail to you the steps you must take and the Path you must follow. Pay attention.'

Outside the small room the morning wind was rising as the poor heat of the sun's rays, tipping over the mountain edge started to disturb the cold of the long night, and with the first rays of even that faint warmth air currents rose up from the cold ground and disturbed little eddies of dust which now swirled and rattled against the oiled cloth openings of the room until it sounded to the frightened woman watching from the doorway almost as if Devils were rattling and trying to get at her husband, now lying dead before her.

She thought of the enormity of it. One moment she was married to a living man, a man who for years had provided for her, a man who had assured such security as there ever could be in her life, but at the next moment he was dead, dead, lying dead before her on the earth floor of their room.

She wondered what would become of her now. Now she had nothing but a son who was too young to work, too young to earn, and she suffering from a sickness which sometimes came upon women who were denied assistance at the time of their child's birth. She had dragged herself around for the whole number of years of her son's age.

The Lama kneeling beside the body on the floor, closed the eyes of the corpse and placed little pebbles on the shut lids to keep them closed. He put a band under the chin and tied it at the top of the head to keep the sagging jaw tight so that the mouth should be shut. Then, at a signal from him, the fourth stick of incense was lit and placed carefully in its holder. Now there were four sticks of incense and the smoke from them trailed upwards almost as if they had been drawn in blue-gray chalk, so straight were the pillars of smoke in the almost airless room without draught.

The Lama spoke again, 'Oh departed Spirit of the body before us, the fourth stick of incense has been lit to draw your attention and to hold you here while I talk, while I tell you of that which you will find. Oh Spirit about to wander, heed my words that your wanderings may be directed.'

The Lama looked sadly at the corpse, thinking of the training that he had had. He was telepathic, clairaudient, he could see the aura of the human body, that strange, colored—multi-colored—flame which swirled and wove about a living body. Now, as he looked at the dead body, he could see that the flame was almost extinguished. There was, instead of the colors of the rainbow and many more besides, just an eddying gray-blue turning darker. But streaming from the body, the gray-blue moved upwards to about two feet above the corpse. There, there was active motion, violent motion, it looked like many fire-flies darting about, fire-flies who had been trained as soldiers and who were endeavoring to find their preordained places. The little particles of light moved, swirled, and interwove, and before the Lama's eyes, before his third eye, there appeared soon a replica of the corpse, but as a living man, a young man. It was tenuous as yet, floating naked about two feet above the body. It rose and fell slightly, perhaps two or three inches

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at a time. It rose and fell, regained its position, fell and rose, and all the time the details were becoming more clear, the filmy body was filling out and becoming more substantial.

The Lama sat and waited while the grayish-blue light of the dead body became dimmer, but while the multi-colored light composing the body above became stronger, more substantial, more vivid. At last there was a sudden swelling and a jerk and the 'ghost' body tipped with its head up and its feet down. The very slight joining between the dead flesh and the living spirit parted and the spirit was now complete and living independent of its former host-body. Immediately there came into that little room the odor of death, the strange, spicy odor of a body starting to decay, an unpleasant odor which rather stung the nostrils high up between the eyes.

The young acolyte, sitting behind the smoldering sticks of incense, carefully rose to his feet and went to the open door. Bowing ceremoniously to the new widow and her son, Timon, he gently ushered them out of the room and shut the door firmly. Standing with his back to the door, he paused a moment to utter, whispering to himself, 'Phew! What a fug!!' Softly he moved to the oil-cloth covering the window opening and eased away one corner to let in fresh air. A whole torrent of wind-blown sand poured in and left him sputtering and coughing.

'SHUT THAT WINDOW!' said the Lama in subdued but still ferocious tones. Peering through almost closed eyes the acolyte fumbled blindly at the now-flapping cloth and managed to wedge it over the frame again. 'Well, at least I got a breath of fresh air, better than THIS stink!' he thought to himself before returning to his place and resuming his seat again behind the four sticks of smoking incense.

The body lay inert upon the floor. From it there came the gurgling of fluids ceasing their flow and finding their own levels. There came too the rumbling and groaning of organs giving up life, for a body does not die on the instant, but in stages, organ by organ. First is the death of the higher centers of the brain and then, in orderly procession, other organs, finally deprived of the direction of the brain, cease to function, cease to produce those secretions or pass on the substance which is necessary for the continuation of that complex mechanism referred to as a body.

As the life force withdraws it leaves the confines of the body and assembles outside, congregating in an amorphous mass just above the body. It hovers by magnetic attraction while there is yet some life, while there is yet some flow of life particles departing their former host. In time, as more and more organs give up their life force, the tenuous form floating above the flesh-body comes more and more to resemble it. At last, when the resemblance was complete, the magnetic attraction would have ceased and the 'spirit body' would float off on its next journey.

Now the spirit was complete and held to the dead body by only the most fragile of threads. It floated, and the spirit itself was confused and terrified. Being born to life on the Earth was a traumatic experience. That meant dying to another form of existence. Dying on Earth meant that the spirit body was being born again on another world, on the spirit world, or one of them. Now the form hovered, floated higher and sank lower, floated,

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and awaited the instruction of the telepathic Lama, one whose whole life was devoted to helping those who were leaving Earth.

The Lama watched carefully, using his telepathic senses to assess the capacity of the newly released spirit and his third eye to actually view its form. At least he broke the silence with telepathic instruction. 'Oh newly released spirit,' said the Lama, 'pay attention to my thoughts that your passage may be eased thereby. Heed the instructions which I shall give that your path may be smoothed, for millions have trod this path before you and millions more will follow.'

The floating entity, so recently a fairly alert man of the Earth, stirred slightly. A dim greenish hue suffused its being. A faint ripple ran its whole length and then it subsided again into inertia. But there was an awareness, although ill-defined, that this entity was now on the brink of awakening from the coma of translation from death on Earth to birth in the spirit plane.

The Lama watched, studying, assessing, estimating. At last he spoke, telepathically, again, saying, 'Oh Spirit newly liberated from the bonds of the flesh, hear me. A fifth stick of incense is lit to attract your wandering attention that you may be guided.' The young acolyte had been brooding on the problem of how to get out and play. THIS was ideal kite-flying weather. Others were out—why not he? Why had he to . . . but now he jumped to attention and hastily lit the fifth stick of incense, blowing out the flame with such energy that the red-glowing stick promptly burst into flame again.

The smoke wafted upwards and wove tenuous fingers around the gently undulating spirit figure floating above the dead body. The young acolyte resumed his consideration on the problems of kite-flying. A cord attached a little further back, he pondered, would give a greater angle of attack to the air and would give a faster climb. But if he did that . . . his deliberations were again interrupted by the words of the Lama.

'Oh liberated Spirit,' intoned the Lama, 'your soul must become alert. Too long have you wilted under the superstitions of the ignorant. I bring you knowledge. The sixth stick of incense is lit to bring you knowledge for you must know yourself ere starting on your journey.' The acolyte scrabbled frantically on the dim, earth floor for the stick which he had just dropped, and muttered an exclamation NOT taught in the lamasery as his probing fingers encountered the smoldering tinder, and just beyond it, the unlit stick. Hastily he ignited it and thrust it in the incense holder.

The Lama glanced disapprovingly at him and continued his instruction to the Departing Spirit. 'Your life from the cradle to the grave has been enmeshed in superstition and false fears. Know that many of your beliefs are without foundation. Know that many of the devils you fear will haunt you are of your own making. The seventh stick of incense is lit to bind you here that you may be adequately instructed and prepared for the journey ahead.' The acolyte was ready, the incense was lit and left a-smolder, and the Lama continued his exhortation and instruction.

'We are but puppets of the One who is Higher, put down on Earth that He may experience the things of Earth. We sense but dimly our immortal birthright, our eternal

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associations, and sensing so dimly we imagine, we fear, and we rationalize.' He ceased and watched the silent cloud-figure before him. Watched, and saw the gradual awakening, the quickening into awareness. Sensed the panic, the uncertainty, felt a measure of the dreadful shock from one torn from his familiar places and things. Sensed, and understood.

The spirit-form dipped and swayed. The Lama spoke to it; 'Speak with your thoughts. I shall receive those thoughts if you emerge from the stupor of shock. THINK that you are able to talk to me.' The spirit-form pulsed and wavered; ripples undulated throughout its length, then, like the first faint cheep of a bird newly hatched from the egg, came the wail of a frightened soul.

'I am lost in the wilderness,' it said, 'I am afraid of all the devils who beset me. I fear those who would hale me to the nether regions and burn me or freeze me throughout eternity.' The Lama clucked in sympathy, and then said, 'Spirit affrighted for naught. Listen to me. Put aside your needless fears and listen to me. Give me your attention that I may guide you and bring you solace.'

'I hear you, Holy Lama,' the spirit-form made rejoinder, 'and I will attend upon your words.'

The Lama nodded to the young acolyte who thereupon seized a stick of incense. 'Oh affrighted Spirit,' intoned the Lama 'the eighth stick of incense is lit that you may be guided.' The acolyte hastily thrust the smoldering tinder at the incense and satisfied with the result, placed it firmly in the holder, leaving one vacancy yet to fill.

'Man upon the Earth,' said the Lama, 'is an irrational figure given to believing that which is not so in preference to that which is. Man is greatly given to superstition and to false beliefs. You, Spirit, fear that devils surround you. Yet there are no devils save those which your thoughts have constructed and which will vanish as a puff of smoke in a high wind if you recognize the truth. About you there are elementals, mindless forms which but reflect your thoughts of terror as a still pool will reflect your features as you bend over it. These elementals are mindless, they are but creatures of the moment like the thoughts of a drunken man. Have no fear, there is naught to harm you.'

The spirit-form whimpered with terror and said, telepathically, 'But I SEE devils, I SEE gibbering monsters who poke their taloned hands in my direction. They will devour me. I see the features of those whom I wronged in life and who now come to exact retribution.'

But the Lama raised his hands in benediction and said, 'Spirit, pay attention to me. Gaze firmly at the worst of your imagined tormentors. Gaze at him sternly, and make the strong thought that he be gone. Visualize him vanishing in a puff of smoke and he will so vanish, for he exists only in your fevered imagination. Think, NOW, I command you!'

The spirit-form heaved and wavered. Its colors flared through the whole gamut of the spectrum and then there came the triumphant telepathic shout, 'IT WENT—THEY HAVE GONE!' The spirit-form wavered, expanded and contracted, expanded and contracted, just like a man of the Earth panting after great exertion.

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'There is naught to fear save fear,' said the Lama. 'If you fear not, then NOTHING can harm you. Now I will tell you what comes next and then you must go on the continuing stage of your journey towards the Light.' The spirit-form was now glowing with new colors, now it was showing confidence and the cessation of fear. Now it waited to know what lay before it.

'Now is the time,' the Lama said, 'for you to continue with your journey. When I release you you will feel a strong urge to drift. Resist it not. The currents of Life will carry you along through swirling clouds of fog. Horrid faces will peer at you through the murk, but fear them not—at your bidding they will go away. Keep your thoughts pure, your mien calm. Soon you will come to a pleasant green sward where you will feel the joy of living.

Friendly helpers will come to you and make you welcome. Fear not. Respond to them, for here you CANNOT meet those who would harm you.'

The spirit-form swayed gently as it considered all these remarks. The Lama continued, 'Soon they will escort you as friends to the Hall of Memories, that place which is the repository of all knowledge where every act, either good or bad, ever done by any person, is recorded. At the Hall of Memories you will enter and you alone will see your life as it was and as it should have been. You and you alone will judge of the success or otherwise of your endeavors. There is no other judgment, there is no hell save that which your guilty conscience will impose upon you. There is no eternal damnation, nor torments. If you have failed in your life, then you and you alone may decide to return later to the Earth life and make another attempt.'

The Lama stopped and motioned to the acolyte who thereupon took up the last stick of incense. 'Oh Spirit now instructed,' said the Lama, 'go forth upon your journey. Travel in peace. Travel knowing that you have naught to fear but fear itself. GO FORTH!' Slowly the spirit-form rose, paused a moment while the figure took a last look around the room, then it penetrated the ceiling of the room and vanished from human sight. The Lama and the acolyte rose to their feet, picked up their equipment, and left the room.

Later, as the sun was reaching its zenith, a ragged figure approached the little house and entered. Soon he emerged again carrying upon his back the swathed figure which was the mortal remains of the father of Timon. Along the stony path he trudged, bearing the body to the place whence it would be dismembered and broken so that the birds of the air, the vultures, could feed upon the remains, and in the fullness of time return the changed remnants of the body to Mother Earth.

CHAPTER THREE

'Haw! Haw! HAW!' The room rattled to the gusty guffaw. The thin young man sitting hunched up, with his back to the laughter, jerked as though he had been shot.

'Hey, Juss' snorted the voice. 'Have you read THIS?' Mr. Justin Towne carefully covered the portable organ which he had been so lovingly fondling, and stood up.

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'Read what?' he enquired crossly.

Mr. Dennis Dollywogga smiled broadly as he waved a book above his head. 'Oh boy!' he exclaimed. 'This guy thinks that all us homos are sick! He thinks we have glandular troubles he thinks we are all mixed up between men and women. Haw! Haw! Haw!'

Justin strolled across the room and took the book from his friend. It came open at page 99 where overfolding in an ecstasy of hilarity, had cracked the spine binding. Dennis peered over his friend's shoulder and extended a long pointed finger to indicate a certain passage. 'There!' he said. 'It starts THERE. Read it out, Juss, the guy must be a real square john.' He moved to a low settee and reclined limply upon it, with one arm thrown carelessly across the back.

Justin polished the lens of his spectacles, replaced them upon his nose, and tucking his handkerchief back in his sleeve, picked up the book and read:

'In the hurly-burly of getting from the astral world to that world we call Earth, mix-ups occur. Being born is a traumatic experience, it's a most violent affair, and a very delicate mechanism can easily become deranged. For example, a baby is about to be born and throughout the pregnancy the mother has been rather careless about what she was eating and what she was doing, so the baby has not received what one might term a balanced chemical input.

The baby may be short of a chemical and so development of certain glands may have been halted. Let us say the baby was going to come as a girl, but through lack of certain chemicals the baby is actually born a boy, a boy with the inclinations of a girl.

'The parents might realize that they've got a sissyfied little wretch and put it down to over-indulgence or something, they may try to beat some sense into him one end or the other to make him more manly, but it doesn't work; if the glands are wrong, never mind what sort of attachments are stuck on in front, the boy is still a girl in a boy's body.

'At puberty the boy may not develop satisfactorily, or again, he may to all outward appearances. At school he may well appear to be one of the limp-wristed fraternity, but the poor fellow can't help that.

'When he reaches man's estate he finds he cannot "do the things that come naturally", instead he runs after boys—men. Of course he does because all his desires are the desires of a woman. The psyche itself is female, but through an unfortunate set of circumstances the female has been supplied with male equipment, it might not be much use but it is still there!

'The male then becomes what used to be called a "pansy" and has homosexual tendencies. The more the psyche is female, the stronger will be the homosexual tendencies.

'If a woman has a male psyche, then she will not be interested in men but will be interested in women, because her psyche, which is closer to the Overself than is the physical body, is relaying confusing messages to the Overself and the Overself sends back a sort of command, "Get busy, do your stuff." The poor wretched male psyche is a

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man, and so all the interest is centered on a female, so you get the spectacle of a female making love to a female, and that is what we call a lesbian because of a certain island off Greece where that used to be “The done thing.”

‘It is quite useless to condemn homosexuals, they are not villains, instead they should be classed as sick people, people who have glandular troubles, and if medicine and doctors had the brains they were born with then they would do something about that glandular defect.

‘After my own experiences of late I am even more convinced that Western doctors are a crummy lot of kooks just out to make a fast buck. My own experiences have been unmentionably and adjectivally deplorable, however we are not discussing me now, we are discussing homosexuals.

‘If a lesbian (woman) or a homosexual (male) can find a sympathetic doctor then glandular extracts can be given which certainly improve the condition a lot and make life bearable, but unfortunately nowadays with the present breed of doctors who seem to be out to make money only, well, you have to search a long way to get a good doctor.

But it is useless to condemn a homosexual, it is not his fault or her fault. They are very very unhappy people because they are confused, they don’t know what has happened to them and they can’t help what is, after all, the strongest impulse known to man or woman—the reproduction impulse.

‘Head shrinkers, alias psychologists, are not much help really because they take years to do what the average person would do in a few days. If it is clearly explained to the homosexuals that they have a glandular imbalance, then they can usually adjust. Anyhow, the laws are being amended to cater for such cases instead of subjecting them to such fierce persecution and imprisonment for what is truly an illness.

‘There are various ways of helping such people. The first is that a very understanding and much older person who has deep sympathy with the sufferer should explain precisely what has happened. The second is the same as the first but with the addition that the victim should be given some medicament which suppresses the sexual urge. the sexual drive. The third—well, again, matters should be explained, and a qualified doctor can give hormone or testosterone injections which can definitely help the body in the matter of sexual adjustment.

‘The vital thing is that one should never, never condemn a homosexual, it’s not his fault, he is being penalized for something he hasn’t done, he is being penalized for some fault of Nature; perhaps his mother had the wrong sort of food, perhaps the mother and the child were chemically incompatible. However, whichever way you look at it, homosexuals can only be helped by true understanding and sympathy, and possibly with the judicious administration of drugs.’

‘What is the book?’ asked Justin as he finished reading, flipping shut the cover he read out, ‘Lobsang Rampa, “Feeding the Flame.” He should feed the flame if he attacks us,’ he commented sourly.

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‘What do you think of it, eh, Juss?’ asked Dennis hesitantly. ‘Do you think there is anything in it or is he just a guy drumming up hatred against us? What do you think, eh, Juss?’

Justin carefully smoothed his top lip where the moustache would not grow, and replied in a somewhat high voice, ‘Well, isn’t this fellow an ex-monk or something? He probably does not know the difference between a man and a woman, anyhow.’

They sat together upon the settee flicking through the pages of the book. ‘Lot of other things he writes here make good sense, though,’ mused Justin Towne. ‘How come then that he is so wrong about us?’ interposed Dennis Dollywogga. Then a positively brilliant thought struck him; he beamed like the newly risen sun and smiled, ‘Why don’t you write to him, Juss, and tell him he’s all wet? Wait a minute, does he give an address in this book? No? Then I guess he will get it care of the publisher. Let’s do it, Juss, eh?’

So it came to pass that in the fullness of time, as they say in the best circles, Author Rampa received a letter from a gentleman who insisted that Author Rampa did not know the first thing about homosexuals. Author Rampa duly considered the dire warnings about his sanity, perceptions, etc., and wrote an invitation to his correspondent. ‘Admittedly I know little of ANY sexual activities,’ indicted the Author, ‘but I still maintain the accuracy of my remarks. However,’ the letter continued, ‘you write me your opinion of homosexuality and if my publisher has strong nerves and a good heart he will permit me to print your letter or article in my thirteenth book.’

Two heads came together. Four eyes scanned the letter which had just been.

‘GEE!’ breathed Dennis Dollywagga in astonishment. ‘The old guy has passed the ball back to us. Now what’ll we do?’

Justin Towne sucked in his breath and his stomach. ‘Do?’ he queried in a quavery voice. ‘Why, You will write a reply that’s What YOU’LL do. You started this.’ For some time there was silence between them. Then both went off to what should have been their work but really was a session of cerebration on the boss’s time.

The hands of the clock crawled slowly around the dial. At last it was time to leave work and return to ‘the pad’.

Dennis was first home, soon followed by Justin. ‘Juss,’ muttered Dennis as he chewed the last of the hamburger. ‘Juss, you are the brains of this outfit, I am the brawn. Howsabout You writing some stuff. Gee, I’ve been thinking about it all day and I haven’t scratched out a thing.’

So Justin sat down with a typewriter and knocked out a reply. Dennis read it through carefully. ‘Wond-er-ful!’ he gusted. ‘Howsabout that!’ Carefully they folded the several pages and Dennis strolled out to the mail-box.

Canada’s postal services would never set a record for speed, what with strikes, sit-ins, slow-downs, and work-to-rules, but before mildew actually formed on the paper Author Rampa had the package dropped through his letter- box along with sixty-nine

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other letters that day. At last he came to that particular package. Slitting open the envelope he drew out the pages and read. 'Hmmm,' he said at last (if 'Hmmm' can be construed as saying). 'Well, I'll print the whole lot, letter and article because then people will have the whole thing straight from the horse's mouth.'

Later, Author Rampa returned to a re-reading of the letter and article. Turning to Miss Cleopatra the Siamese, he remarked, 'Well, Clee, in my opinion this ABSOLUTELY justifies what I wrote before. What do You think?' But Miss Cleopatra had other things, such as food, on her mind, so the Author just put the letter and article ready for the Publisher and here it is for you to read:

'Dear Dr. Rampa, 'I have broken a rule of mine, so to speak, by enclosing an unfinished piece of work. By that I mean that it is the First writing, off the top of my head. It is not what I wanted to say exactly, but for some reason it seems important that I get it off to you. When you see that I cannot spell and know little of English grammar you may just throw it away in disgust (I wouldn't blame you and I would not be angry).

'It does not always say well what I was trying to get across, and if I thought I would have time I would edit and rewrite it over and over until it was as good as I could make it, but perhaps it will be of some use even the way it is.

'Some of the things I wanted very much to say were: Most homos are not the little pansies you see on the street, they are not the ones the psychiatrists and doctors write about because those are the emotionally disturbed ones.

'Being an adventurer I have worked in cities, farms, some rodeo work, etc., etc., and I know homos in all fields who are as normal as "blue-berry pie" so to speak. So, they can be very masculine, they can think and act like men and do NOT think and act like women or have any of the feminine characteristics which so many heterosexuals seem to think they do.

'I wanted to stress TO the homo, what an important part he could play in this world, if he'd get off his behind and quit feeling sorry for himself. I don't believe in things like this "Gay Liberation" thing where like all youngsters today they think they have to make a big issue of it, but merely go along and do one's own job well, with the tools they have (Being their own talents etc.).

'I tried to point out too that in my own case I came from a very good normal home, no hang-ups to make me emotionally disturbed, and that really no one knows or suspects me of being "Gay" unless I want to tell them . . . I am NOT ashamed of it in the least, I just don't feel that it's their business any more than if I'm a Democrat or a Republican, a Christian or a hot-in-tot . . . I know too that I'm luckier than many because all people immediately want to pour out their hearts to me and I have thus learned so much, so very much about peoples feelings.

'But anyway, just for the record . . . You may use any or all of this article that you might want to, you may edit or change or correct or delete it to your hearts content, or you can junk it if its not worth using and I will not be hurt. If you want a name, you can use "Justin" and if by some SLIM chance (Because I'm disappointed in it) you should want to

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use ANY OR PART OF IT, AND IF YOU SHOULD (sorry about the caps) need to refer me to anyone with an honest enquiry either for or opposed, I wouldn't mind writing them, but I do not have a private box number so I'd rather have an opportunity to write them first. It always seems that through no fault of my own, that through pre-destination people would suddenly meet me and it was like I was meant to be there to help . . . But now, I am helping a lot of people but not my own kind so to speak.

'Well, I guess that's about it . . . I would like some day to write a book of my life (as would thousands of others) because it seems to stimulate many people to try harder but perhaps when I'm older. Right now I'm very busy building a business, a home, and doing lots of fun things (Gardening, for example, is fun for me) we have a little place in the country with lots of wildlife and much work, I wish you were able to visit, you'd like it I think.

'I hope all is going better for you and your projects.

Sincerely, JUSTIN.

'Everyone will agree that the characteristics of each individual from every other individual are as varied as the stars in the sky or the pebbles on a beach. It is agreed, I think, that this is what makes the world what it is, what makes great men and small men causes nations to rise and fall, and what attracts or repels one person to another. For the sake of clarity, let us agree that the word "Characteristics" implies all individual traits, moods strengths and weaknesses, faults, gifts, and generally the sum total of what makes each individual different from all other individuals.

Some of these characteristics come with us at birth either because we have developed them in previous lives or because we have chosen them as needs to help us in this life to become a more complete person. So also some of these characteristics have been developed during this lifetime.

'Societies at various times and in various places consider different characteristics to be good or bad, an asset or a detriment or just too common to be considered depending upon the particular views and needs of that particular society. But let us not deal with particular societies, but work on the teachings of all great religions, that being, that each man comes to earth expressly to learn and experience specific things, that he comes to earth deliberately choosing those characteristics which he alone needs to develop himself. This then causes us to look at all men with greater understanding, more tolerance and makes the statement "Judge not, lest ye be judged" far more significant. This is not to say that man's life is entirely pre-destined, for his free will exceeds the power of his birthright "Individual-Characteristics", and thus he may choose to use or misuse this Birthright at will.

'Of the many Characteristics possessed by man, those of an emotional nature usually seem to be the strongest. They include in part his likes and dislikes, his wants, and his loves, etc. Of these his loves or that emotional involvement which is brought on by his loves or hates and those around him play an extremely important part in his development in all other phases of his growth. For example, a man may love his chosen work to

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such an extent that all other experiences in life are put aside. He may love his family to such an extent that he will sacrifice his own development to assure them of their wants and needs. By the same token a man might hate to such an extent as to expend all his energies to eliminating that which he hates, forgetting entirely all that he was meant to do. Now this is particularly true in his loves and hates of another individual and when these emotional characteristics are joined by the most damaging of all, that of fear, all havoc can take place, reasoning can be lost and a complete breakdown can occur. For example, a suitor suddenly discovers his lady fair has another suitor who seems to be winning the battle, his love for her suddenly becomes even more intense, his fear of losing her magnifies his dislike for his competitor and if he allows himself, he might even forget his battle to win his love and concentrate solely on eliminating his foe by slander, trickery, and many other more drastic methods. Or he may brood and expend all his energies in feeling sorry for himself but not without turning his fears and hates secretly against his foe, but this again takes all his energies so that quite often his work will suffer, his health, his happiness, and generally all his growth will suffer.

"These then, Love and Fear and their counterparts hate and understanding (For no man can fear that which he entirely understands) are the strongest of all characteristics in man. Never are these stronger than in religious beliefs, political beliefs, and in one's personal loves. Cultures governments cities towns and small groups are all swayed

and governed by their attitudes towards these predominant characteristics.

'Let us consider that which is very close and important to almost every human being. His individual love for another individual and its effect on others. "Love is blind": "There's no accounting for taste in love" and "Love conquers all": are all very valid statements . . . John and Mary fall in love and marry against their families' wishes and a life time of misery and antagonism can be created for every member of both families. But let us not be concerned with individuals but with a universal and more dramatic difference. Let us take the difference between the Heterosexual and the Homosexual. The Heterosexual (male or female) is born into a world which seems to operate out of sheer need in a Heterosexual manner . . . It's quite obvious that this is the normal pattern for procreation, etc. Thus the Heterosexual cannot fathom the reasoning of a Homosexual. Some feel the Homosexual is a degenerate a lustful person who cannot control his or her desires; others think they are sick, etc.

. . . There have been hundreds of books written on the subject and most by Psychiatrists who think they (the homosexual) should have their heads shrunk or by medical doctors who feel their plumbing should be changed or medical aids should be applied to CHANGE THEM and a few books have been written by Homosexuals who are trying desperately to defend themselves and make something out of their sometimes unhappy lives. Unfortunately, because feelings run high among the majority of uninformed Heterosexuals, there can be no list of who's who in the Homosexual world . . . But for anyone informed it's a very long list. Like all groups of people we can subdivide them and categorize the homosexuals into three main groups, one group are those as described in "Feeding the Flame" that being those who by accident in birth became as they are.

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The second are those who because after birth have strong emotional problems and turn to homosexuality to solve or ease those problems. It is these groups that the doctors and psychiatrists write about. Those two groups are very small in proportion to the Third and most important group. This group are those individuals who could not possibly learn all that they must learn without being Homosexuals. In other words, they chose to come to this Earth in this life as Homosexual.

'Before we go into that, let us first be aware of the fact that there are millions of Homosexuals in the world . . . Men and Women . . . Some of the world's finest have been homosexuals . . . But the average person has no idea that so many of their friends and heroes and leaders are not of the same thinking that they are. In certain cities in the West the percentage is as high as ten per cent. Some surveys report even higher. In rural areas the percentage seems smaller, usually because the young homosexual girl or boy must find their own kind and since everyone knows all about everyone in a small community, it takes a lot for a person to remain in hostile country. The average person feels they can spot a homosexual any time or any place, but this is not true, even among homosexuals this is not true. There are thousands of happily married men and women with very fine children who are homosexuals and who may or may not actively "act out" as the psychiatrists like to say.

It is also false that a homosexual cannot make love to the opposite sex. (There are always a few exceptions to every rule.) But the homosexual does not have sex with the opposite sex usually because there is no attraction, no interest, they feel more like brothers and sisters towards the opposite sex . . or just as friends. You will find few homosexuals who have not had sex with the opposite sex because in growing up they go through great hell, accepting the fact that they chose to be what they are . . . so they feel it necessary to at least prove to themselves that they could if they wanted to . . . and also to prove that they are right . . . in that, physically it might be fun, but without that emotional "Rightness" it is a wrong and a waste of time, just as it's a waste of time to play football if you don't like football. Many homosexuals are very sensitive people, they **USUALLY HAVE A STRONG SENSE** of morality and will not hop from bed to bed (except when young—and that applies to the heterosexual world also) . . They have an eternal search for a permanent lover . . . once found, their lives are no different from the heterosexual.

'Why would anyone choose to be born a homosexual? Because unlike any other group, certain things can be learned. If one chose to be born black in an all-white country, or white in an all-black community one could learn how it feels to be in a minority group and learn things and feel things etc. that he could not as one of the masses in that group. So also the Homosexuals, except that the homosexual has a whole different set of problems to solve . . . For example, he can be put in jail just for being himself (in some places) he can lose his job, he can be run out of town and can be subjected to a whole lot of very uncomfortable scenes by a very unenlightened heterosexual world. The unenlightened heterosexual world feels they are just, because to them this person is going against the laws of man and God . . . But let me state here very definitely that (1) if it were God's will that he be such how can it be against His will? (2) Contrary to the belief of most **NO** man can be made a homosexual if he isn't one, any more than any man can be made

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a heterosexual if he isn't one. True, any man or woman can try anything . . . they might even participate for a short period of time witness the hustler and the prostitutes who will do anything for money but these are not what we are talking about . . . No mother or father need ever fear that their son or daughter is suddenly going to be made into something else . . . I have lived a long time and my life is that of a homosexual and I have spent a large part of that life working with the young on this very problem. But more of that later . . . But never have I seen a happy conversion or a permanent one from one to the other. If the "Magic" which attracts one human being to another isn't there no one can make it appear. If you could, there would be almost no homosexuals in this world, because the hell they go through in growing up is so intense that they would offer anything to make that magic appear. But there is a much happier side to all this. For the homosexual can learn and develop and accomplish things he could not possibly learn otherwise.

'For the average homosexual who once accepts himself in the right light, the greatest gift he receives is Understanding . . . He has developed through his own life-experiences a strong sensitivity to the feelings of others he or she usually has a very strong moral sense because of the monumental soul searching needed to accept oneself under these conditions. He is able to do a great deal of good in this world because he has learned the need for discretion, the need for truth the need for an alert mind, the ability to "phsyc" out people quickly and accurately and to be able to assess a situation immediately. After all, his whole life has depended on this ability. Thus great leaders, warriors, businessmen, doctors. and every field on this earth has been aided by gifts of the homosexual. The Homosexual is usually given a great artistic and aesthetic gift or ability in which case they become writers, musicians, artists, they usually are sympathetic people, with a strong love of people as a whole thus they are great comforters.

'Consequently with all these assets plus the fact that they are (if they wish to be) undetectable, they can travel through this world as can everyone else, doing much, much good, unimpeded as would perhaps a man born with a physical defect or a mental defect be, which might cause people to shun him. Thus if the homosexual will, he can make many many points for himself in his development.

'For the record also, the crime rate among homosexuals is very very low. They are tolerant and not prone to physical violence, it is extremely rare to hear of rapes in the homosexual world . . . seduction perhaps, but even then it is rare in relation to the heterosexual world, primarily because the homosexual has a great need to love and be loved and this cannot be found in rape or unwilling seduction. All in all the homosexual is not that villainous lecher that so many uninformed heterosexuals believe him to be. So often it's just that they cannot fathom why anyone could love someone of their own sex. But look at it this way; in some incarnations it is necessary to be born a woman to learn certain things, the next time one might be born a male.

Thus it is the person that counts, not the physical body that they occupy. Granted all the physical senses may ordinarily attract opposite sexes in this world so that the population doesn't come to a screeching halt, but by the same token we are usually attracted to people who are a compliment to our personality and whom we feel are going

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to help us along the path of life and someone whom we can help along that path . . . So does the homosexual.

'Perhaps if I briefly tell you a little about myself you can more readily appreciate this view.

'Born in a small California town of ideal parents. We were quite poor, it is true, but an amazing mother and staunch Christian never allowed us to think or feel "Poor". We were rich and very lucky, after all who else when it rained could sail sailboats down their living-room floor while their mother read them exciting sea stories? Who else had parents who could go out of an evening with their rifles and in the matter of an hour bring home fresh rabbit instead of having to eat ordinary store-bought meat? We were lucky children, the three of us, and happy. Raised in a mission school (co-educational) my mother's fondest wish was for one of us to join a religious Order: By the time I was five I knew that my brother and I had different ideas on the value of girls. Within the next couple of years I knew that nothing was more attractive and pleasurable than being in the company of boys or men, I would marvel at the physical beauty of the male and I made it a point even at that age to boy-watch, and that meant being one of them (I mean to participate in their activities and join them), but always I knew that my reason for liking them was different than their reason for liking me, to them I was just one of the guys, to me they were something very special, but I wasn't quite sure why . . . I could understand the girls drooling over them, but I felt sorry for the girls because they could never be a boy like me and be one of them at the same time. I never ever wanted to be a girl.

Naturally as youngsters we experimented with our toys, once we learned there was more to them than originally met the eye. Again I knew I was different because of how I "felt" about it. And even then I was always shocked to learn that to the other boy the experiment meant nothing . . because to me it was as spiritual as church. This bothered me because the dear holy Nuns and the church taught that all this was very bad indeed and I offered up Masses, Prayers, Candy, Work, and all sorts of things begging to make me like everyone else. Not because I wanted to, but so many people told me I was wrong . . . Not in so many words, mind you, because I KNEW I couldn't dare tell them really how I felt. I had always been a listener so I could understand them better, and I knew . . .

'At thirteen I was accepted into a monastery where I hoped to please my mother by being a monk, however I knew it wasn't right and left after a year and a half. I was then on my own, because my family let me know they could not support me. This was the Depression. This meant I did not have to go to school unless I wanted to because I had to work, and of course being a normal healthy boy I didn't want to go to school (I'd never been too good at it anyway). Off to the big city to make my fortune, for a while I was going to be a sailor and sail the seven seas, I even stowed away on a tanker, but common sense (or fear) made me get off before the ship sailed, then for a while I was going to Arizona to fight Indians and bad men, I loved horses and had a way with them so I'd be good in a posse, but the thought of chasing men whom I might like put me off that venture. Being venturesome I was constantly on the move, looking for a special friend and

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new discoveries. By the time I was sixteen I had learned three very important things. First, everyone, men, women, and children were attracted to me in every way. In addition, everyone trusted me and confided in me, and I was a listening post and a comforter for almost everyone I met. This led me into almost every walk of life my friends (some of them still), were wealthy, poor, crooks, and priests.

'Secondly, I learned I was Homosexual, I tried to force myself into a heterosexual life (sexually) but it always seemed unclean, whereas with my own kind it was something just as spiritual and good as could be asked for.

'Thirdly, I learned how fortunate and what a great obligation to others I had because I was strong, sure, normal, adventuresome, and I was needed. But this posed a serious problem. It posed obligations which I was not ready for, obligations to peoples' feelings. I learned that I, like everyone, could hurt people very much if I wasn't careful. I found too that many boys my own age more or less, were fighting being homosexual so hard they were getting all mixed up, some turning to crime to prove themselves men, some giving up and acting like girls, others sinking into their own black pits. I knew that somehow I could help them. The only way I knew was to make friends with as many people as I could find, and let them ask for help; having an affinity for slums I spent a great deal of time in the pool halls and hang-outs. But I needed too the stability of the more affluent and also spent time "up-town". My work went towards photography and the arts for a living, although whatever job came along was exciting, particularly if I'd never tried it before. The war came and I joined the Navy, after my discharge I worked for youth camps and reform schools, but this did not have the same effect as when by accident I would meet someone who really needed me . . . Let me also say, that there were more heterosexuals than homosexuals in my life and I never let them know my feelings, not because I was ashamed of them, but many would lose their confidence in me because they wouldn't understand.

'By the early fifties I was thirty and for a long time had thought it was time to do my own thing . . . this meant going to school and as I had no high school I decided to go to Europe where I could learn what I wanted without going to high school first and then being obliged to take all the other courses our colleges make one take which are alien to their chosen profession. I saved up four hundred dollars and headed for Europe, spending almost ten years there I found there were many people there needed me as a friend even though I was not a good linguist. Arriving back home in the early sixties I found myself living in the midst of the notorious Haight Ashbury district, I think it was here where I learned the most and the fastest . . . For within a few years it turned from a place where searching young people came to find truth to a place where they came to hide from life . . .

But in the first years I learned a great deal and my age and experience help a lot of others. I had a large apartment and made it a home for those who had none. Thus I met all sorts during that three years period. Now I am fifty and am working in an entirely different world of people, but I think the end results are much the same.

JUSTIN'

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CHAPTER FOUR

The Author sat in his office and grinned a grin of great appreciation. It was not an 'office', really, but a most uncomfortable metal bed with no springs. One of those things that went up or down at the touch of a button and then when the bed was at its highest—the electricity would be cut somewhere. But it was the only office the Author possessed. Now he sat in his office—such as it was—and grinned with sheer pleasure.

Mr. Harold Wilson, the former Prime Minister of England, was reported on the Canadian radio as having 'said his piece' about the Press. His remarks were to the effect that if the Press could get hold of a story, they distorted it. If they could not get hold of the story, they imagined it.

EXACTLY!

That is what the Author had been saying for YEARS—a lone voice crying out in the wilderness. The Press, in the Author's opinion, is FOUL! He always wondered how they got the idea that they were 'special'. A few years ago gossiping people were dunked in the village duck-pond. Now, if a person has a yen for garbage he joins the Press as a reporter. The Author, having bitter experience of the Press, very firmly believed that that gang is the most evil force on the Earth today, responsible for wars and strikes. However, the truth about the Press is not popular with Publishers, so as there is no opposition, that evil weed flourishes unchecked.

The Author sat in his office—the aforementioned bed—and contemplated his surroundings. A scruffy bed-table bought about a hundredth-hand from some local hospital, a beat-up old Japanese typewriter, and an even more beat-up old Author, the latter falling apart at the seams.

About seventy letters littered the bed. Fat Taddy the Siamese, wallowed among them, every so often rolling on her back and kicking her legs in the air. 'Shrimps shrimps,' she muttered, 'why don't we have shrimps eh? That's what I want to know!' Beautiful Cleopatra, her sister, sat beside the Author, her arms folded, an enigmatic smile on her face. 'Boss!' she said suddenly, rising and flicking an imagined speck of dust from her tail. 'Boss why don't you get in the wheelchair and we will go out, and watch the ships. Dull in here, eh?'

Just outside the window the Polish liner, the 'Stefan Batory' was getting ready to sail. The Blue Peter, the blue flag with the white square in the center, had just been hoisted and crowds were gathering as is ever the case when a liner is about to sail. For several moments the Author was tempted. 'Aw, why not?' he thought, then Virtue triumphed again—besides he had an extra twinge of pain just then—so he remarked, 'No, Clee, we have to work, we have to put some words on paper to pay for those shrimps that Taddy is still groaning about.' Miss Cleo yawned and leaped lightly to the floor and sauntered off. Miss Taddy gave a final roll and kick and followed.

The Author gave a sigh that almost blew all the letters off his bed and reached for

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a handful. One letter fell open.

'How is it,' the writer thundered, 'that you DARE to say that you will not answer letters unless money for postage is enclosed? Don't you know that people do you an honor when they spend their money and time in writing to you? You have a DUTY to reply to all letters and give all information asked for!'

'Tut, tut!' thought the Author. 'There is one biddy who is going to get a surprise.' The typewriter was a heavy old thing, knee-cracking when endured for too long but the Author had no sylph-like figure and although he had slimmed from a modest two hundred and eighty-something pounds, two hundred and fifteen was the rock-bottom limit even on a thousand-calorie a day diet. The problem was, was his bay-window too 'bay' or were his arms too short. Secretary? No sir, no ma'am. No secretary, and only authors who write pornographic stuff make enough to pay a secretary.

So, our Author glumly grabbed the old typewriter and dragged the wretched thing on to his knees. 'Dear Miss Buggsbottom,' the keys clattered, 'your kind letter has been received but not WELL received. May I take the opportunity to "put you straight", or "wise you up", as the Americans say? My mail is going up, Miss Buggsbottom, and so are mail charges. Now, the cost in time and material is now calculated as being MORE than three dollars to send out one single-page letter. Contrary to your assumption, I do NOT get a dollar on each book sold. I receive from seven to ten percent of the lowest price in the country in which the book is printed.'

The Author snorted and fumed with indignation: 'From this I may have to pay the first publishers fifty per cent—don't ask me why! Then there are other commissions to pay, losses on currency conversion, and TAX. So, Miss Buggsbottom, you really do not know what you are writing about. Ah yes, an author has to EAT as well, you know!'

Ra'ab came in: 'Mail has come,' she said, 'only sixty-three today. Must be held up somewhere.' Reminded the tattered Author of another letter he had tucked away. He fished in the first pile and came up with a gaudy orange sheet with some quite improbable flowers printed all around the edges. 'Ah!' he said 'Here it is.' Unfolding it, he read: 'You say you are a monk. How is it, then, that there is a "Mrs."? Some monk, eh? How are you going to explain that?'

The poor Author sighed anew in his exasperation. 'What queer things people are!' he thought, but the answer, typed, might help someone. Ladies and gentlemen: have you ever heard of a nunnery where there has been a priest? Have you ever heard of a community where a man can live with a woman with women? They are not always doing the things which the prurient think they will be doing. Have you ever heard of a prison (for example) which has a female nurse? Come to that, have you ever heard of a solitary night nurse on a mens' ward? Come! Come! In the better communities men and women are not ALWAYS jumping into bed together. Oh, naughty, naughty. What thoughts people have!

The same Esteemed Correspondent (Esteemed should be reversed!) also went on to write, 'and why do you wear a beard, to hide a funny mouth or something?' But the

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Great Public would be amazed if they knew the rot which the component parts making up the Great Public wrote. Here is an actual extract—no, the whole letter which was received from one peculiar person. It is absolutely true and un- altered : 'Dear Sir, I must be FREE, free to live my own life without being ordered about by others. I must be FREE or my soul will die. Send me one million dollars by return.

(signed . . .) P.S. Thanks in advance.'

The Author, having typed it from the original, turned it over and over in his hands. Some of the letters were . . FUNNY. He sighed again, probably lack of oxygen from the stale, polluted air of the city, and tossed the letter into the garbage bin. Pfah! 'You can say that again,' muttered Fat Taddy as she sauntered in. But Life and Letters move on.

More about homosexuals? What a furor. Some people opposed to them would completely spoil their fun with their sharp knives. But here is something about the distaff side of it.

The underground Bar in the wilder reaches of Soho, London, where ANYTHING goes, was almost empty. A thuggish-looking bar-tender was leaning up against the far wall of his domain, idly picking his teeth and thinking of nothing in particular. At the distal end of the bar two people sat on high stools and muttered low in conversation about low subjects—waist-high subjects.

Lotta Bull was the epitome of the masculine woman, lacking only certain essential attachments to make her a complete man. Her hair was clipped short in almost military fashion, her hard face would have been an asset to a sergeant-major in a tantrum. Her dress was the most unisex of unisex, and her voice was as deep as the voices of the ships in the Pool of London. She cast a proprietorial eye on the girl before her.

Rosie Hipps was all feminine, fluff, and froth with hardly a thought in her vapid blonde head. With the blue eyes and curls of a china doll she gave an impression of demure innocence. Rosie Hipps was curved, as curved as Lotta Bull was straight. Rosie delicately dangled a cigarette in a very long holder; Lotta chewed on the end of one of those small cheroots.

A customer entered the bar and stood for a moment gazing around. Spotting Rosie Hipps he started in her direction, but changed course abruptly in midstream at the sight of Lotta Bull's fierce glare. Discreetly he moved off in the direction of the barkeep now straightened up and polishing glasses. 'Let that doll alone,' whispered the barkeep, 'or her butch will DO ya. She's a WILD one, that Lotta Bull. What'll ya have?'

'Men! That's all they think about' snorted Lotta. 'I'd kill the man who approached ME the wrong way. Women is MY meat, cleaner. Cleaner. Have you ever had a man, Rosie?'

Rosie smiled, then laughed outright at her private thoughts. 'Let's go somewhere' she said, 'this is no place to talk.' Quickly they emptied their glasses and sauntered out into the street. 'Let's get a taxi,' she said.

A quick flick of her hand, and Lotta Bull had a London taxi turn in its own length in

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the street and come to a halt beside them. The driver watched them get in, pushed down his fare flag and nodded knowingly as Lotta gave the address in an obscure street in Paddington, just by the backside of the Hospital. Traffic was light—for London—at this time of the evening. Office workers had gone home, shops were closed, and it was yet too early for the cinema and theatre crowds. The taxi sped along, avoiding the lumbering red buses, passing the familiar Green Line vehicles also on their hurried journeys from and to the country beyond the city.

The taxi swung around a corner and came to a gentle halt. Lotta Bull peered at the fare meter and fumbled in her purse before paying. 'Thanks a lot, sir,' said the taxi-driver, 'have a good trip.' With the familiarity of long practice he meshed gears and sped off down the road in search of the next fare.

Lotta Bull stomped stolidly across the sidewalk. Rosie Hipps teetered along after her on heels so high that everything shook and bounced in the right places. Sundry men, of all ages, abroad in the street, did a swivel-head turn and whistled appreciatively, drawing frosty stares from Lotta.

The key grated in the lock and with an almost inaudible 'snick' the door swung open. Lotta fumbled for the light switch and the entrance room was flooded with light. They entered and the door swung shut behind them. 'Ah!' breathed Rosie Hipps as she sank gratefully into a low chair and pulled off her shoes, 'My feet are killing me!' Lotta swung into the kitchen and plugged in the electric kettle.

'Cuppa char, that's what I want,' she said, 'I'm dry as a bone.'

The tea was hot, the cakes pleasant. Together they sat on the 'Antique from Liberty's' love-seat and with a low table before them. 'You were going to tell me, Rosie, about this first man of yours,' said Lotta, reaching out a foot and pushing away the table. She swung her shoeless feet on to the love-seat and pulled Rosie down beside her.

Rosie laughed and said, 'Quite the damndest thing really. That was a few years ago. I didn't know the difference between a boy and a girl then. Didn't know there was a difference, Mum was VERY strict. So I was going to Sunday School in those days—I was about sixteen I guess. The teacher was a young fellow maybe twenty years of age. He seemed friendly and I was flattered. Got a nice little Vauxhall car, too, so he must have been well off I thought.' She stopped to light a cigarette and blew a cloud of smoke into the air.

'Many times after Sunday School he wanted to drive me home, but I always said no as Mum was so strict. So he suggested driving me and dropping me off at the end of our street. I said yes and got in the car. All green it was, very nice car too. Well, he took me home several times and once we stopped in the Park—we lived in Wandsworth then. He seemed to have difficulty with his breathing or something, and I did not know a thing he was talking about and as his hands were so busy I thought he was wanting a fight or something—poor fool that I was. But then a policeman on a horse came round the corner and the fellow just jammed in the gears and we took off like scared rabbits.'

She fiddled with her cigarette and mashed it in the ashtray. For a few moments

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there was silence, broken at last by Lotta Bull saying, 'Well? What then?'

Rosie Hipps heaved such a sigh that she almost popped over the top and then continued, 'Mum was such a prude. There was no man ever in the house. Dad had been killed in an accident soon after I was born. I had no male relatives at all no pets-nothing. The "Birds and the Bees" lark was lost on me. Oh sure at school we girls fooled round together, as girls will. We explored every avenue as the politicians say, but boys—no. There was a bit of talk about them, but the remarks were quite beyond my understanding. I knew there were Christians and I knew there were Jews, and I thought the difference between boys and girls was much about the same, one went to a different church or a different school or something.'

She paused to light a fresh cigarette, coughing quite a bit as she drew breath at the wrong moment. Lotta Bull sat up to pour herself a fresh cup of tea and downed the tepid stuff in one mighty swallow. She lay back and put her arms around Rosie, 'Yes?' she enquired, running her hands up and down as if she was practicing the violin.

'Well, how can you expect me to talk when you are doing THAT?' asked Rosie. 'Wait until I've told you, if you want to hear, you want your cake set to music or something?'

Lotta put her arms around Rosie's waist again and said, 'Aw, shucks, you got a dose of the innocents again? Talk!'

'Well,' said Rosie, 'I didn't see him at all until the next Sunday School. He looked a bit scared at me and whispered, "Did you tell your mother?" So of course I told him no, I didn't tell HER everything. He looked relieved and then went on teaching us the Good Word. Then he said that a man from the Band of Hope wanted to talk to us because we should sign the Pledge to be good little teetotalers or something. Didn't mean a thing to me as I had never tasted the stuff.'

Outside there was an almighty crash as two cars collided with a tinny jangle. Lotta Bull jumped up so violently that poor Rosie was tipped over onto the floor. Lotta rushed to the window and peered out at the scene below, pedestrians standing gaping, two drivers shouting indecent imprecations at each other, and then—the Police. 'Fuzz!' gloomed Lotta. 'Never could stand the fuzz, they always spoil everything. Come on, Rosie, get with it again.' They resumed their places on the love-seat—so aptly named—and Rosie continued.

'After Sunday School I was going home when HE drove up beside me and opened the car door. I got in and he drove off, we went along to Putney and sat in the car by the side of the river. Of course, there were a lot of people about, so we just sat and talked. He said a lot of things which I just did not understand . . . THEN! He said how silly I was to always go by what my mother told me. "Come up to Maidenhead with me next Saturday;" he said "tell your mother you are going out with a girl-friend. I know a nice little place, we will have FUN." So I said I would think about it and then he drove me home after arranging to meet me after school on Friday.

'Mother was a perfect beast all that week. "What is the matter with you, Rosie?"

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she kept on. At school everything went wrong. My girl-friend, Milly Coddle took a sudden hate to me—you know one of those things that girls get—and life was perfectly miserable. I was one of the prefects, and the Head bawled me out for not reporting various things which I had not even seen. Then when I said I had not seen them, she told me I wasn't fit to be a Prefect; oh, it was a BEASTLY week!

Poor Rosie stopped and gasped with indignation as all the memories came flooding back. 'Then the Headmistress asked me if I were in trouble or something. I said no, only the trouble she was giving me, and then she turned red and said she would speak to my mother about my saucy manner. Oh Lord! I thought, now I've had EVERYTHING. But the week crawled, I mean CRAWLED.'

Lotta Bull nodded her head in sympathy. 'Let's have a drink, eh Rosie?' she asked, rising and going to the Fitted Bar in the corner of the room. 'What'll you have? Scotch? Gin and Tonic? Vodka?'

'No, I'm common today, give me a Watneys,' said Rosie, 'all my hopes are on the bier now, so give me a beer.'

Together they sat on the love-seat, Lotta with Scotch on the Rocks, and Rosie with her Watneys. 'Gee! You are interesting me,' exclaimed Lotta, 'care to tell me the rest?'

'So, on Friday morning before school,' resumed Rosie, 'Mum got a letter from the Head—the old beast—and as Mum read she turned a horrid purple. "Rosie," Mum yelled as she finished the letter (it must have been a corker!) "Rosie, you just wait until you come back from school. I'll lambast you, I'll take the hide off your back you . . . you . . .!" she gasped and spluttered and words failed her. I fled.

At school that day I was in trouble from start to finish: everyone was LIVID at me.' She paused to take a drink and to recollect her thoughts. 'HE was waiting just beyond the school gates. BOY! Was I ever glad to see him! I ran to the car and jumped in. He drove away fast and we parked farther on—you know that little square—and I told him all my troubles. I told him I was afraid to go home. "Tell you what," he said at last, "you write a note to your mother and I will get a boy to deliver it. Say you're spending the night with your girlfriend Molly Coddle." So I tore a page out of my exercise book and scribbled a note.' Lotta nodded her head avidly.

'Soon after HE had got a boy on a bicycle to deliver the note, we were speeding up the road towards Maidenhead. On the outskirts there was a nice little place, you know, cabins. Bit of a restaurant there, too. He booked a room for us and then we went in and had a meal. It was about time, too, for I was absolutely STARVED. Mum had been going on so at me that I, well, I just had to miss my breakfast in order to get away from the racket. I mean, one just can't eat when another person is screaming at one. Then you know what school meals are! School dinners are something to be forgotten if at all possible.' She tossed her head and winkled her nose at the mere thought.

'Yes,' muttered Lotta Bull sourly, 'but you should see what they gave us in the Reformatory! But go on.'

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‘So I was truly famished.’ resumed Rosie Hipps. ‘I ate everything I could but HE kept on talking, not that I listened, I was too busy eating. Seemed he wanted to play around. Oh! What’s it matter? I thought, only the same thing as Molly Coddle and I do together. What if he is different from me in some strange way? Can’t a Christian worship with a Jew? Oh! What an ignorant fool I was!’

She sat back and laughed ruefully at the memory, took a sip of her drink, and resumed her narrative. ‘Well, I’d had a lot to eat and a lot to drink—tea, you know, and I looked around for the “Ladies” and could not see it so I said for us to go across to the room. We went across the car-park and into the room we had booked. The bathroom door was standing open so I said I had to go in. Well, I was rather a long time, what with one thing and another, but at last I was finished in there so I switched off the light and went into the bedroom.’ She stopped with a short, hard laugh.

Lotta Bull was sitting there with her mouth slightly open. Taking a drink, she resumed: ‘I turned round, and there HE was. My God, I never had such a shock before—there he was naked as the day he was born. But, ‘oh my God! He was all hairy and he had a terrible growth-thing sticking out. “He’s got a cancerous growth” I thought to myself then he moved towards me and I slid to the floor in a dead faint. Must have caught my head against the edge of a chair or something, because I REALLY was knocked out.’ Lotta Bull was panting with emotion and her eyes were beginning to look wild.

Rosie Hipps continued, ‘After what seemed to be a very long time I was aware of things again. There seemed to be a terrible weight thumping about on me. “Oh my God! I thought drowsily. “An elephant is sitting on me.” I opened my eyes and let out a screech of terror. HE was lying on me, and I was bath-naked too. Gee, he was hurting me. Then you know, the damndest thing he jumped free of me and flapped down on his knees and started praying hard. Then there was the sound of running feet, a key was jammed in the door and two men burst in. And all I was covered with was a blush of shame!’

Lotta Bull sat back with her eyes half closed probably visualizing the scene. But Rosie went on ‘One of the men stared at me,—everywhere, and said, ‘Heard ye screech, Miss, was he raping you?’ Without another word they both rushed at the Sunday School teacher and kicked him hard in all sorts of places. He just bellowed out prayers.

“Better get yer clothes on, Miss,” said one of the men, “we will call the cops.” “Oh my God.” I thought. “What will happen now?” I dashed into my clothes and was frightened to see that I had a lot of blood on my legs, but I had to dress.’

‘What happened then, did they get the police?’ asked Lotta Bull.

‘They sure did!’ answered Rosie. ‘Better than anything on the telly. A police car rushed up, and then right behind there was some jerk from the Press. He leered at me and licked his chops as he opened his notebook. A policeman stopped him. “Let her go,” he said, “she may be under age.” So the jerk from the Press did the eyeball ogle at the Sunday School teacher who was standing there like a peeled banana. The men would not let him dress until the police came. By now I understood the difference between a man and a woman!’

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Outside a newsboy was crying, "Speshul! Crime of the Century! Speshul."

"That's what they do," said Lotta Bull, "the Press get hold of some little incident and make a big thing out of it. But what happened then?"

"Well," said Rosie Hipps, "the police asked a lot of questions. My! What a brou-ha-ha there was! They asked me a lot of questions, did I go into the room with him willingly. I said yes, but I did not then know what he wanted. I said I did not know the difference between a man and a woman. They laughed like DRAINS at that and the pressman scribbled feverishly. "I do now," I added, and he scribbled again. Suddenly the Sunday School teacher broke free and dropped to his knees where he babbled out prayers by the bucketful. Then, good heavens, he rose to his feet and accused ME of leading him on! I never felt so humiliated in my life."

"Did they take you to the police station?" asked Lotta.

"Yes, they did. I was put in the police car beside the driver and the other policeman and the Sunday School teacher got in the back and we drove off to the Maidenhead Police Station. The Press tagged on behind. By now there were seven of them. At the police station I was rushed into a room and a doctor and a woman police officer made me take off all my clothes. They spread my legs apart—my! was I ever embarrassed?—and examined me. The doctor called out about marks, bruises, and all that, and the woman officer wrote it all down. Then the doctor stuck a tube thing up me and told me he was just drawing off a specimen to see if I had been raped. God! What else did he think had happened to me."

She stopped and picked up the glass which Lotta had just refilled. After a good drink, as if to wash away bad memories, she continued, "After what seemed to be hours and hours a man and woman police took me home to Mum. Mum was white and stuttering with rage. She waved a paper with great big headlines which said that "Schoolgirl ruins prominent Sunday School teacher." Mum was LIVID and I mean LIVID. She told the police to take me off anywhere, but she had finished with me—and the door slammed with a crash. The cop and copess looked at each other. The woman took me back to the police car and the man stayed knocking at the door"

She stopped to light a cigarette and then went on, "At last the policeman came back and said that Mum had shut the door on me for ever. He looked at me with some sympathy and said they would have to take me to a Salvation Army Home for Wayward Girls—me! So to cut a long story short, I was lodged for the night in the awful old building that you know so well."

Lotta Bull sniffed. "Sure do!" she remarked acidly. "That's where I learned about the Birds and Bees and discovered that Pot was not to sit on, but tell me the rest about you."

Rosie Hipps looked rather pleased at Lotta's sustained interest, and went on with her story. "That night I learned all about Life. Learned all about sex. Boy-o-boy! Some of those girls were crazy, I mean CRAZY! The things they did to each other. But anyhow even that endless night of Hell passed and in the morning I was given breakfast—which

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I couldn't eat—and then I was taken off to Court and I DON'T mean Buckingham Palace!' She sat silent for a few moments, collecting her bitter thoughts, then, lighting a fresh cigarette, she resumed her tale.

'The policewoman who came for me treated me as if I were a dangerous criminal. She sure was rough with me. I told her I was the injured one. "Sez you!" she replied. Well, after a very long wait I was pushed into the courtroom—oh! it was awful! The Press were there Mum sat glowering at me, and they brought the Sunday School teacher and put him in the dock. I had to tell all. Some of the men were panting, when I was asked did I go willingly with him. I said I did but I did not know what he wanted. Everybody guffawed. Oh! I can hardly bear to think about it even now.' She stopped and dabbed at her eyes with a minute scrap of lace.

'But anyway,' she continued, 'they said that I was of the Age of Consent, just over sixteen, and a pressman who had been doing a feature story of our school rushed to babble that he had seen me run to the car and jump in. There was no force used, he said. So they let off the Sunday School teacher with a warning to be a good boy in the future. My! He sure did beat it out of that Court!' She stopped and stubbed out her cigarette and took a drink.

'Then they started on me,' she said. 'I was a bad, ungrateful wicked girl. Even my poor long-suffering widowed mother who had been working her fingers to the bone for me for sixteen years had got sickened by me and had turned me out, rejected me, and wanted nothing more to do with me. So the Court had to do something about it to save my soul. Then a Probation Officer or something clattered to her hind legs and said her piece. The old boy trying the cases fiddled with his glasses, consulted a book or two and then said I would have to go to a School for Wayward Girls for two years.'

Lotta Bull nodded in mute sympathy. Rosie continued, 'We'll, that just broke me up. I mean, I hadn't done ANYTHING. So I told them what happened just as calmly as I could as I wanted to make the record clear. The old boy said I was a very rude girl and most ungrateful. "Next case," he called. and I was hustled away to a cell. Some old geezer thrust a sandwich in my shaking hand and someone else pushed a great thick mug of cold tea at me. Of course I couldn't touch the stuff.'

'Just like when they got me,' said Lotta Bull, 'but go on.'

Rosie drew a deep breath and said, 'Then some woman came in and told me that I could not go to the school today and I should have to spend the night in Holloway Prison. Just imagine me in Holloway, and I really hadn't done a thing. But they took me there in a Black Maria. It was AWFUL. I've never felt so alone in my life.' She stopped and shuddered, and then said, simply, 'And that's how it was with me.'

Lotta Bull moved a cushion and a book fell to the floor with a soft plop. She moved a long arm and picked it up. Rosie looked at the cover and smiled with interest, 'Quite a good book,' said Lotta, 'wait a moment,' she fumbled at the pages, 'read this, he writes quite a bit about homos and lesbians. You should read it. I agree with every word of it.'

Rosie Hipps laughed with considerable affection. 'Read it?' she said. 'I have all

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the books he has written and I know every one to be true. I write to him, you know.'

Lotta Bull laughed. 'Aw, go on!' she said. 'He's the hermitest hermit of them all. How could you know him?'

Rosie smiled a secret smile and said, 'He helped me a lot. He helped me when I thought I was going mad. That's how I know him!' She fished in her handbag and eventually produced a letter. 'This is from him,' she said as she passed it to Lotta.

Lotta read and nodded her approval. 'What is he really like?' she asked.

'Oh, a bit of a square,' answered Rosie. 'Like, he doesn't drink or smoke. Women are just abstract concepts to him. Just as well too,' she added, 'because he has the sex appeal of last week's cold rice pudding. No, he thinks that if women stayed at home and looked after the kids the world would be a better place. You know, no junkies, no punks.'

Lotta Bull frowned in concentration. 'No women, eh? Is he . . . ONE OF US—homo?'

Rosie Hipps sat back and laughed until the tears came to her eyes. 'Good gracious, NO!' she exclaimed. 'You've got him all wrong. Anyhow,' she said sadly 'the poor guy is stuck now between his bed and his wheelchair.'

'Gee, I'd like to meet him!' breathed Lotta.

'Not a hope!' replied Rosie. 'He doesn't meet people any more. He has had some foul Press creeps cook up an absolute swatch of lies about him and misrepresent everything he has said or done. Now he thinks the Press is the most evil force on this world. I know the Press was the cause of ME going to the Corrective School,' she added reflectively.

'Aw well,' said Lotta Bull, rising to her feet, 'guess we should be going down to the Expresso.'

CHAPTER FIVE

The gentle rain came drifting down as though wafted earthwards by a compassionate Goddess of Mercy bringing renascent life to an arid area. The softly falling water, as tenuous as a mist, hesitated and wavered as though uncertain of its destination, then, touching the dry soil, there was a faint hiss and the moisture vanished into the depths. In the soil little rootlets stirred to a dim awareness at the liquid touch, stirred to awareness, and avidly absorbed the life-giving water. As though by the waving of a miracle wand, the first tiny specks of green appeared on the surface of the land. A faint dusting of green which grew and thickened as the rain increased.

Now the rain had increased to a torrential downpour. Huge drops fell and raised small gouts of earth, besmirching the newly-green plants with sodden mud. Here and there the first tiny buds appeared. In this desolate region Nature was prepared to move fast, to put forth vegetation at the first sign of moisture. Small insects scurried busily from plant to plant and leaped from pebble to pebble.

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From a nearby depression in the ground there came a faint, strange hiss, followed by gurgling and the tinkle of rolling stones. Soon there came the first swelling waters of a rivulet, carrying a scum of arid soil, drowned insects, and the dry debris of an area a long time without water.

The clouds lowered even more. The monsoon weather of India butted against the Himalayas and spilled torrents of water from upset, heavily-laden clouds. Lightning flashed and the thunder roared and re-echoed against the mountain sides. Here and there lightning struck viciously against a towering pinnacle, shattering it, exploding it into a cloud of dust and stones which came tumbling down the steep mountainsides to thud heavily against the sodden earth below. A boulder toppled and fell with a soggy splash into a pool of water, crushing plants, spewing mud all over the rocks.

The river, in full spate, overflowed its banks and the tributaries found their flow reversed. The willows found the waters climbing higher up their trunks. Birds cowered forlornly in the topmost branches, too wet to fly and fearing the end of the world. The rain fell. The marshes became lakes. The lakes became inland seas. Thunder boomed and roared around the valleys, with the endless, senseless echoes a thousand times repeated, making a mind-stunning medley of sound.

The day darkened and became as the dark of a moonless night. The rain fell as though in solid sheets. No longer was there a discernible river-course, now the whole land seemed covered with turbulent water. A howling gale sprang up and lashed the surface of the flood into white froth. The shriek of the wind rose higher and became a shrill keening which tore at the nerves and gave one thoughts of souls in torment. There came a vivid flash as though the sun were exploding, and a shattering crash of thunder, and the rain stopped as though upon the turning off of a tap. A shaft of sunlight pierced through the darkness, was momentarily obscured, and then the clouds were overcome and rolled back to let the light of day shine again upon the flooded world.

Dotted around, on the higher ground where there was yet some semblance of firmness, dark gray masses of boulder-like proportions suddenly hove to sturdy feet and became monolithic yaks with sodden hair streaming rivulets of water from broad backs. Lethargically they shook themselves, sending sprays of water all around them. Satisfied that they were rid of all running water they nuzzled the drier ground in the endless quest for food. Beneath the precarious shelter of a mighty rock outcrop came excited chattering. Gradually figures emerged muttering imprecations against the inclement weather. Groaning, they stripped off their sopping clothing and wrung it dry and donned it again. Soon, from humans and animals, a faint haze of steam rose as they dried out in the increasing heat of the day.

A young man detached himself from the group and went running across the land, skipping from dry patch to dry patch as best he could. At his heels a huge mastiff barked and gamboled. With shouts and barks the pair set the yaks moving in the direction of the others and then, that accomplished, man and mastiff set out to round up the ponies clustered against a distant rock wall.

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A rough path led between fallen rocks to a space which had been cleared at the foot of the mountain, from thence the path deviated and wound upwards for some three hundred feet, terminating in a rock shelf upon which grew a straggly bush some six feet high. Beyond the bush the rock face gave way to an opening, the entrance to a rather large cave eventually leading to tunnels from a long-extinct volcano.

A speck of color, no, two specks of color, showed to the careful observer. At the mouth of the cave sat a Lama and his acolyte, both dry and at ease, both looking out over the vast Plain of Lhasa, observing the rapid run-off of the waters hitherto flooding the land. The unexpected cloud-burst had left the air even clearer than usual and the pair gazed out over the familiar landscape.

From far away the golden roof-tops of the Potala shot out blinding gleams of light as the sun was reflected from the many facets and angles. The newly-painted front of the building gleamed with ochre and Prayer Flags whipped and weaved in the stiff breeze. The buildings of the Medical School on Iron Mountain looked strangely fresh and clean, and the buildings of the village of Sho glittered brightly.

The Serpent Temple and Lake were clearly to be seen, and the willows in the water were nodding their heads as if in some unspoken agreement. Faint dots of color showed that monks and Lamas were going about their everyday business. A thin thread of pilgrims could be discerned making their way along the Inner Road of the Pilgrims' Circuit on their Act of Faith journey from the Cathedral of Lhasa to the Potala and back. The Western Gate was shining in the sunlight, and a straggle of traders could be seen passing between the Pargo Kaling and the small nunnery opposite.

Below, at the foot of the mountain, the traders had succeeded in loading their yaks and mounting their ponies. Now, with many a shout and jest, they were making their slow way along to the pass leading down, down, into the lowlands of Tibet and China.

Slowly the lowing of the yaks, the barking of the dogs and the shouts of the humans, passed out of hearing, and peace and silence descended once again.

The Lama and the acolyte surveyed the scene before them. In the distance, to the left of Chakpori, the ferryman could be seen in his inflated hide boat. Frantically he stabbed downwards with his long pole, trying to reach river bottom and stop from being washed away on the swollen crest of the overflowing river. Desperately he reached out and probed deeply down. His boat tipped beneath him, gave a sideways shimmy and slid away leaving the boatman struggling and drowning in the flood waters. The boat sped on, lighter now, and borne by the swift waters and sped faster by the breeze. The long pole drifted idly in the shallows which had ironically been so near, while the boatman floated face-down after them.

High overhead the vultures swooped and wheeled in their search for food, staring with keen eyes towards any human or creature in distress. One tentatively dived on the drowned boatman and swerved away at the last moment, observing closely. Seeing no motion the bird swooped again and landed on the dead man's back. Preening itself a moment, the bird looked round defiantly, and then went to work on the back of the man's

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head.

'Tomorrow.' said the Lama to the acolyte, 'we will travel down to the lower reaches and call upon our friends. For this day we will rest and relax, and it will be an opportunity for us to conserve our energies. The journey will be long and arduous. I see there are a few sticks washed by the base of those rocks.' He rose to his feet and pointed. 'So you go and collect them and we will prepare tea and tsampa.'

He smiled slightly, and remarked, 'And after that I will give you some basic instruction in relaxation and in breathing. Both matters in which you are notoriously deficient. For the nonce, collect the wood.' He turned and entered the cave.

The small acolyte scrambled to his feet and reached for a length of rope set to one side. Coiling it around his waist and over his shoulder and so placing himself in grave jeopardy of hanging, he shuffled off down the path to the floor of the valley. About to round a large boulder, he checked himself suddenly. THERE was a large bird sitting preening itself and drying out feathers besodden by the recent downpour.

The small acolyte stopped and pondered upon his course of action; IF he waited until the bird buried its head beneath a wing he could steal forward and give it a bump up the behind—to its great amazement! But if he wriggled forward on his stomach, he could grab the bird by the foot. The first idea was obviously the best. He edged forward, holding his breath—inching forward until he was pressed flat against the side of the boulder.

The bird scratched, preened its feathers and flapped its wings. Then, satisfied that it could be no cleaner, it settled comfortably on the rock and buried its head beneath a wing. Entranced, the small boy hurried forward, stumbled over a fallen stone and fell headlong. The bird, roused so suddenly by the fright, reacted as birds will; it ejected a noxious 'gift' over the small acolyte's face and then lumbered heavily into the air. The small boy fumbled desperately at eyes which were suddenly glued shut. From the cave-mouth above there came a soft chuckle.

At last the acolyte clawed the sticky, smelly mass from his face and eyes and made for a small pool of water set in a hollow of the rocks. There, very reluctantly, he dipped his face in the ice-cold water and scrubbed himself fairly clean. From above came the exhortation: 'Don't forget the wood!' The boy jumped, he had forgotten all about it.

Turning, he made off down the rock-strewn path, but temptation was ever in lurk for small boys. On a great flat rock there swayed an immense boulder.

By some freak of nature it had fallen in such a position that it balanced exactly. Now it was teetering forwards and backwards. The young acolyte beamed and moved forward. Placing his hands against one surface he pushed hard, relaxed as the rock swung back, pushed hard again, and gradually built up a greater and greater swing. At last the rock swung far beyond its center of gravity and toppled with an earth-shaking crash. The boy grinned with satisfaction and turned back towards the cave.

Half-way there he jumped with fright as he received a stern telepathic message

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which almost cracked his skull. 'Wood,' commanded the message, 'WOOD! WOOD!' Turning on his heel, he went running down the path again with 'WOOD-WOOD!' drumming through his mind.

At last a large amount of wood was gathered. The young acolyte bundled it together and then passed the end of the rope around the whole pile. The other end of the rope he put around his waist and, dragging and straining, he managed to convey the whole bundle to the mouth of the cave. There the Lama was waiting somewhat impatiently, and he helped break up the wood into suitable sticks for the fire which was speedily kindled.

'Your posture is deplorable,' said the Lama, 'and we shall have to do something about it or you will end up like these Western people whom I have seen when visiting India. Before we start our breathing exercises let me instruct you on an exercise which is most applicable to the present occasion.' He smiled as he told the young boy to rise to his feet.

'This is an exercise which is wonderfully invigorating for those who sit a lot—and you are sitting most of the time,' he said. 'This exercise is very good for reducing abdominal fat. It has the interesting name of "the wood-chopping exercise" because its action simulates the benefit to be obtained when chopping wood. Now, stand up!' He made sure the boy was standing erect. 'Imagine you are chopping wood, imagine you have a very heavy axe in your hands, one of those very, very good axes which have just been brought by traders from Darjeeling. Now, stand firmly, stand very firmly, and have your feet wide apart. Then you must clasp your hands together just as if you were holding the shaft of a heavy axe. Imagine that the head of the axe is on the ground, so take a deep breath and raise your hands and the imaginary axe high above your head until your body has gone to the other extreme and no longer is bending forward but is bending backwards.

'You have to bear in mind that you are lifting a very heavy axe, so let your muscles simulate that—you are lifting a very heavy axe. Then with this heavy axe high above your head hold your breath a moment, then vigorously breathe through the mouth and swing down with the imaginary axe in a very strong motion as if you were cutting a big, big tree trunk. You will not, of course, come to a stop with the impact of the wood and the axe, so instead let your arms swing right down between your legs, let your arms swing down so that your hands are in a line with your feet. You must keep your arms straight, and you must keep your spine straight. You should repeat this exercise several times—now go to it, my boy, and do it with vigor, with at least as much vigor as you used to topple that rock.'

The young boy went through the exercise until at last he stood panting and grunting with the effort. 'Oh, Holy Lama!' he said breathlessly. 'Surely exercises like this could kill a person unless they were in good health. I feel almost faint myself!'

'My dear boy!' said the Lama in some exasperation. 'An exercise like this can do only good except in the case of a person who has a weak heart or except for women who have some feminine ailment. I doubt if your heart is at all defective but from the way in

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which you grunt and groan you might well be an old woman and so will have outgrown the female disorders to which I refer. So—try your exercises again.'

The young boy slumped down, sitting hunched up on the ground, fingering his feet. The Lama, who had been standing on the edge of the rock wall looking out across the Valley of Lhasa, turned suddenly and said, 'Why are you so hunched up? Are you ill? Are you suffering pain?'

The young acolyte looked blank for a moment and then replied, 'Ill? Who? Me ill? Me?'

The Lama snorted and went towards the boy replying, 'Yes ill! You! You are sitting there like an old crone suffering from bunions or corns. You are sitting there like an old crone by the side of the market-place listening to the gossiping of the traders. Are your feet troubling you?' He dropped to his knees and looked at the boy's feet and then, satisfied that there was nothing wrong, he rose to his feet again. 'Boy, on your feet!' he commanded. 'Here is how to relax your feet. I suppose you got them tired by frightening that poor bird, and then by upsetting a rock which was certainly causing no harm to you. So now you have tired your feet I will show you how they may be relaxed.'

He took the boy by the shoulders and saw that he was standing upright. 'Now,' he said, 'this will give you better circulation of blood. You must stand on one foot, stand on your left foot first. Then lift your right foot off the ground and shake it from the ankle down, not the whole of the leg, remember, we are dealing with your feet. Shake it. Keep your leg still and violently shake your foot from the ankle down. Shake it for three minutes until it begins to tingle. Then put that foot back on the ground and raise the other leg, and shake that foot for three minutes. Do this three times. It will help you when you have cold feet. It will help you after you have had a long march or when you have been standing too long. It will help you when you have been toppling teetering rocks.'

He smiled for a moment, and then said, 'Always do exercises barefooted. Never wear your sandals when doing exercises. There is much benefit to be gained by having one's feet actually in contact with the ground.'

The poor boy groaned and exclaimed 'Oh, Holy Lama, I feel much more tired now standing up like this, and doing all these exercises has caused my body to ache with tiredness. Can I not rest a while?'

The Lama gave a secret smile, and said, 'You really step into little traps, do you not? You have got yourself tired by doing the things which you should not do, so if I show you the things which you should do, you can avoid getting tired when doing the things you should not do. So let us remove the tiredness from the upper part of your body by the very elementary exercise which our Chinese friends call "Relaxing the Trunk".'

'But, Holy Lama,' said the young acolyte in some dismay, 'I thought we were going to do breathing exercises, not this awful stuff.'

The Lama shook his head reprovingly, and said, 'Boy, these exercises are just the prelude to breathing exercises. Now, pay great attention to me because this particular

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exercise would better be known as a series of four exercises. It is designed to help your neck, then your shoulders, then the center of your back, and finally the whole of your body from where your legs join your body to where your head joins your neck.

'First you will stand like this—' He bent down and pushed the boy's feet apart about twenty-four inches. 'Always stand with your feet slightly apart and let your head drop forward as if you have lost the power of the muscles. With your head drooping loosely, let it slowly circle clockwise just once. Your arms will be hanging loose. After this you will let your head hang lifelessly forward again but this time you will let your shoulders droop as if you have no muscles. Your head is hanging loose, your shoulders are drooping, and your arms are hanging loosely as well. Then, let your shoulders make a clockwise movement, but the head and the arms will remain limp without moving. After you have done this, do it anti-clockwise.'

The poor wretched boy, looking a picture of woebegone misery went through the exercises. By the time he had finished he did indeed feel lifeless, but the Lama soon snapped him to attention saying, 'Now drop your chest forward and let the whole of the top part of your body make this circular movement. You have to rotate the whole of the top of your body, everything above the waist. After you have done it in one direction, do it in the opposite direction.'

The boy stood there with his feet slightly apart and looking so limp that he appeared in danger of falling over on his face. First his head and shoulders rotated in one direction, then slowly in the other.

'Now,' said the Lama, 'you will have to put your feet slightly farther apart so that you have a very firm stance, then you make everything above the waist absolutely limp and then, bending from the waist, you make a wide circle, as wide as you can possibly manage it without falling over. You make a wide circle clockwise so that you are in some danger of being over-balanced. Continue making these circles, getting smaller and smaller circles until for a moment you are motionless. Then start moving again in the opposite direction making the circles larger and larger until once again you are in danger of overbalancing. Then, when you have done that do it once more, and after that let just your shoulders rotate and counter-rotate. When you have done that once, let your head rotate and counter-rotate.'

Now!' he said. 'Do you not truthfully feel a lot better?'

The young acolyte looked cautiously at the Lama and said, 'Holy Lama, yes. I must admit I do feel a lot better for that, but I am sure that I would feel even better if I could have a rest after it because, as you said, we have a long and hard journey before us tomorrow, and I fear that these exercises might tire me unduly.'

The Lama laughed and said, 'Well, on this occasion we will do no more, but throughout our journey down into the lowlands you will have to learn other exercises, you will have to learn about breathing, for our journeys are more than just covering land; we have to cover knowledge as well. The more you learn now the less you have to learn later, until you get to the point of knowing that the more you know the more there is to

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know. But—be off with you for now.'

So the young acolyte suddenly recovered all his energy and sped down the path in search of any adventure which might present itself. The Lama resumed his seat at the edge of the cliff, and remained gazing out across the beloved Valley of Lhasa where even now the sun was beginning to set, and the lengthening shadows crept across the rock encompassed land.

The shadows turned deeper purple and sped ever faster across the dark floor of the Valley. The western wall of the mountain range already was black with here and there a vague pin-point of light showing as the faintest of flickers. Light shot in golden shards from the Potala, Home of the Inmost One. Behind Iron Mountain the Happy River glinted as a lighter path in a dark abyss.

But swiftly the sun withdrew behind the mountains and the dark of the night seemed to rise up as the waters rise up in times of flood. The eastern wall of the mountain sank deeper and deeper into the approaching night. Soon there was naught but the purple night with the gentle breeze wafting to even this distance a suspicion of incense and rancid butter.

Thousands of feet above the topmost ranges caught a last glimpse of the sun. A golden line like a flaming banner ran along the topmost edge, lingering longer at the highest points, until even they were extinguished in the universal darkness. Time wore on. The people of the night set about their business. A night-bird called and at long last was answered from afar. A lonely mouse squeaked, followed by a scuffle and a shriek abruptly ended.

The night wore on. The stars shone forth in all their hard brilliance in the cold clear air. Bright in the colors never seen from lower lands, they seemed to wink and twinkle as though engaged in some mysterious business far beyond the ken of mortals. Slowly a ghostly silver radiance misted the far horizon, and majestically there lofted into view the gibbous moon with mountains and craters plain for even the unaided eye to see.

Softly the luminescence spilled over into the Valley, shining on frost-whitened peaks; sending brilliant showers of incandescence from the Potala roof-tops. The Happy River turned to molten silver and the waters of the willow lake became as a perfect mirror. The moonlight grew, casting in stark relief the shadow of the Lama sitting motionless by the bush at the edge of the cliff. A probing finger of light wandered into the mouth of the cave to reveal the prone body of the young acolyte sleeping the sleep enjoyed only by small boys.

From a great distance came the rushing rumble of a sudden rock fall, followed after an interval by the crumping thud as mighty boulders struck the earth after tens of thousands of years in one spot. Came too the frightened squawking of some bird which suddenly found cause for alarm in the earth-shake.

The night wore on. Majestically the moon sailed across the sky and withdrew demurely behind the sheltering mountain range. Timidly the stars faded in the approach-

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ing light of a new day. The sky became suffused with color. Bands of light raced from horizon to horizon, growing ever brighter. Night birds croaked sleepily and sought their daytime haunts in secure crevices in the mountainside. The creatures of the night prepared to sleep through another day.

The night wind slowed; for an appreciable space of time there was dead calm, then a slight breeze sprang up in the opposite direction and the creatures of the day bestirred themselves. The small acolyte sat up suddenly, rubbed his eyes, and rushed outside. A fresh day had begun. It was a simple matter to break the fast of the night. Breakfast lunch, tea, dinner, call the meals what you will, among the priests of Tibet they were all the same. Tea and tsampa. The roughest, crudest tea of all made specially into bricks, from China. And tsampa—well, there was no other food. These foods, tea and tsampa, provide all that is necessary for the maintenance of health and life. Breakfast was soon over. The Lama turned to the acolyte and said, 'And what is our next task?'

The acolyte looked hopefully down the sides of his nose and said, 'Should we not have a rest, Honorable Lama? I know where there is a vulture's nest with eggs in. Shall we watch them?'

The Lama sighed and replied, 'No, we have to think of those who will come after us. We must clean the cave, we must see that it is strewn with fresh sand, we must see that it is well stocked with wood, for the next travelers here may be in dire need of fire, of warmth. We have to remember, we should have welcomed wood, so let us do what we would have welcomed.'

The boy went out and moved again down the steeply inclined path kicking idly at stones as he jogged along—until he kicked at one stone which was not loose but which was bedded deep in the earth. For some minutes he hopped round on one leg uttering strange cries and holding the injured foot between his two hands. But something attracted his attention, a feather came fluttering down from the sky. In the excitement of seeing this large vulture's feather he forgot all about his foot and chased after the falling fragment. It was just a dirty old thing blown along by the wind, so he threw it away and continued his interrupted journey in search of wood.

At last the cave was swept clean with dry sticks, and the inner wall was stacked with wood ready for the next traveler. Then, sitting together on the edge of the rock the Lama said, 'You will have to learn about breathing. Your breath is noisy like the creaking of a vulture's wings in a breeze. Now, how are you going to sit for your breathing exercises?'

The young acolyte immediately jerked to attention and quickly sat in a most exaggerated Lotus Position. He put his hands palms up in his lap, and on his face appeared an absolutely wooden, frozen expression, while he did some peculiar thing with his eyes as if he was trying to gaze at some imaginary spot a few inches above and in front of him.

The Lama laughed outright, and said, 'No no, you do not sit like that at all. Breathing is a natural thing. You sit or stand in any way convenient and comfortable. Too many people suffer from a form of dementia when they think of breathing exercises. They think

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they have to adopt the most extraordinary and unnatural poses, they think that breathing cannot be beneficial unless it is also a considerable hardship. My boy ' he said, 'sit or stand in any way comfortable for you. You can sit straight up, but you must—and this is the only important matter—you must keep your spine as erect as is comfortably possible. The easiest way is to imagine that your spine is a post stuck in the ground and the rest of you is just draped loosely around it. Keep your spine straight then you will not be tired.'

The Lama was already sitting erect with his hands clasped in his lap. He looked at the young acolyte, saying, 'Relax, relax, you must relax. You are not undergoing torture, you are not being a model for one of our butter figures. You are learning to breathe. Just relax, let yourself sit naturally with your spine erect.'

He nodded his approval as the boy sat in an easier manner. Then he said, 'Ah, that's better, that's much better. Now you must breathe in slowly. Let the air fill the lower part of your lungs just as the darkness of the approaching night first fills the lower part of our Valley. Then, let the air rise to fill the middle and the upper part of your lungs. You can actually feel it. But do it without a jerk.' He paused and smiled, and then continued:

'When the shadows of the night herald the passing of the day first the shadows creep across the ground, then the darkness rises, constantly, smoothly, evenly, without change of speed, without jerk. So it is that you must breathe. As the shadows rise up and darkness fills our Valley at night, so must the air within you rise up and fill your lungs. But as the air enters your lungs, force out your ribs, pretend that the day is hot and your robes are sticking to you. Pull out your robes from your sides. Well, make your ribs come out like that, and you will find that you can take in more and more air.'

He watched to see that the boy was following instructions exactly, and then satisfied that this was so, he continued, 'You can feel your heart thumping, so in this first case let the air flow within you for four good heart beats. You will find that your body expands during the in-breathing period, and shrinks when you breathe out. You should exaggerate slightly the natural expansion and contraction.'

The Lama suddenly spoke sharply 'No, no boy! Definitely no! You must keep your mouth shut while you are doing this breathing. Are you trying to catch a fly or something?'

The boy shut his mouth with an audible snap, and the Lama continued, 'The whole purpose of this exercise is to draw air in through your nostrils and to circulate in the air spaces of your body and then you breathe out again through your nostrils. When I want you to breathe through your mouth, then I will tell you so. But first of all, until you are more proficient at this, you must practice for about fifteen minutes, rising later to about thirty minutes.'

The boy sat and breathed, and the Lama gently raised a hand to serve as an indicator of the correct rate of breathing for the young acolyte. At last he said, 'Well, that is enough for now. We must set about our business.'

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He rose to his feet and dusted the grains of sand from his robe. The boy rose to his feet and copied the Lama's action. Together they looked in the cave to make sure that nothing had been forgotten. Together they went down the path to the floor of the Valley. At the bottom the Lama arranged certain stones to show the way to the cave above. Then turning to the boy he said, 'Go and collect the ponies.'

Gloomily the acolyte moved away looking for any sign of the small horses. At last, climbing on a big rock he saw them about a quarter of a mile distant. Carefully he manoeuvred from rock to rock until he was within feet of the horses.

The horses looked at each other, and then they looked at the young acolyte. As he walked towards them they walked away at exactly the same speed. The boy changed direction and tried to run ahead. The two horses moved a little faster and maintained the exact distance. By now the boy was getting rather hot and was panting. The horses—the boy was sure of this—each had a cynical sneer on their face.

At last the young acolyte had had enough. He went back to where the Lama was still standing, 'Oh, Honorable Lama,' he said in some frustrated irritation 'these horses will not let me catch them. They are making fun of me.'

The Lama looked at the poor boy and an amused smile hovered at the corners of his mouth. 'Is that so?' he enquired mildly. 'Then let us see if they will come for me.' He moved into the open and clapped his hands together. The two ponies had resumed their grazing, but they raised their heads with ears very erect. The Lama clapped his hands again and called for the horses to come. They looked at each other, they looked back at the Lama. They looked at each other again, and both began to trot towards the Lama. He moved to them and patted them, and put his own pack on the back of the larger of the two ponies.

The smaller pony looked at the small acolyte and moved away as the boy approached. At last the boy was running to catch the horse, and the horse was just moving in a circle. The Lama, tiring of the sport, spoke sharply to the pony which immediately stopped and became docile. The boy moved forward, being very very careful to stay clear of the hoof-end, and placed his bundle on the horse's neck.

The Lama nodded and mounted the horse, and sat quiet. The boy took a fantastically big leap to catch the horse unawares, but the horse moved slightly and the boy sailed straight over its back to land with a crash in the sand.

The Lama moved forward with a sigh of resignation saying, 'Oh dear, oh dear. Our daily entertainment—but we are in a hurry' He leaned down, picked up the small boy, and dumped him unceremoniously on the back of the small pony. 'Come along' he commanded. 'We have wasted enough time. We have to move or we shall have lost another day.'

Together the horses stepped out across the earth floor, avoiding rocks. The Lama was slightly in the lead. The boy strove to keep up behind. He never was proficient at horse riding, and never would be, but he did his best.

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On they rode, the Lama sitting comfortably erect, rested, untroubled. The boy on the smaller pony was sagging like a sack of barley, but, unlike the sack of barley, the boy was getting sorer by the minute. At last, after some three or four hours of travel, the Lama stopped and said, 'We will rest here a while. You may dismount.'

The small acolyte simply ceased to cling to the horse's mane, and slid to the ground in an undignified heap. The horse moved sideways several feet.

CHAPTER SIX

At the edge of the Valley of Lhasa, where the beaten track dips deeply downwards on the way to the sweltering lowlands, and eventually to China, the Lama and the small acolyte rested upon the hard-packed earth. A few yards away the hobbled horses wandered in search of sparse grass.

High overhead a large bird wheeled in lazy circles. The small boy watched it half-interestedly; his REAL interest was in the aches and pains which he endured whenever he sat upon a horse. Now he was reclining face down, turning his head sideways from time to time to watch the soaring bird. Soon he drowsed and then slept.

People were resting in other parts of the world too. In a radio factory in the western part of the world workers were having one of their innumerable 'breaks' from the monotony of factory existence. Rusty Nales, the shop carpenter suddenly hooted with laughter and flung a blue-covered paper-back contemptuously to the floor. 'The guy must be NUTS!' he shouted. 'Gawd! What a lot of rubbish people get away with in books.'

'What's with you, Man?' mildly enquired the dark little Jew, Isadore Shutt, as he stooped and picked up the offending book. Rusty Nales spat his contempt and wiped his mouth on the back of his hand. 'Ahhh!' he exclaimed. 'The whole thing is just plain silly.'

Ivan Austin, the truck driver, grabbed the book from Isadore and looked at it.

"'Feeding the Flame' by Lobsang Rampa, Oh—HIM!' he exclaimed in disgust. 'Don't believe HIM, do you?' he enquired of no one in particular, continuing. 'The fellow is a NUT, that's what he is—a NUT!'

Shirley May, the telephone girl, bristled with anger. 'That's what you think!' she said angrily. 'You haven't the brains to know any better, Bigmouth!' She shrugged her shoulders and glared angrily at poor Ivan Austin.

'Aw, gee you dumb broad,' he shouted in exasperation, 'even you don't believe that, that'—he fumbled for a word —'that CRAP, do you? why the fellow is a—!'

The door opened and one of the typists, Candy Hayter, wiggled in. 'You folks sure are shouting,' she remarked, 'but I know the truth of these books. That author was accused, tried, and condemned by the putrid Press without having been given ANY chance to defend himself. That's the Press for you, and saps like you'—she glared at poor Rusty Nales and Ivan Austin 'are so stupid that you believe the newspapers hook, line, and sinker. Pah!'

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'Yeah, ma'am, that's O.K.,' interjected Bill Collector from the Accounts Department, 'but just you listen to what this crazy guy writes.' He fumbled at the book, polished his glasses and glanced round at his audience before reading: "'Feeding the Flame" by Lobsang Rampa, page twenty-three. Last paragraph. "It is absolutely possible to make a device which will enable one to telephone the astral world. It has actually been done.'

His voice trailed off and there was a moment's silence, broken by Ivan Austin saying, 'See what I mean? It's CRAZY—the guy must have been high on drugs when he wrote that.'

Ernest Truman Chief of the Research Department, pursed his lips. Then he rose to his feet and went into his office, returning seconds later with a magazine opened at a certain page. 'Now I will enter the discussion,' he said. 'Listen to me while I read extracts from a most influential British magazine.' He stopped, and scanned the page before him. The door opened again and the Works Manager, R. U. Crisp, walked in.

'What gives?' he asked brusquely. 'You people think I'm paying for a Mothers' Meeting? Get moving, get cracking, get back to work! Quick—vamoose—FAST!'

'Mr. Crisp, sir!' said Ernest Truman. 'A minute, sir, in the interest of the advancement of technical knowledge with which we may later be involved, I would like to read these people AND you a few paragraphs.'

R. U. Crisp pondered a second and then came to a crisp decision. 'O.K.,' he said. 'I know how earnest is your desire to educate us all, so call in my secretary, Alice May Cling, and she will take a verbatim report on it.' Secretary Cling hurried in together with the canteen girl, Sherry Wines.

There was rapt attention as Ernest Truman began to speak. After all, they were getting PAID to listen to this and it was much easier than assembling radios.

'There has been denigration and doubt against the Author Rampa for daring to suggest what is in fact a scientific possibility,' pontificated Ernest Truman. 'He has been the subject of much scoffing for his suggestions and definite statements. Now'—he rustled the magazine—'now, the pre-eminent British Radio magazine the "Wireless World" dated June 1971 has an article on page 312 of that issue under the title of "Electronic Communication with the Dead?" I will read you extracts but you may refer to the publication itself if you wish to read the extensive article concerned.' He stopped, peered over his glasses, wiped his nose, and cleared his throat. Then he read on:

'Free Grid's comments on metamorphosed · waves (see page 212, April issue) reminded me of a curious incident which happened to me some years ago and for which I have never been able to find a rational explanation. When I was about fourteen years old I discovered, lying in a loft, an ancient radio of the type which I believe was known in the 1920's as a "det-2 l.f."'

'I refurbished this museum piece and, being curious as to its DX capabilities, it became my practice during school holidays to set the alarm for 2 a.m. and to search, using headphones, for American stations.

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'But now we come to the curious bit. On two or three occasions over several weeks, at times when I had removed the aerial plug-in coil to change wavelength (which meant that the aerial was virtually open-circuited) a raucous voice burst the silence with a few words; it was clearly speech but so distorted as to be unidentifiable as to content. Only a few words occurred at a time, although I remember waiting for about an hour hoping to hear more, but without success. Most of the European stations had long since closed down and I was remote from any high-power commercial transmitters, neither were any amateurs operating in the area.

'I'd all but forgotten about it until reminded by Free Grid's hypothesis. Then, in the curious way things happen, I came across a newly-published book called "Break-through" which I strongly commend to your attention. The author claims that an ordinary common-or-garden tape recorder, if switched on and left to its own devices can, on playback, be found to reproduce voices originating from the dead.

'Now there are few words which are more emotive than "spiritualism", with vehement pro— and anti-camps arising at the mere mention of it. So if you are anti- and find yourself muttering, "More mumbo-jumbo about vibrations and ectoplasm!" just hold your horses and bear with me for a few minutes more.

'Personally, at the moment, I stand uncommitted. I only know what I have read. The author, Dr. Raudive, is not an electronics man, but he has apparently recorded some 72,000 of these voices and a selection of these has been put on to a gramophone record which is on general sale. What is even more important from our standpoint is that he has called in a host of independent opinions, including those from highly qualified physicists and electronics engineers, all of whom verify the claim that voices do appear on the tape, although not all are convinced that they originate from the dead. No one can offer any theory which reconciles known natural laws with the phenomena. The electronics engineers have experienced this mysterious voice production using their own equipment and have weighted in with various circuits of their own devising (this book gives diagrams) which offer improvements on the original Raudive apparatus. Incidentally, it is suggested that videotape might provide a medium for further development work.

' . . . As for the end products, these are described as "voices which identify themselves, call our names tell us things that make sense (or sometimes puzzle us); these voices do not originate acoustically and the names they give belong to people we know to have left this earth. The voices are on a tape which can be listened to and heard by everybody. The physicists cannot explain the phenomenon and the psychologists cannot offer an explanation either.

'Scientific tests have shown (in a Faraday cage, for example) that these voices originate outside the experimenter and are not subject to auto-suggestion or telepathy. Philologists have examined the phenomenon and testified that, although audible and understandable, the voices are not formed by acoustic means; they are twice the speed of human speech and of a peculiar rhythm which is identical in the 72,000 examples so far examined." (My italics.)

'It seems also that the sentences are telegraphese in character and, when the ex-

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perimeter is multilingual the language may be polyglot—one word perhaps in Swedish, the next in German, the next in English, and so on. Like the messages purporting to emanate from conventional psychic sources, the accent seems to be on identification of friends and relatives who have passed over.

‘The sincerity of the book seems beyond question and the near one hundred pages of appendices give much technical detail of the apparatus used, as well as hypotheses regarding the cause of the phenomenon.

‘ . . . The theories involving relativity and anti-matter are among those present.

‘ . . . One thing is sure, and that is that the problem of the origin of these “voices” cries out for investigation. I know, as well as you that the whole thing sounds impossible. How can words be derived from a silent microphone? But don’t forget that in 1901 it was theoretically impossible for radio waves to cross the Atlantic because no one knew of the existence of the ionosphere. By the same token there are no doubt a lot of things about electronics of which so far we know nothing.’

Ernest Truman came to the end of his reading. Slowly he closed the magazine, removed his spectacles, and wiped his brow with a large white handkerchief. That done, and the spectacles again on his nose, he looked round to see what effect his reading had had.

For moments there were stunned faces around him. Ivan Austin stood with his mouth open. Alice May Cling was clinging to the arm of her girl-friend. Rusty Nales released a deep breath and the profound expression ‘Chee! Whaddya- know?’ Eva Brick, the girl who packed up the glass tubes, smiled knowingly as she turned to her friend Ivy Covrd, and said, ‘Well, well! So Lobsang Rampa has been proved right again. Am I ever glad!’

R. U. Crisp had the last word, though. ‘Back to work, folks, you have had your fun. Back to work. This is COSTING!’ So in ones and twos the staff went back to work as slowly as they could while discussing the matter as fast as they could.

Rest was ended, too, on the edge of the Valley of Lhasa where the trail swept down to the lowlands, and where Lama and acolyte were getting to their feet preparatory to continuing their journey on the reluctant ponies. Once again the ponies shied away from the boy and, indeed made fun of him, keeping just, and only just, beyond reach, evading even his most energetic darts in an attempt to grab them. At last the Lama again stepped forward and the ponies came towards him as docile as could be. Once again the Lama and acolyte mounted, and clutching their bundles rode off down the trail.

The Lama rode ahead. Perhaps fifty yards behind him came the acolyte, being favored by fortune in that his pony wanted to follow his friend because the acolyte had little control over his steed. But the journey continued between towering rocks, beneath the lips of immense precipices. Gradually they approached the Happy River. Here it was called the River Yallzangbujang, but upon leaving Tibet and making a sharp hairpin bend through the mountains it would become the mighty Brahmaputra which, growing in volume and strength would sweep down to the Bay of Bengal and become one of the

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most important rivers in India. Now it was a happy river, having some three sources in Tibet, all coming together in Lhasa in the Valley of Lhasa and being fed by many, many tributaries in the Valley of Lhasa. Innumerable springs welled up at the foot of Iron Mountain and at the foot of the Potala and formed the Serpent Temple Lake and the Willow Pond and the marshes, and then slowly drained out into the Happy River.

Now on the downward slopes beyond the Valley of Lhasa the river was becoming broader, stronger.

The Lama and the acolyte continued their journey, three days, perhaps four days, one loses count of days in a land where time matters not, where there are no clocks, no watches, nothing but the passing of the sun and the phases of the moon to mark the days and the months. They passed down from the higher mountainous plateaus to the lowlands where the rhododendron trees grew to immense size and the blooms were a mass of flaming color, each bloom the size of a good cabbage, and the trees of the rhododendron plant itself reaching perhaps twenty-five to thirty feet in height. Here, too, there were many many different plants and trees. The air was steaming, foggy, hot because here the air was trapped in a rocky defile, in a deep rift. On one side was the rockface, and on the other, on the right-hand side, was the rushing river, roaring and screaming as it screeched over gorges and fell a hundred feet at a time over rock lips to go plopping into deep pools below.

Time and again the Lama and the acolyte had to cross and recross and cross again the river on precariously placed bridges made of poles suspended on lian or long strips of creeper plant, strips of creeper as pliant as rope and with the strength of the parent wood. Each time the two ponies had to be blindfolded and led carefully across the bridge, for no pony or horse would cross such a dangerous structure as these temporary bridges.

The young acolyte waddled across one bridge rubbing his rearmost portion ruefully. 'Oh Honorable Lama,' he exclaimed, 'having now ridden these days I quite understand why the traders who go to India and return have such a peculiar walk.'

At last, three or four days later, with their barley exhausted and suffering the pangs of hunger, they came in sight of a little lamasery nestling down deep in a valley. At the back a waterfall came tumbling over a cliff edge and passed to the side of the little lamasery, rushing down on the endless journey to the Bay of Bengal.

In front of the lamasery some fifty or sixty monks were gathered looking upwards, shading their eyes against the sun. At last, as the tall Lama rode into their range of vision, they broke into smiles of welcome and the Abbot of the lamasery moved forward with cries of pleasure. Monks seized the ponies and helped Lama and acolyte dismount.

The young acolyte was preening himself here for was he not one of the acolytes from the Potala in Holy Lhasa? Was he not of the elite of the elite? Was he not accompanying the Great Venerable Lama to give instructions to this lamasery? Then OF COURSE he was worthy of the greatest respect, he was worthy of the respect due to a junior lama at least. So he preened himself and strutted around, then suddenly he remembered he was hungry.

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The Abbot was talking animatedly to the Lama, the Lama from the highest center of lamastic learning. Then all of a sudden the party moved on an impulse into the lamasery where there was hot tea and tsampa. The young acolyte took a hearty swig of tea, and thought the world had come to an end. He coughed and spluttered, and blew tea all over the place. 'Oh, Holy Lama!' he exclaimed in terror. 'Help me, quick!'

The Lama moved to him swiftly and said, 'Do not fear, nothing has happened to you. Remember, we are much lower here and so hot tea is hotter. As I have been trying to tell you, the boiling point of water in Lhasa is quite cool compared to what it is here. Here you will have to wait a little and not drink so quickly. Now, drink again for the temperature will be less by now.' So saying, and smiling, he went back to his discussion with the Abbot and some of the local lamas. The acolyte, feeling rather foolish, very gingerly picked up his drinking bowl and this time cautiously sipped the tea. Yes, it certainly was hot, hotter than anything he had ever tasted before, but it was very pleasant so.

And then he turned his attention to the tsampa which also was hot, the first hot tsampa he had tasted in his life. But already the trumpets were blaring, already there was the sound of the conches. Clouds of incense came wafting out of the temple door, and from nearby came the deep sound of lamastic voices as monks and lamas started their evening service to which the High Lama and the acolyte were now about to go.

That night there was much talk, talk of the doings in Lhasa, talk brought from India by the traders and relayed to the monks, who told the lamas, and then there was the counterpoint of conversation with the lamas and acolytes at this small lamasery. There were tales of the tea planters at Assam, tales of traders from Bhutan, and of course the inevitable stories about the Chinese, about their villainy, about their treachery, about how in the years to come they would invade all this land. The talk went on endlessly. The sun set early here, and the deep gloom pervaded this dark cleft of the valley.

Here in the night there was much more noise. There were many more birds, many more animals than in the vicinity of Lhasa. This was the lowland and the young acolyte found great difficulty in breathing, he found the air too moist, too thick. He found that he was drowning in air and restlessly he prowled about, finding it quite impossible to sleep in the confines of a communal monks' dormitory.

Out in the open there was the pleasant scent of flowers wafted on the cool night breeze. Animals called and night birds went flapping off darker shadows against a dark sky. At his left the Happy River plunged over a rock edge and went rushing down in a splasher of white froth and foam, dislodging rocks and pebbles in its hurry to get down to the sea. The young boy sat on a rock by the side of the water-fall and thought of all the things that had happened to him, he thought of his life at Chakpori, he thought of his life in the Potala, and now, on the morrow, he thought he was going to have to attend lectures by his beloved Lama on breathing.

Suddenly the night became darker still, the wind turned chill and, being moist, seemed to strike through to the bones. Shivering, the young boy rose to his feet and hastened into the lamasery to sleep.

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The light of the new day was much slower in reaching this little lamasery hidden in the sheltered valley, encompassed on every side by towering rocks heavily clothed with sub-tropical vegetation—for in this valley with its closed-in atmosphere the temperatures rose rapidly—the rays of light from the sun were cut off until almost mid-morning, and here there was a gloominess, a steamy gloominess

High overhead the sky was of pellucid luminescence the light of the newborn day. No longer did the stars shine brightly, no longer were there rays of the setting moon. All was bright, and yet in this valley the young acolyte found it oppressive, stifling, he felt drowning in air, as it were. He rose and made his way from the dormitory out into the open, out into what to him was the gray light of day. Greyness filtering down through mist or fog. Grayness accentuated by the leaping spray which, because of the dullness, showed no scintillating rainbows.

The young acolyte felt he was alone in a sleeping world. He thought how lazy they were down in this quiet backwater of religion. So he wandered to sit by the side of the waterfall. There he reflected upon some of the things he had learned at the Potala and at Chakpori, he thought of some of the things he had learned about breathing. He thought, too, that this day there would be more to be learned about breathing and now he decided he would do some breathing exercises.

He sat bolt upright with his spine erect, and he breathed deeply and he exhaled deeply. He breathed deeply and exhaled deeply. He worked hard at it, really hard at it. Of a sudden he found he was out of his body, he found a most peculiar sensation. The next thing he knew was that he was lying on the ground with the High Lama bending over him.

'Boy' said the voice of the Lama, 'have you forgotten all that I have told you? Here, remember, the air is thicker than that to which you are accustomed. Do you not know that you were working at this and you have made yourself drunk with too much oxygen?'

He sprinkled cold water on the young acolyte's face and shaven head, causing him to shudder with horror. Now he would have to dry himself! 'I warned you,' said the Lama, 'that one should not overdo deep breathing at the start. Even if it does appear to be beneficial, do not overdo it. Certainly you have been doing it in thicker air and really working at it—I saw you from the window! Your lungs were going in and out like bellows—well, I came just in time or you would have toppled into the gorge and then I should have had no one with me to make the ponies amused. But come, rise to your feet, we will return to the lamasery.' The Lama reached down and helped the boy stand. Together they walked into the lamasery. The boy felt immensely better at the sight of tea and tsampa already prepared. He was even more cheered at the sight of some other things, some sort of fruits which were strange to him.

'Oh!' he said to another boy near him. 'We do not have anything like those in Lhasa. We have nothing but tea and tsampa, nothing more at all.'

The boy smiled at him and replied, 'Oh, we don't do so badly here.' Smugly—'the peasants bring here for our services, you know. We go and toss out a blessing or two and

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we get some fruits or some vegetables. It eases the eternal tsampa. Personally I would rather be here than at Lhasa, conditions are much more relaxed.'

They sat down cross-legged on the floor in front of the small tables, and then taking their bowls they put in tea and tsampa. For some time all was silent except for the voice of the Reader who, from a high position looking out across the dining hall, read from the Sacred Works during mealtimes because it was not considered fit that monks should pay too much attention to their food.

'Be careful how you eat those fruits,' muttered the boy to whom the young acolyte had spoken before. 'If you eat too many of those you'll wonder what happened to you inside. It's not the going down which causes the trouble, it's the after-effects.'

'Oh!' exclaimed the young acolyte in very considerable dismay. 'Oh indeed! I have had five of them already. Come to think of it I do feel a bit peculiar inside.'

The boy who gave him the warning laughed and reached for another of the fruits himself.

At last all had finished eating and the Reader had finished his Lesson. The Abbot rose to his feet and said that on this occasion the Great Honorable Lama from Lhasa, from the Holy of Holies, the Potala, had come especially to lecture on breathing and on health, and after any who had any problems with health were invited to discuss the matter with the Lama from Lhasa. They all filed out of the place of the dining and moved instead into the Temple proper where there was more room.

The Lama bade them all be seated in comfort. The small boys were in the front, the young monks were next and in the rear were the lamas, all sitting in orderly rows.

For some time the Lama gave basic instructions and then he said, 'I must emphasize again that it is not at all necessary for you to sit in the Lotus Position or to sit in any position which is uncomfortable. You must at all times sit in a position which is comfortable, a position wherein your spine is erect, because only then can you derive the maximum benefit. Remember, also, that by day you sit with your palms upwards so that you may absorb the good influences of the sun throughout the day, but when you do these exercises after sunset you will have your palms facing downwards because then you come under the influence of the moon.

'But now let us repeat that you have to find your pulse. You place your fingers on your left wrist so that you determine your pulse count, so that you may know for how long you can breathe in or breathe out. The average will be one, two, three, four (in), one, two, three, four (out). Say this to yourself out loud six or seven times, and then get the actual beat fixed firmly in your mind so that when you are not feeling your pulse you are still quite able to sense what your pulse beat is. This will take a few days of practice and after you have practiced it for a few days you will find that you can tell your pulse count by a vibration within your body, you will not have to feel your pulse any more.

'First of all you must inhale, always, of course, with the mouth closed. You inhale deeply to the count of four. It is vital that you breathe in absolutely smoothly without any

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jerks whatever. Beginners tend to draw in breaths to the count of four and that is harmful; they must breathe in smoothly at the count, the mental count, of four. Then when you have counted four you should have a complete lungful of breath, so then you breathe out to a count of four pulses. Do this for a time, and after several days you will be able to take in air for more than four pulses, you may be able to do six or eight. But you should never force yourself, always do it so that it is well within your capabilities.'

The Lama looked around and studied the small boys, the monks, and the Lamas all sitting there, all with their palms facing upwards, all breathing in their own particular rhythm. The Lama nodded his satisfaction and raised his hand for them to cease the exercise.

'Now,' he said, 'we will do the next stage of this because we do precisely as you have been doing but now after inhaling you will retain your breath. First of all, then, let us inhale for four heartbeats. Then you will retain that breath for two heartbeats, and you will then exhale over another four heartbeats. The purpose of this particular matter, of this particular breathing pattern, is to purify the blood. It also helps increase the good condition of the stomach and the liver. It strengthens the nervous system when carried out properly. Remember, too, that our basic is four, two, four. That is merely an average, you must not be a slave to these. Your average could easily be six, three, six, or five, three, five. It is exactly that which is most suitable and most strain-free for you.'

He stood watching while the assembly breathed in, retained their breath, and breathed out. He watched them do it ten, twenty, twenty-five times. Then, again nodding his satisfaction, he held up his hand.

'Now we will go a step farther. I have seen particularly among the younger men examples of poor posture. You men and boys just slouching around. Now, that makes for bad health. When you are walking you should walk to your heartbeat and to your breath. Let us practice it this way; first you must stand erect, not bending over forwards, not tottering over backwards—erect, with your feet together and with your spine straight. First exhale as much as you can, squeeze every bit of air out of your lungs. Then start to walk and at the same instant take a really deep breath. It doesn't matter if you use the left foot or the right foot, but make sure it is a really deep breath. At the same time take a slow rhythmic step. You will walk in time to your heart-beat. You are going to inhale over four heartbeats. During that time you will take four steps. But then you have to take four more steps over the four heartbeats which it takes to exhale. Do this for six consecutive sets of four, but remember with particular care that your breathing must be absolutely smooth, it must not be done in pattern with your steps; that is, you do not pump breath in in four steps as you walk, you should inhale as smoothly as you can.'

The High Lama from Lhasa suppressed a secret smile of amusement as he watched boys, monks, and lamas strutting around trying to carry out the breathing exercises. But satisfied that they were doing it correctly he said, 'Now let us remember that there are many systems of breathing and we have to breathe in a manner which will enable us to fulfill a certain task because breathing is more than stuffing our lungs with air. Correct breathing can refresh us and can actually tone up our organs. The breathing- system I

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have been showing you is known as the complete breathing system. It is a breathing system which purifies the blood, it helps the stomach and other organs. It also helps to overcome colds.' He stopped and looked around at certain sniffers, and resumed, 'Here in this, the lowland of Tibet, colds are rife, and nothing much seems to have been done about it. By using that correct breathing system which I have been teaching you, you can overcome colds. Now here is another system in which you will retain your breath for longer than normal. Sit down, please, with your spine erect, but the rest of you relaxed.'

He stood waiting while the men settled themselves again, arranged their robes around them, and sat with their palms facing upwards. Then he resumed:

'First of all you will do your complete breath, that is, that which we have been doing so far. Then you will retain the air as long as you can without any strain. After that you will exhale through the open mouth rather vigorously as if the air is distasteful, as if you are trying to shoot it away from you as violently as you can. So, let us have it again; first you inhale for four heartbeats. Then you retain the air which you have just inhaled for as long as you can without suffering discomfort. Next you expel the air as vigorously as you can through the open mouth. You will find if you do this a few times that your health will definitely improve.'

The Lama stood watching his pupils making sure that they were doing it correctly: Then spotting one elderly man turning a bluish color he hastened to him and said, 'Now, my brother you have been trying too hard. All these exercises must be done in a natural manner, in an easy manner. There must be no strain, there must be no effort in it. To breathe is natural and if there is effort or strain then you are not getting good effects from that breathing. You, my brother, are using the wrong rhythm. You are trying to force yourself to take in more air than elderly lungs can take in. Be careful, do all this easily, without strain, and you will feel better.'

So for the morning the boys, the monks, and the Lamas did their breathing exercises. At last, to the delight of the young acolyte, the lessons were ended and he and the others were free to go out again into the open where the noontime sun was now striking down into the valley, lighting up the gloom and, unfortunately, increasing the heat. Insects buzzed vigorously around, and the poor young acolyte jumped and jumped again as insects to which he was not accustomed attacked him in the most vulnerable portions of his anatomy.

CHAPTER SEVEN

Lady St. John de Tawfe-Nause, of Hellzapoppin Hall, sat in solitary grandeur at the head of the immense table in her breakfast-room. Fastidiously she toyed with the thin slice of rye-bread toast before her. Delicately she raised a tea-cup to her well-shaped lips, then on an impulse put it down in the saucer and hurried off to her ornate writing-desk. Selecting a sheet of writing paper bearing the crest of a famous Norman (really he was named Guillaume!) ancestor, and consisting of a bald-headed cuckoo rampant (given because he was a bit 'cuckoo' and always went at a thing bald-headed), she started to

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write with a pen which had been pinched from one of the Duke of Wellington's footmen who had pinched it from a tavern off Fleet Street.

'So you are the author of "The Third Eye" ', she wrote. 'I wish to see you. Meet me at my Club and be sure to wear civilized Western dress. I have my position to consider.'

Bertie E. Cutzem, one of the leading surgeons of England, member of most of the Learned Societies, Fellow of THIS and THAT, bon vivant, clubman, and advocate of Privileges for the Privileged Classes, sat in his office, chin in hand. At last, after profound cogitation, he seized a sheet of discreetly-monogrammed paper and started: 'I have just read "The Third Eye" ', he wrote, 'and I know that all you write is true. My son has marked occult powers and he knows from other sources that you write the truth. I should like to meet you, but PLEASE return this letter as my colleagues would laugh at me . . .'

The wealthy Californian film-maker sat in his palatial office surrounded by his almost naked harem. Sylva Skreen was now a household word. Years before he had come to the States from Greece, and like hot grease he ran away from the hot time if he stayed in Greece. The police wanted to put him in the 'cooler'. So, off to America he dashed and landed in 'Frisco with a hole in his pants and holes in his soles. His soul was not in too good a condition either.

Now the Great Man, Sylva Skreen, sat in his office and tried to write a letter without his secretary typing it. Idly he sat and twirled his solid gold pen—the one studded with diamonds and with the whacking great ruby at the end opposite the nib. His face contorted, he fumbled with his fractured, nay, SHATTERED English. At last, when the suspense was becoming painful, he reached out and seized a gaudy sheet of paper and started to write.

In effect, the letter demanded the presence of the Author of 'The Third Eye' so that the Great Greek God of the Silver Screen could have his fortune told and perhaps increased. He enclosed the money for return air fare. With extreme pain he wrote a cheque and enclosed it in the envelope. A minion rushed to mail the missive.

Sylva Skreen sat mulling in his office. Pain assailed him in his pocket-book. 'What have I done?' he cried. 'My money she is spent. I go foolish. No matter, I now go wise.'

He heaved his swelly belly up so that it was supported by the expensive desk quickly he called his secretary. 'To the Author of "The Third Eye" ', he dictated. 'You have my money. You I don't want. My money I do want. And if you don't return my money fast I tell the Press you took my money, so you send my money fast, eh?'

A functionary functioned at top speed to hasten the despatch of the Missive to the Author. At last, in the fullness of time—for the mails are very slow—Sylva Skreen, the Greek, could rub his greasy hands on his returned money. In far away Uruguay the Author of many books received a letter from Seattle, U.S.A. 'I am told you want to return to North America,' stated this letter from a very wealthy man. 'But you do not have the money for your fare. Now, I will make a very good proposition to you. I will pay your fare to Seattle and I will keep you for the rest of your life. You will have one room and your food. You should not want many clothes. In return you must turn over everything you have to

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me and you must legally sign over all book rights to me. Then I will market your books and keep your royalties in return for keeping you.' The Author uttered an unmentionable word in an unmentionable manner about that unmentionable person.

The door resounded to a thunderous knocking. A knocking repeated as it was not instantly opened. Hurrying footsteps, the sound of the door opening. 'Choust a peek I take, no?' said a thick guttural voice. 'Von Lama I gom to see in you shute led me gom, yes?' The sound of voices and the volume of one increasing: 'Mine freund, she say you go she say. You say you vant for the Lama to see she say. Upon your doorstep I vill live mitt mineself and vill stay yet already. You—tell him Vilhemina Cherman she is here, no?'

Midnight in Montreal. Across the water the lights of the skyscrapers of Drapeau's Dream were reflecting in the unruffled waters of the Port. Motionless at anchor the ships rested placidly the advent of another day. To the left, where Windmill Basin afforded moorings for the tugs the water was suddenly roiled as a small boat got under way to meet a late-coming freighter. Atop the tallest building a rotating beacon sent probing fingers into the night sky. A jet plane whistled across the city as it escaped from the confines of the International Airport.

Midnight in Montreal. The household was wrapped in sleep. Sleep which suddenly was shattered by the insistent ringing of the door bell. Clothes were quickly donned and the door was opened. Only dire emergency would prompt such a long ring at such an hour, surely? 'Rampa?' asked a gruff French-Canadian voice. 'Dr. Rampa live here?' Two big men pushed their way in and stood looking around.

'Police. Fraud Squad,' said one at length. 'Who is this Dr. Rampa? What does he do? Where is he?' asked the other. Questions-questions-questions. But then a counter-question. 'What do you want? Why have you come here?' The two policemen looked at each other blankly. The senior of the two, without even asking permission, strode to the telephone and dialed a number. There followed a rapid-fire exchange of the French-Canadian version of the French language. At last the phone was put down and the senior policeman said, 'Uh, we were told to come here, called in our police car. We were not told why. Now the Superintendent says a man called him from Alabama and said to tell Dr. Rampa to call him FAST. It is urgent. Do it Now!'

Uneasily the two policemen stood and looked at each other. They shifted their weight from one leg to the other. At last the senior said, 'We go, you telephone immediately, yes?' They turned and stumped out of the room. Soon there came the sound of their car starting and zooming along the road far in excess of the legal speed limit.

Then came the ringing of the telephone. 'Superintendent of Police here.HAVE YOU TELEPHONED YET??? The man said it was urgent, a matter of life and death.' There was a click and the call was ended.

The letter plopped in together with about seventy others. The envelope was of a violent mauve hue with improbable flowers fore and aft. The paper, when unfolded, was of the same horrendous color, worsened by hanging wreaths of flowers entwined all

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around the edge. 'God is Love!' proclaimed a banner across the top. The Author wrinkled his nose at the stink coming from it. The 'scent' used must have, come from a diseased skunk who had died after eating, he thought.

The letter said: 'I am Auntie Macassar, and I tell fortunes and Do Much Good. (Five bucks a question or a bigger Love Offering.) Now I have read your books and I want you to be my Guide. It will do me a POWER of good in my advertising. Send me your letter agreeing, fast, because I want to advertise it.'

'Rampa has gone commercial!' shrieked the letter. 'I know you are a fake because you run businesses and make money.' The poor wretched Author lay back in his bed and tried to work THAT one out; did it mean that all people engaged in business were fakes? Or what? 'Oh well,' he thought, 'I will make it clear in my next book.'

Ladies and gentlemen, children, cats of all description. Listen to this statement, proclamation, and declaration. I, Tuesday Lobsang Rampa using my own and legal name and my only name, depose thus: — I have No business interests. I am not engaged in business of any kind except that of Author. I do NOT endorse any incense, mail-order firm, or what-nots. Certain people are using names such as 'The Third Eye', but I wrote a BOOK by that name, not started a mail order company. A mail order company which I do NOT endorse.

Ladies and gentlemen, children, cats of all description. I have no disciples, students, representatives, followers, pupils, business interests, or any agents other than my LITERARY agents. Nor have I written any books 'refused by publishers because of their forbidden knowledge': Someone may be trying to part you from your hard-earned money; (I wish I COULD do it!) so you have been warned . . . by me.

The Author lay back and dwelt upon the difficulties of being an author. 'You must not use the word "crummy",' wrote one. 'It is Bad Language.' 'You must not use "I",' wrote another. 'It makes your readers identify themselves too closely with you. That's BAD!' 'You must not say you are the "Old Man",' complains yet another. 'I don't like to read it.'

And so the letters go on. So the Author (who else?) lay back and pondered upon the past and worried unduly perhaps about the future. Failing health, failing this and failing that . . .

The door was pushed open and a beautiful furry form jumped lightly on the bed where the Author was lying thinking of the past. 'Hey, Guv!' she said in her best Siamese Cat Telepathic Voice. 'And how about the book you are supposed to be writing? My! You will never get it finished if you think of those silly ninnies, the Fairweather Friends. Forget 'em!' she commanded sternly.

Fat Taddy strolled in and sat in a vagrant patch of sunlight. 'Food?' she enquired. 'Did someone mention Food?' The Author smiled at them and said, 'Well, cats, we have to finish this book and we have to answer some of those questions which come pouring in. Questions, questions, QUESTIONS! SO let us start.' He reached out for the typewriter with the sticking 'i' and dragged it towards him.

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Now, where is that first question? The difficulty is that just as people beget people so do answers beget questions. The more question is answered the more questions seem to arise. Now here is a question which seems to have troubled a lot of people. The question is-What is this Overself? Why does the Overself make me suffer so much? How CAN it be just that I have to suffer so when I do not know why I have to suffer? It doesn't make sense, it destroys my faith in religion. It destroys my faith in a God. Can you explain this to me?

The Author lay back and contemplated a passing ship. Once again a ship was coming bringing all manner of goods from Japan but that was not getting on with the book, was it? The Author reluctantly turned back and started to work again.

Yes, of course such a question can be answered, but first of all we have to agree to certain terms of reference because think of trying to discuss with a fish in the depths of the ocean the thoughts and reactions of space men in orbit around the moon. How could we get it over to a fish which always lived on the bottom of the ocean what life was like on the surface of the ocean? How would we explain life in London, Montreal, Tokyo, or even New York where there are many queer fish already? But, beyond this, how would we explain to our seabed-dwelling fish what happens to a space ship going around the moon? It would be just about impossible, wouldn't it? So let us make an assumption, let us imagine something different.

Let us imagine that the Overself is not the Overself any more, it is just a brain. So, we get a lot of brains floating about somewhere, and then the brain decides it wants to know something it wants to experience something other than pure thought. By 'pure' thought it is meant that the thought is an insubstantial thing and does not concern itself with pure or impure in the moral sense of the meaning.

This particular brain, then, has the stirrings of ambition. It wants to know things it wants to know what things are like on Earth, is the thirteenth candle hotter than the twelfth candle? And what is 'hot', anyway, and then, what is a candle? The brain decides to find out, so the brain finds a body. Forget for the moment that the brain has to be born first, but this brain gets itself fixed inside a skull, a thick, bony box in which it floats in a special liquid which prevents it from experiencing mechanical shocks, which keeps it moist, and which helps to feed it. Here we have this brain in its bony box. Now, a brain is quite without feeling, that is, if a surgeon wants to operate on a brain he just gives a local anesthetic to the skin and flesh outside the skull; and then he makes an incision nearly all the way around the head. Then a saw is used to saw through the top of the skull which can then be peeled back like taking the top off a hard-boiled egg. It is important to remember that one experiences pain only in the skin, the flesh, and the bone. The brain is not sensitive to pain. So when the surgeon has got the lid off, so to speak, he can poke and probe and cut into the brain without any anesthetic being used.

Our brain is like the Overself. It has no sensation of its own. So let us go back to the brain in the skull which is wanting experience. We must keep in mind, though, that we are using the simile of the brain to stand in place of the Overself which, being a many-dimensional object, is harder to comprehend.

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The brain wants to know about sensations. The brain is blind, it is deaf, it cannot detect a scent, it has no feeling. So we make a lot of puppets. One pair of puppets are extended in the form of eyes, the eyes come open and the brain receives impressions from the eyes. As we all know, a newborn baby cannot understand what the impressions mean. A newborn baby fumbles and obviously does not comprehend what he is seeing, but with experience the impressions received from the eyes mean something to the brain.

But that could be improved upon. We want more than a picture. We can see a thing, but what does it feel like? Does it have a scent, does it have a sound? Other puppets are put out and they call themselves ears. They catch vibrations of a lower frequency than the eyes can receive. They are still vibrations just as sight is receiving, vibrations. But the ears pick up vibrations and with practice the brain can understand that these vibrations mean something, they may mean pleasant music, they may mean unpleasant music, they may mean speech, a form of communication.

Well, having seen and heard a thing, does it smell? The best way is to move puppets to form an olfactory organ. Then the poor wretched Overself, which here we are calling the brain, may sometimes wish that there was no sense of smell, it depends on what kind of scent the woman is wearing!

To go farther—what does a thing feel like? We do not know the meaning of terms such as 'hard' and 'soft' unless we have feeling, so the Overself or in this case the brain puts out more puppets. arms, hands, fingers. We have a finger and a thumb so that we can pick up a small article. We have fingers which we may move over an object to know whether it is easily compressed or not compressible, to know whether it is soft or if it is hard. We know if it is blunt or if it is sharp through our fingers.

Sometimes a thing will hurt. We touch an article and it gives us a most unpleasant sensation. It might be hot, it might be cold, it might be sharp or rough. Those sensations create pain and the pain warns us to be careful of such things in the future. But why should the fingers revile themselves or revile a God because they are merely carrying out their allotted purpose, the purpose of feeling?

A bricklayer may get hard fingers through handling bricks. A surgeon may get very sensitive fingers because of the necessary delicacy of touch required in his job. To do bricklaying would harm the surgeon's fingers, but surgery would be difficult for the bricklayer because his fingers would be coarsened by bricklaying.

Every organ has to experiment, has to endure. Ears may be shocked by a very loud noise, a nose may be offended by a particularly unpleasant odor, but these organs are designed to withstand such shocks. You burn a finger—well, the finger heals and we know better next time.

Our brains file away all information. It is locked in the nine-tenths of the sub-conscious. Our involuntary nervous system will react on information supplied by the sub-conscious to prevent us from coming to any great harm. For instance if you try to walk on the top of a high building you will experience fear which is the way the subconscious communicates to the involuntary nervous system that it should pour secretion into the

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blood and make one jump back.

This is in the ordinary physical sense, but just think in a much higher dimension how the Overself is unable to receive any knowledge of the Earth without putting puppets on the Earth. These puppets are humans, humans who can get burns, cuts, stunned, all manner of things can happen to the human, and all the sensations and impressions are returned to the Overself by way of the Silver Cord in much the same way as impressions received by finger and thumb of the human body are relayed by way of the nerves to the brain, the sensory nerves.

We, then, are justified in calling ourselves extensions of an Overself which is so very highly rarefied, so very highly insulated, so very highly evolved that it has to depend on us to pick up impressions of what happens on this Earth. If we do something wrong, then we get a metaphorical kick in the pants. It is not a devilish God which is afflicting us, persecuting us and tempting us. It is our own crass stupidity. Or maybe some people touch a thing and find it hurts, so they touch it again to find out why it hurts, and then they touch it again to find out how the hurt may be cured or overcome. And then they may touch it yet again to see if the matter has been finally overcome.

You may get a very good person who gets a lot of pain and you—the onlooker—may think it is unfair that such a person should have such suffering, or you may think that the person concerned is paying back an exceedingly hard Kharma, he must have been a fiend in a previous life, you may consider. But you would be wrong. How do you not know that the person is not enduring the pain and suffering in order to see how pain and suffering can be eliminated for those who come after? Do not think that it is always paying back Kharma. It may possibly be accumulating good Kharma.

There is a God, a good God, a fair God. But of course God is not the same as a human and it is useless to attempt to comprehend what is God when most people cannot even comprehend their own Overself. Just as you cannot comprehend your Overself, nor can you comprehend the God of your Overself.

Here is a question which already has been answered in previous books, but still comes up regularly, with monotonous regularity, in fact: People want to know about their Guide, their Master, their Keeper, their Guardian Angel, etc. A person writes and says, 'Oh, I have an old Red Indian as my Guide. I wish I could see him. I know he is a Red Indian because he is so wise. How can I see him?'

Now, let us get this straight once and for all people do not have Red Indians, Black Indians, White Indians, or Tibetans dead or alive as Guides. Actually there would not be enough Tibetans, for instance, to go round. It's like everyone saying, 'Oh, I was Cleopatra in my last life!'

There is no word of truth in it. Actually the alleged Guide is just the Overself who really is our Guide. It is like sitting in a car; you are the car's Overself. You stamp on the pedal and, if you are lucky and don't have a new American car, the car will go. You stamp on another pedal and the car stops and if you pull a certain thing and if you are watching what you are doing you won't run into anything.

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But no one else but you is driving that car. In the same way you control yourself, you and your Overself. Many people have the idea that those who have passed from the Earth are just bubbling over with enthusiasm to just sit at somebody's shoulder and guide them throughout the days of their life, prevent them from falling by the roadside, telling them what to do, and all the rest of it. But just think for yourself; you have neighbors, possibly you get on with those neighbors, possibly you don't, but anyway the time has come, you are going to move to the other side of the world. If you are in England you are going to move to Australia. If you are in North America you are going to move to, let us say, Siberia. Well, you move, you are busy with your moving, you are busy settling in to your new address, you are busy with your work at your new location, you are busy making fresh contacts. Do you really stop to telephone Tom, Dick, and Harry, and Mary, Martha, and Matilda, or whatever their names may be? You don't, you know. You have forgotten all about them. And so do people on the Other Side.

People who have left this Earth are not just sitting on clouds playing their harps and plucking feathers out of wings etc., etc. They have a job to do; they leave this Earth, they have a period of recuperation and then they get busy on something else. Quite frankly they do not have time to be Spirit Guides and all that rubbish.

Many, many times entities who are not human will be able to intercept the thoughts of a human and, under certain conditions, will give the impression of being a Spirit Guide.

Let us consider the case of these séances; here we have a group of people who are hoping for communication with those who have passed over. They are a group of people who are all thinking along the same lines. It is not just one place for a special purpose, and they are all sub-consciously willing that a message shall be given. So in the astral world there are drifting forms who may be thought forms, or they may be just entities who have not been humans and never will be humans. They are just masses of energy responding to certain stimuli.

These entities, whatever their origin—but certainly they are not human—drift around and soon gravitate to any source which attracts them. If people are thinking strongly about a message from the dead, then these entities will quite automatically be attracted to such a group, and there they will hover around and stretch out pseudopods which, of course are hands and fingers made of energy, and they will touch a brain or part of a brain, or touch a cheek, and the person receiving such a touch will be sure that he or she is being touched by a spirit because the pseudopods they put out are similar to the pseudopods put out of ectoplasm.

These entities are often mischievous, and they are very, very alert in the same way that monkeys are alert. The entities float around, sort of bouncing from brain to brain, and when they get to some nice juicy item of information which is being radiated from a brain they can cause a sensitive, that is a genuine Medium, to speak. They give a message which at least one person knows to be true because it is in that person's consciousness, but none of them seem to think of the thought form just picking brains. It must be made very, very clear indeed that not all these manifestations are genuine.

We all know what it is like on Halloween when children go about with masks and

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costumes, and pretend to be something. That is how these thought forms, these entities, behave. They are really things of limited intelligence and they are, quite genuinely, parasites. They will feed upon anything that believes in them.

Under certain conditions a person can have what they believe to be manifestations. They can be sure that they have the spirit of old Aunt Fanny who fell down three flights of stairs and broke her leg and died after it, hanging around advising them because she is so conscience-stricken because of the way she ignored them when she was on the Earth. Well, actually, this is nothing of the sort. The person at the séance might unconsciously have been sending out pictures of Aunt Fanny and her broken leg, thinking what a bad-tempered old biddy she was, and so the mischievous entity will tune-in on that and will alter things around a bit, making sure that they are entirely plausible, and then Aunt Fanny comes through as a person who is sorry she was so obnoxious to her brilliant niece or nephew and now she wants to stay with them for ever or longer, and protect them from everything.

It is really amazing that humans on Earth rather scorn the Red man, rather sneer at the 'Indian' Indians and sometimes tend to disbelieve the authenticity of Tibetan Lamas, yet as soon as these people die the scoffer immediately reverses and thinks that the ones who have been so abused are going to rush back and sit on their shoulders and guide them through life, protect them from all the troubles of life.

Well they've got another trick coming. All they have, as already stated, is some incubi hanging around pretending to be something quite different.

Your friends on the other side of the world, how often do you get in touch with them? How often do you help THEM? How often did you help them when they were your neighbors? Now, think—a person passes over from this life, and you didn't even know of their existence when they were on this Earth, so, quite frankly, why do you think they are suddenly going to take such a vast interest in you?

Why do you think that some Tibetan Lama or Red Indian Chief is going to drop everything he is doing on the Other Side and rush to be with you for the rest of your life? Somebody at whom you probably scoffed when he was on Earth, or more probably did not even know that he existed. We must be logical about it. Many people believe they have a Spirit Guide because they feel insecure; because they feel lonely because they are sure they cannot manage without help. And so, partly, they invent a father figure or a mother figure who is always with them protecting them from their own folly and from the ill-will of others.

Another reason for this belief in Spirit Guides is that sometimes people hear or think they hear a mysterious voice talking to them. What they actually hear is a form of telephone conversation with their own Overself. This is relayed by way of the Silver Cord. It is amplified by the etheric and sometimes reproduced as vibrations by the aura.

Sometimes, too, a person will feel a throbbing on the forehead just between the eyes but slightly above the eyes. That is caused when a conversation is going on between the subconscious of the human on Earth and the Overself, and the one-tenth con-

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scious is trying to listen in but not being able to do so, and instead getting a throbbing which is the same as the telephone girl saying that the number is engaged.

We have to manage on our own, every one of us. It is wrong to join cults and groups and gaggles. When we leave this Earth we have to go to the Hall of Memories alone. It is useless for us to go to where we judge ourselves and say to our Overselves, 'Oh, the secretary of the Society for Hotter Hot Dogs told me that I should do this or I should not do that.' We have to stand alone, and if Man is to evolve Man must be alone. If we are going to settle in groups and gangs and cults—well, that is several steps backwards because when we join a group or a cult or a society, then we are limited to progress at the rate of the slowest person there.

The individualist, the one who wants to get on, the one who is evolved goes alone—always. In passing, an interesting letter was received two days ago. It said, 'I have been a Member of the . . . for forty-four years, and I must confess that I did not learn so much in all that time as I have learned from one of your books.'

CHAPTER EIGHT

The Old Author lay on his bed by the side of the window looking out across the almost deserted Port of Montreal. Ships were not coming so frequently now. There had been so many strikes, thefts, and other unpleasant happenings that many shipping lines were by-passing the Port of Montreal.

The Old Author lay there watching very sparse river traffic, but watching very busy traffic on the road going over to Man and His World, a place which he had no desire to visit. The sun was shining in and the young Girl Cat, Miss Cleopatra, was resting with arms folded on his legs. She turned to face him and grinning like the proverbial Cheshire cat she said, 'Guv, why is it that humans will not believe that animals can talk?'

'Well, Clee,' responded the Author, 'humans have to have everything proved, they have to hold things in their hot little hands and pull it to pieces so that they can say, "Well, it might have worked once but it certainly doesn't now." But you and I know that cats talk, so what does it matter what anyone else thinks?'

Miss Cleopatra turned the matter over in her mind for a little, her ears twitched and she delicately washed a paw.

'Guv,' she said, 'why do humans not realize that THEY are the ones who are dumb? All animals talk by telepathy. Why not humans?'

Well the answer to that is rather difficult and the Author was rather reticent about giving it. But—'Now look, Clee,' he replied, 'humans are different in that they never take a thing on trust. You know there is telepathy and I know there is telepathy, but if other people don't know it for some strange reason, then there is nothing that we can do to convince them. Now is there?'

The Author leaned back and smiled his love upon the Little Girl Cat, his so con-

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stant companion. Miss Cleopatra looked straight at him and thought back, 'Oh, but there is a way. there is a way, you have just been reading about it!'

The Author's eyebrows went up so high that he almost had some hair on the top of his head after all, which was quite a change after so many years of being bald. But then he thought of a book he had been reading about some experiments .

It seems that there were two researchers called R. Allen and Beatrice Gardner, and they were working at the University of Nevada. These two, a husband and wife team, were considering all the problems in teaching animals to speak and wondering why it was apparently impossible to teach animals to speak. The more they thought about it the more puzzling it seemed to them.

Of course apparently they overlooked the most obvious reason which is that animals do not have the necessary mechanism for speaking English or Spanish or French. Possibly they can grunt like some bad-tempered Germans do, but anyway, we are not dealing with Germans, bad-tempered or good.

The Gardners—they are husband and wife—made a different approach to the problem. They realized that chimpanzees managed to convey meaning to each other, and so they studied chimpanzees for a time. They came to the conclusion that many chimpanzees conversed by means of signs in a manner similar to that employed by those who are born deaf.

These people secured a chimpanzee and the animal was given the freedom of the house, and was treated much the same as a human would be treated, or perhaps possibly a little better because many humans do not treat other humans too well, do they? But that is beside the point. These people treated their chimpanzee as a complete member of the family, it had toys, love, and one important thing extra .

The humans in front of the chimpanzee conversed only by sign language. After many months she was able to convey her meanings (yes, it was a female chimpanzee) without particular difficulty.

They taught this chimpanzee for some two years, and she learned signs for hats, shoes, and all sorts of other articles of clothing, together with many, many other words. She was also able to convey when she wanted something sweet or when she wanted something to drink. The experiment seems to have been quite a success. It is not over yet, by any means, but animals lack the necessary vocal chord equipment to speak in the manner of humans. Possibly they would have difficulty in parsing and deciding on the correct tenses, but when humans are too stupid to be able to converse by telepathy then no doubt the animal will have to converse by means of signs. It is a fact, a demonstrable fact, that Miss Cleopatra and Miss Tadalinka can make their wants and wishes known even to people who are not telepathic. With the Author, of course, there was complete rapport, and Author and Siamese cats are able to converse with possibly greater facility than between two non-telepathic humans.

Miss Tadalinka sauntered in and said, 'You two talking about food?'

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'No, Tads,' replied Miss Cleopatra, 'we are talking about conversing with humans and we think we are very fortunate in having the Guv tell our wants and save us the trouble of having to use sign language.'

Miss Cleo looked up at the Author and said, 'You should be out, you know, you haven't been out for weeks. Why don't you get in your chair and go down into the grounds? It's a quiet day, there aren't many people about.'

The Author looked out of the window. The sun was shining, there wasn't much wind, but then he looked at the typewriter and the blank sheets of paper. He muttered an appropriate imprecation about the paper and the typewriter and struggled off the bed and into the electrically-propelled wheelchair.

It is rather difficult getting along a corridor, getting out of a door and into an elevator when one needs hands to use an electric wheelchair, but it can be done. The Author went down from the ninth floor to ground level. On ground level he decided to travel through the grounds and sit for a while by the side of the river.

Along the concrete street he went, and down the ramp at the end leading to the car-park. Crossing the car-park, he went up another little ramp to the sidewalk, a sidewalk which was quite, quite deserted. Gently he pushed the lever forward and the chair moved ahead at walking speed.

Suddenly there was a roar of a racing car engine and a swoosh as a big car came on the wrong side of the road and a harsh voice said, 'Stop!'

The Author looked around in some surprise, and as he did so a police sergeant and a police detective jumped out of a police car while the police driver was half hanging out of the driver's window.

'Oh, good gracious!' thought the Author. 'Whatever is wrong now?'

The police sergeant and the detective hurried forward and stood in front of the now stationary wheelchair. The sergeant glowered down with his hands on his hips and demanded, 'You that author fellow?'

'Yes,' was the reply.

The sergeant looked at the detective and the detective said abruptly, 'You should not be out alone. You look as if you're going to die at any minute.'

The Author was understandably somewhat surprised at such a remark, such a greeting, and he replied mildly 'Die? We're all going to die some time. I'm getting along all right. I'm on private grounds, I'm not upsetting anyone!'

The police sergeant looked even more threatening as he replied angrily, 'I don't care how you're getting on. I say you're not going to drive alone. You're not safe to go out alone. They've told me up there'—pointing to the building—'that you were given just a short time to live. I don't want you dying on the road here when I'm on duty!'

The Author was really astounded at such treatment and simply could not under-

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stand it. Admittedly he was ill, otherwise he would not have been in the wheelchair, but to expect people to accompany him every time he went out—well, that was bordering on the fantastic. There was housework to be done, all manner of things to be done, and the Author wanted to be independent. He said, 'But I am on private property.'

The detective broke in this time, saying, 'We don't care if you are on private property or not. You look as if you are going to die at any moment. We are not thinking about you, we are thinking about other people. Now you get back there and I'll follow you.' He seized the handles of the wheelchair and with extreme roughness turned the thing round with such violence that the poor wretched Author was almost tipped out. Then, with an angry shove, he commanded, 'Get going!'

Passers-by on the roadway leaned out of their cars, grinning at the sight of a man having trouble with the police—a man in a wheelchair—but, of course, these were sightseers and when people are out sightseeing ANYTHING is a sensation. But it was always a source of astonishment to the Author that whenever he was out in an electrically-propelled chair there was always a horde of grinning apes in big American cars hooting as if it was the funniest sight imaginable. He wondered what there was so amusing in seeing an old disabled man trying to live a life without being too much trouble to other people.

But the chair was given another violent shake and the harsh command 'Get going!' made him switch on the motor again, and go back through the car-park and up the ramp and on to the private street, the scowling detective following. At the entrance to the elevator the detective stopped and said, 'Now if you come out alone again we shall take action against you.' He started moving off to the police car which had followed, and as he did so he muttered, 'Silly old fellow, he's eighty if he's a day!'

So the Old Author got in the elevator again went up to the ninth floor and trundled the wheelchair back into his apartment. Another door had been closed. Now apparently it was forbidden to go out alone. He would have to be like a monkey on a chain or a dog on a lead or something. Miss Cleopatra came forward and jumping on his lap said, 'Silly Unmentionables, these humans, aren't they?'

But there was work to do, there was a book to write and there were letters to answer so the Author mentally tossed up a coin to see which he should do first. The letters won, and the first letter on top of the bunch was from a young man in Brazil, a young man of rare good sense, a young man with very, very balanced questions.

Here is the letter he wrote, and after it the letter which was a reply to him:

'Rio de Janeiro,

'Dear Dr. T. Lobsang Rampa,

'I've already read all of your books and I'm very interested to study hard everything you told us. But, like every student has some questions, I'd like you answer me the questions that I'll ask you.

'I'm sorry because I don't write (and speak) England well as I'm still learning it in the school and many of the words I saw in the dictionary. So, there are questions:

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'1. If I die, I'll find many people who I've known. I'll see them like I saw them in the Earth. But, what is my real aspect whether I've already been many persons in my existence circle? How a person who I had known in a before circle, would she see me?

'2. Why just now, a ancient from Tibete like you, came to tell us all of (everything) of the Oriental wisdom? Why just now?

'3. How could I see the Akashico Registry in the astral?

'4. What is the better position to meditate? I can't sit in the Lotus Position and I can't sit with the spine erect.

'If you think some questions shouldn't be answered, don't answer them as I'll find them in the meditation (I hope so) as I've already found most of them just thinking myself.

'You are really a candle in the darkness and I thank you for everything.

'Thanks very much, Dr. Rampa.

'FABIO SERRA.'

'Dear Fabio Serra,

'Oh lovely! You have sent me some questions which are worthy of answering in a book I am now writing and which will have the title of "The Thirteenth Candle".

'As I propose to use your questions in this book I am going to repeat your questions and then give the answer. So, here they are:

'1. "If I die I will find many people who I have known. I will see them like I saw them on the Earth. But what is my real aspect, and not just how I look on the Earth? How would a person who knew me before recognize me?"

'Well, the answer to that is when you die you first of all leave this Earth and you go into what many religions term "Purgatory". "Purgatory" is just a place where you purge away certain things. Suppose you have been out working in the garden and have possibly got some mud on your face or on your hair (if you have any hair!). Then you decide you want to come in and have dinner and perhaps listen to the radio. So—what do you do first of all?—you visit "Purgatory". In other words you visit a place where you can wash your hands, wash your face, and—well—purge yourself of dirt or things which should not be on you.

'Many religions make fearful pictures of "Purgatory". I prefer to regard it as a celestial bathroom where you wash your astral, so to speak, so that you may appear in front of your fellows with your territorial integrity intact. You see, when you are in the astral then you will be showing your aura, and if you have too many "dirty marks" on your aura then it will show to those who look. Purgatory, then, is a place in the astral where you are greeted by your friends and never by your enemies, because when you get to the Other Side you can only meet those with whom you are compatible. When you leave this Earth then obviously you think of yourself you think of your appearance, as

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you were on this Earth, and that is how you manifest in the astral—precisely as you were on this Earth. Because the people who meet you there want to be recognized, they also will appear to you just as you knew them on Earth.

‘Many times one has the same sensation on Earth. You see a person and you are sure that that person has a mole on the left side of the cheek, but another person might tell you, “Oh no, that mole was removed about a year ago.” You only see, in other words, what you want to see, what you expect to see, so when you get to the Other Side you will see the people you want to see, and you will see them in the form and color that you expect to see them in. A simple illustration—suppose you had a Negro friend, that is, the person was a Negro on Earth when you knew him. But supposing on the Other Side he was a white man; if he approached you, you wouldn’t recognize him, would you? So he appears as a Negro.

‘As you progress upwards then your appearance changes. In the same way you can have an illiterate savage with hair all over the place and teeth stained with various berries, etc. But if you took that illiterate savage and scrubbed him several shades lighter and gave him a shave and a haircut and fixed him up in a modern civilized suit of clothes he would look different, wouldn’t he? Well, when you get to the Other Side and you progress, then you will find your appearance changing—for the better.

‘The second part of that question? Well, of course, this lady whom you ask about will see you when you get to the Other Side as you are imagining yourself to be. She will see you as you were on Earth, and you will see her as she was on Earth. Otherwise (to repeat myself) you would not recognize her. .

‘2. “How did an ancient from Tibet, like me, come to tell Western people all about this sort of thing? Why should I come just at this time?”

‘That is a fair enough question, and I will give you the answer.

‘In the past there have been many people visiting Eastern areas of the world, and people from the West are material-minded. They dwell in the present, they dwell amid thoughts of money, material possessions, power and domination over others. It is part of the Western culture. Now, when they go to the East and find that many of the finest minds of the East are housed in bodies which are sick or poor or clad in rags, they cannot understand it, and so they take the ancient Teachings and, not having been born to the language, not having been born to the culture, they distort the ancient Teachings to that which they (the Westerners) think should be meant. So it is that many translators, etc., do a definite disservice to humanity in propounding fallacious statements by distorting one’s true religious beliefs.

‘I was prepared for a very long time. I was given the ability to understand the West while still being of the East. I was given the ability to write and to get my points clearly over to a person who is worthy of knowing the answers. I have suffered more than any person should have to suffer, but that has given me a greater insight, that has given me a greater range of expressions, of understandings, and has made me sympathetic to the Western outlook, and able to tailor my words to convey the true esoteric meaning to

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the Western reader.

'This is the Age of Kali, the Age of Disruption, the Age of Change when mankind truly stands at the crossroads deciding to evolve or devolve, deciding whether to go upwards or whether to sink down to the level of the chimpanzee. And in this, the Age of Kali, I have come in an attempt to give some knowledge and perhaps to weigh a decision to Western man and woman that it is best to study and climb upwards than to sit still and sink down into the slough of despond.

'In your third question you ask how you can see the Akashic Record when in the astral. To answer:

'When you enter the astral plane after having left this life you will, of course, go to the Hall of Memories and you will see everything that has happened to you, not just in the life you have just left, but in other lives that you lived before. Then you will decide, possibly with the assistance of counselors, what you want to do to advance your evolution. You may decide that you, too, would like to help others coming from Earth. In that case, if it is definitely to your advantage to see the Akashic Record so that you may help others more genuinely, then you will be given the power to see the Akashic Record. But I must tell you that no one can see it just as a matter of curiosity.

'There are people nowadays in the West who advertise that for a fee they will travel into the astral (complete with briefcase, I suppose!) and consult the Akashic Record and come back with all the information desired. Well, of course, this is entirely untrue. They do not consult the Akashic Record, and I doubt if they ever get into the astral consciously. The only spirits they consult are the ones that come in bottles. So, I repeat, you cannot see the Akashic Record of another person unless there is some definite gain to be derived therefrom **FOR THE OTHER PERSON**.

'Your fourth question is, once again, a very sensible question, one which I am pleased to answer because so many people ask it, so many people are troubled. Your question is, "What is the best position to adopt for meditation? I cannot sit in the Lotus Position and I cannot sit with the spine erect?"

'Precisely! Let me tell you this; if you breathe you do not have to adopt a special position, do you? If you want to read a newspaper or a book you do not have to adopt a special position. If you want to read you take a position which is comfortable for you. Perhaps you sit in an armchair, perhaps you lie down. It doesn't matter. The more comfortable you are, the more you enjoy, the more you can absorb that which you are going to read. The same applies to meditation. Now, read this carefully . . . It does not matter in the slightest degree how you sit. Sit in any way you wish. Lie down if you prefer. And if you want to lie down in a curled position, then do so. The whole purpose of resting is so that you can be free from strain. You must be free from strain and distraction if you are going to meditate successfully. So—any position that suits you suits meditation.

'There it is. You've got your answers. I hope you will find these answers of benefit to you.'

The Old Author leaned back with the satisfaction of a job well done. 'What a tre-

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mendous amount of misconception and misunderstanding there is,' he thought. Then he reached out and picked up another letter, this time all the way from Iran. One question in particular is applicable here, and that question is—What is the point of sleeping in the Lotus posture? Apart from mortifying the flesh what good does it do?

This really is a most vexed subject. It really does not matter in the slightest degree whether one sits in the Lotus Position or lies flat on one's back. The only matter is that one shall be comfortable because if one is not comfortable then there will be all manner of strains and stresses which will distract one from rest and distract one from meditation. Let us look at this a bit closer, shall we?

In the West people sit on chairs. When they go to bed they rest on a soft contraption which has springs or some device which lets portions of the anatomy sag so that if (to be unkind!) one's behind sticks out a bit too much the soft mattress or soft springs will permit one's behind to sink down in the mattress, and then the weight is more evenly distributed. The point is that in the Western world people have a system which suits them, it is THEIR system, the system to which they are born, and if a Westerner wants to sit he usually sits on some sort of platform supported on four legs and with a prop at the back to prevent him from tipping over. Almost from birth, then, he is conditioned to believe that he has to have his spine supported by something else, and so the muscles which normally would keep his spine erect become undeveloped or atrophied.

The same conditions apply in the matter of legs, their joints, etc. The Westerner is conditioned to have his legs stick out at a certain angle and bend down from the knees at a certain angle, and in any other position he is, naturally; uncomfortable.

Now let us consider the East Japan first. In Japan, before entering a house, one discards one's footwear and then enters the house, walks into a room, and sits on the floor. The only way you can sit comfortably on the floor is cross-legged, and one variation of that cross-legged position is called the Lotus Position.

Throughout many years of development the Japanese has found that if he grabs his ankles and nearly ties his legs in a knot he is very comfortable. He is propped up on a good solid foundation, and because he has been conditioned to it from birth he finds no strain, no discomfort, no unpleasantness. He finds, too, that his spine is naturally erect. It just has to be because of that posture.

Take a Japanese who has never seen Western appliances before and drop the poor wretch on to a Western chair, and he will be acutely uncomfortable. It will give him aches and pains in all the best places, and as soon as he can decently do so he will slide off the chair and flop on the floor in the accustomed position.

If one takes a Westerner and puts him in a Japanese community so that he has to sit on the floor cross-legged he suffers agony. His joints have not been conditioned to that particular position, so, to start with, he thinks he is going to split and then when the time comes to get up he usually finds he cannot. It is a delightful sight to see a fat old German who has been sitting cross-legged trying to get up.

Usually he falls forward on his face and just saves himself with his hands. Then

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with many a hearty groan he gets his knees tucked under him somehow, and with painful creaks and gasps and guttural exclamations he gets to his feet at the same time clutching his back and wearing upon his face the most anguished of expressions.

In the Far East sitting cross-legged is an ordinary matter of everyday existence. In the West the culture developed of making money and of having material possessions. The Westerner thinks more of 'today'—thinks more of having possessions upon this Earth—and so whatever is a status symbol becomes desirable. In the days of long ago kings and emperors and pharaohs and all that type of person sat on thrones, so the ordinary person got a few lumps of wood, knocked them into shape and used them as miniature thrones or chairs. Mrs. Smith wanted a better chair than Mrs. Brown so she put some pretty cloth over it, but Mrs. Jones wanted something better; she was so bony that she was sitting on bones all the time, so she stuffed the cloth with wool and then she had the first upholstered chair.

In the Far East people were not so money-conscious, they were not so possession-conscious. They tried, instead, to store up treasure in heaven or the local equivalent of that state, and people were quite content to sit on the ground. Thus from birth they had become accustomed to sitting on the ground. Their joints are more flexible, their muscles are designed for it.

In India the Wise Man sits under the trees in Lotus Position. He has to, poor fellow. he doesn't have a chair with him and he's probably never even heard of a shooting stick!

Westerners go along and see some old fellow sitting under a tree, and they think that that is a wise man and so they confuse his posture with the acquisition of wisdom. Then you get some stupid fellow, perhaps he has seen a photograph of India or something, and he goes and writes a book all about Yoga because he has heard a friend talk about it or because he has seen something on TV (the Author has no TV; he never did subscribe to the belief in the Idiot Box).

Authors have done immeasurable harm to the real meta-physical teachings. Authors, without the actual knowledge of things, have copied the works of others and altered it a bit so that they should not actually infringe a copyright. And then again, many authors resent what appears to be a newcomer who really does know his job from first-hand experience. So authors—the ones who copy without knowing what they are doing—must take the blame for putting a completely false interpretation upon the terms 'Yoga' and similar. Many of these authors think they have to be clever and put Sri in front of their names. It is just the same as a fellow putting Mr. while living in an Eastern community. If these authors and poseurs knew anything about it they would not be so utterly stupid as to copy terms which they do not at all understand.

Many interpreters and translators have tried to take Far Eastern books and put them into English or French or German, but that is absolutely dangerous unless the translator has a remarkably sound knowledge of both languages and of the metaphysical concepts. For example, many Eastern concepts are just that—concepts. They are abstract things and they cannot be translated into concrete terms unless a person has lived in both cultures.

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So we come back to the Lotus Position. The Lotus Position is just a seating posture which an Indian or a Japanese, or a Tibetan finds convenient and comfortable. He would not feel so comfortable in a chair so he doesn't use a chair.

In the same way, a Westerner cannot do so well in the Lotus Position because it is not a natural position for him. It is well known to circus people that if one is going to have good acrobats then they must be trained actually from birth. The limbs must be trained to bend more than normal because the average Westerner has a very limited range of bone movements. The Easterner, it is usually said, is 'double-jointed'; to be more exact, the Easterner has more training in bone movement. It is highly dangerous for a Westerner of perhaps middle age to try any of the exercises which are utterly commonplace to the Easterner. It is utterly dangerous for the Westerner to try sitting in the Lotus Position after joints, etc., have become stiff.

The person who made that question all the way from Iran has another question about Ho Tai being a symbol of Good Living.

Well, of course, the Ho Tai is just one example of the Thousand Buddhas. In the Far East there are concepts instead of concrete terms. People do not worship idols, they do not worship a figure of the Buddha. The figures just act as a stimulus to certain lines of thought. For instance, a Ho Tai is a pleasant-looking old man with a fat tummy sitting in the Lotus Position. Now, that does not mean that you also have to sit in the Lotus Position. It just means that this pleasant old man with the fat tummy didn't have a chair, and if a chair had been provided he would not have used it because a chair to him would have been uncomfortable. So he sat in the position most suitable for the training which his anatomy had had—cross-legged or Lotus Position.

The Ho Tai, then, is just one of a group of figures, statues, pictures, or representations of the different phases of man-kind. You can say that reaching Buddhahood is available to all, it does not matter if you are a king or a commoner, it does not matter your station in life, it does not matter if you are rich or if you are poor. You can be reaching for Buddhahood whatever your station in life. The only thing to go on is—how do you live? Do you live according to the Middle Way, do you live according to the rule that you should do as you would have others do unto you? If so, then you are on the road to Buddhahood.

This Buddha business is so often misunderstood, just as is Yoga, Yogin, Lotus, etc. THE Buddha was Gautama. Gautama was his name. Perhaps it would help a bit if one refers to Christian terms; Jesus was the man. Jesus was, in another conception, 'THE Christ.' One can be Christlike but you would not be Jesuslike, would you? In the same way Buddha is a state, a rank, a status, the final result. That to which Gautama aspired and to which Gautama evolved. It is, in fact, a state of evolution, and all these different figures which many uninformed people call 'idols' are not that at all. They are merely representations, merely reminders that it doesn't matter if you are austere (the Serene Buddha) or a jovial person (the Ho Tai) one can still attain to Buddhahood provided that one does live according to the true belief which is the Middle Way, and Do to Others as You Would have Them Do to You.

The Old Author leaned back exhausted with the effort of doing work. His health

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had been getting steadily worse, as witness the incident with the police when yet one further door to freedom on Earth had been closed. And now he was tired of writing.

For a time he switched on the good old Eddystone short-wave receiver and listened to news around the world, from India, from China, from Japan, and from Russia. It seemed that everyone in the world was saying unkind things about everyone else. 'Ah!' he said to Miss Cleopatra. 'At least we do not have television to look at all the horrors of Western gun-shooting scenes and all that rot. I don't know why we can't have good news information on the television instead of sex, sadism, and assorted sin.'

Miss Cleopatra looked wise. She looked down and then delicately started to clean herself again although she was cleaner than almost any human would be. 'Guv,' she said rather diffidently. 'Guv, haven't you forgotten something?'

The Old Author started and went into a considerable confusion of cogitation wondering what it was that he had forgotten. Why was Miss Cleopatra being so diffident?

'Well no,' he said, at last, 'no, I don't think I have forgotten anything, but if you think I have—well, just tell me and we'll see what we can do about it.'

Miss Cleopatra stood up and walked the length of the Author and then sat down on his chest in her favorite position so that she could whisper in his ear. 'Guv,' she said, 'you said earlier in this chapter about animals talking, you said about the chimpanzees. But you told me before that one should never never quote from anybody else's book without giving the complete title and author. Didn't you forget that?'

The poor wretched Author almost blushed except that blushing was a virtue quite beyond him. Then he bowed to the Little Cat and said, 'Yes, Cleo, you are perfectly correct. I will rectify my omission now.'

Reference was made to the husband and wife team of researchers by the name of Gardner who taught a chimpanzee sign language. The information was obtained from pages 170 and 171 of the book entitled 'Body Language by Julius Fast, published by M. Evans & Co. Inc., New York.

Miss Cleo slowly rose to her feet, yawned, turned about, and gently flicked the tip of her tail as she walked down the length of the Author again and lay across his ankles. Obviously she was highly satisfied that she had played her part in seeing that acknowledgment was given where acknowledgment was due. Having played her part she curled up comfortably and went to sleep. Every so often her whiskers flicked and twitched with the pleasantness of her pure and innocent dreams.

CHAPTER NINE

Beneath the shadowed rocks the old woman sat and sobbed her misery. Ceaselessly she rocked herself and flung herself to the unyielding ground. Her eyes were red and swollen and her furrowed cheeks were streaked with dirt which the tears had water-marked. The sunlight, as from another world, threw down strong black shadows across

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the entrance to her cave, shadowed bars that seemed to imprison her soul.

Beyond the mouth of the cave the Yalu River streamed endlessly on its way down from the highlands of Tibet, through India to form the sacred Ganges, and then on to the mighty seas, each drop of water like a soul going on to eternity. The waters roared and surged through close rock walls and tumbled over gorges into deep, deep pools before spilling over and rushing tumultuously on.

The path between the mountain wall and the turbulent stream was smooth, beaten hard, and level by the passage of many feet over hundreds of years. The red-brown soil would, to a Western observer, have reminded him of a chocolate bar, so brown and smooth it was. The great rocks strewn carelessly at the sides of the trail were red-brown too, with the color which comes to rocks richly laden with ores. In a tranquil pool fed by a feeble trickle from the mountainside, there came the glitter of specks of gold. Gold from the heart of the mountains.

The tall man and the small boy rode sedately along the winding path, the path which wound so constantly close to the rock wall. The small ponies were weary, for long this day they had plodded from the small lamasery from which the sun's rays even now were glinting in the far distance towards the West. The man, in the saffron robe of a Lama, looked about him, searching for a suitable spot at which to camp.

The mouth of a cave loomed indistinctly through the screening blooms of a rhododendron tree. The Lama gestured and slid off the pony. The following pony stopped behind his fellow, and the young acolyte, unprepared, slid over the animal's head. Unhooking his pack, the Lama strode to the mouth of the cave.

The old woman was moaning in an ecstasy of misery rocking backwards and forwards. 'What ails you, Old Mother?' asked the Lama gently. With a screech of terror the old woman jumped to her feet, then fell on her face at the sight of the Lama. Carefully he stooped and helped her to her feet. 'Old Mother,' he said, 'sit beside me and tell me what afflicts you so. Perhaps I may be able to help you.'

The young acolyte came blundering in, carrying his pack before him. Not seeing a rock ridge, he tripped over it and fell flat on his face. The old woman looked up and cackled with sudden laughter. The Lama motioned the boy away; saying, 'We will camp elsewhere, look after the ponies.'

Turning again to the old woman, he said, 'Now tell me what it is that afflicts you so.'

The old woman clasped her hands together and said, 'Oh, Holy Lama, hear my tale and help me. Only you can tell me what to do.'

The Lama sat down beside her and nodded encouragingly saying, 'Yes, Old Mother perhaps I can help but you will have to tell me of your difficulties first. But—you are not of our country are you? Did you not come from the tea country?'

The old woman nodded and replied, 'Yes, we crossed over into Tibet. We used to be on one of the tea plantations but we did not like it there, some of the Western people treated us so badly. We had to pick so much tea and always they were saying that it had

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too many stalks in it, so we came here and made a living by the roadside.'

The Lama looked thoughtful and said, 'But tell me, what ails you now.'

The old woman clasped and unclasped her hands, and appeared to be in an agony of indecision. Then she said, 'My husband and my two sons were living here with me. We managed quite well in helping traders to ford the river a little farther down because we know just where the crossing stones are, and we had arranged them so that we knew exactly how best the traders could cross without falling in and being swept over the gorge. But yesterday my two sons and my husband climbed up the side of the cliff. We wanted eggs and the birds were laying well.' She stopped and broke into a bout of weeping again. The Lama put an arm around her shoulder to calm her. He pressed a hand gently at the base of her neck. Immediately her sobbing ceased and she sat up resuming her tale.

'They had a good number of eggs, they had them in a little leather bag, and then—I don't know what happened exactly—my husband seemed to lose his footing, a rock rolled beneath him and he fell over. He toppled down the rockside.' She stopped to sob again, and then shaking her head as if to clear away bad memories, she resumed.

'My husband turned over as he fell and struck his head on the rocks down here. Poor fellow,' she said, 'that was always his weakest point. There was a horrible crunching and splat just like that—splat! And then a sound as if an old bundle of sticks were being stepped on.'

The Lama nodded his sympathy, and with a gesture encouraged the woman to continue.

'But up on the cliffside my sons were in great difficulty. One tried to snatch the bag of eggs from his father's hand, and as he did so he stumbled also. The second son tried to grab either the eggs or his brother—I do not know which—and he fell as well, and then there was a small rocks slide. Both boys fell, and they hit the rocks down here, splat, splat, just like that!' She cackled with an almost hysterical laugh and the Lama was some time before he could get her composed again. At last she was able to continue with her story.

'The way they hit! I shall never get it out of my mind. First there was this soggy splat, and then there was a crunching, splintering sound, so I have lost my husband and my two sons, and even the eggs were all broken up. Now I do not know what to do. Things are so difficult here.'

She stopped and sniffed and did a hoot or two full of anguish. Then she said, 'A passing trader helped me straighten them out a bit, although it was rather difficult, they were all pulpy masses, they could have been rolled up like an old garment. Probably there wasn't a bone left in their body unbroken. Then, as the trader and I stood there, a horde of vultures descended and we were horrified at how they went to work. Soon, more quickly than seemed possible, there was nothing left but the bones of my husband and my two sons, and they were shattered beyond belief.'

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The Lama gently stroked the back of her neck because she was giving way again to hysteria. He gently held the back of her neck and applied a slight pressure. The woman sat upright and the color returned to her cheeks. 'You have told me enough,' said the Lama, 'do not distress yourself.'

'No, Holy Lama, I would rather get it all off my mind if you will hear me out'

'Very well then. Tell me whatever you wish to tell me and I will listen,' responded the Lama.

'The trader and I stood there, I do not know how long we stood there watching in horror and fright as the birds cleaned up the fragmented bones. Then—well, we couldn't leave the bones there strewn about the path, could we? We gathered up all those bones in a basket and we tipped them all in the river. They all went tumbling down over the gorge. Now I have no husband, now I have no sons, now I have nothing. You Tibetans believe in the Holy Fields; we believe in Nirvana, but I am sore distressed, I am frightened. I too would like to leave this world, I am frightened.'

The Lama sighed, and then murmured half to himself, 'Yes, everyone wants to get to the Heavenly Fields but no one wants to die. If only people could remember that although they walk through the Valley of the Shadow of Death they will experience no evil if they fear no evil.'

Then he turned to the old woman and said, 'But, Old Mother, you are not going to leave this Earth yet. What is it that you fear so?'

'Living!' she answered abruptly. 'Living. What have I to live for? No man to look after me. How am I going to live, how am I going to eat, what can a woman alone do in this country, an old woman at that, an old woman who is no longer desirable to men? What can I do? I hope for death but I fear death. I have no one, I have nothing. And when I die—what then? My own religion, which is different from yours, teaches me that when I live in another life, if indeed there be another life, that I shall be reunited with my family, we shall all be together again. But how can that be, for if I live on for several years surely my family will have grown away from me, they will have grown older. I am sore distressed, I fear, and I know not what I fear. I fear to live and I fear to die, I fear what I will meet on the other side of death. It is not knowing, that is what I fear.' Impulsively she put out a hand and clasped the hand of the tall Lama. 'Can you tell me what I shall encounter beyond death?' she asked in a tremulous voice. 'Can you tell me why I should not throw myself over the gorge and die as my husband died, as my sons died? Can you tell me why I should not do this and be reunited with them? We were poor, we were humble people, but we were happy together in our own way. We never had enough to eat but we managed. And now I am an old woman alone—with nothing. Why, oh Holy Lama, should I not end my misery? Why should I not go to my family? Can you tell me that, oh Holy Lama?' She turned a beseeching look upon the Lama.

He looked at her, full of compassion, and said, 'Yes, Old Mother, it is very possible that I can bring you help by way of information. But first I doubt that you have had food or drink this day. Have you?'

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She shook her head dumbly. Her eyes were brimming bloodshot tears, and her lips were trembling under the intensity of her suppressed emotion. 'We will have some tea and tsampa,' said the Lama, 'and then you will feel rather stronger so that we can talk together, and I can tell you of the things which I know to be true.' He rose to his feet and going to the mouth of the little cave called the acolyte. 'Pick up some wood and light a fire,' he said. 'First we will have tea and tsampa, and then you and I will have to talk to the Old Mother within. We will have to do our duty and try to bring her the solace of the true Religion.'

The young boy wandered off among the great rocks. There was no shortage of wood here and he wished that conditions were more like it up in the Valley of Lhasa, thousands of feet above. He wandered around picking the driest wood he could find, and collecting the most satisfactory pile.

Just a little way up on the edge of a very sharp rock he saw something which excited his avid interest. Carefully he climbed up perhaps fifty feet, and reached out a hand for the strange object which was there, a shining thing with black strands attached to it. Grasping it he recoiled in such horror that he slid down the rockface. In his hand he found he grasped the top of the skull of one of the victims.

He slid down the rockface landing in a rhododendron tree which broke his fall. It also broke off many branches for which he was grateful; it saved him much work. He turned over the object in his hand, and to which he had clung despite the fall. Black hair, a bit of skin, and then the bony top of a skull. Dropping his wood he really galloped off to the side of the river and flung the thing well out towards the lip of the gorge. Perfunctorily he dipped his hands in the water to rinse them and then flicked them dry as he ran back to pick up his wood.

With an ample load he returned to a spot near the cave mouth and there he arranged a neat pile of small sticks and a little heap of tinder. Striking sparks with flint and steel, he tried to ignite the tinder which had become damp from his still wet hands.

At the cave mouth the Lama and the old woman looked out. The Lama smiled at the performance of the small acolyte, but the old woman, her stomach rumbling with hunger, said, 'Tchek, tchek, tchek,' and rushed out to the little pile of wood, her sorrows forgotten. Now she was the complete housewife about to show this young man how a fire should be lit. Quickly from her own scant supply she took dry tinder and struck a whole stream of bright sparks.

Kneeling down she blew hard, and hard, and hard, and the glowing tinder suddenly burst into flames hungrily reaching out to ignite the small twigs grouped above. Beaming her satisfaction she hurried back to the cave to get a can which was already filled with water.

The young acolyte stared moodily after her, thinking why was it that women always interfered when men were doing a first-class job? Why did women always meddle and, reaping the fruits of a man's hard work, collect all the credit, all the good Karma? Irritably he kicked out at a stone and then trudged upwards between the rocks again to

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bring back a further load of sticks. 'No knowing how careless this old woman will be with the firewood,' he thought to himself, 'I'd better really stock up this time.'

Up near the base of the great overhanging rock he found a bowl and a small charm box. He found a tattered scrap of rag. Looking at it he recognized it as one of the sacred devil traps. Thinking more carefully about it he remembered that some had been stolen, and then the tale came to him. 'Oh yes,' he thought, 'one of the ways they have been making money is by stealing stuff and getting it smuggled into India to be sold as souvenirs to Westerners.' He stuffed the bowl, the charm box, and the tattered scrap of cloth into the front of his robe, and spreading his arms wide he picked up the big bundle of wood and tottered precariously down the path, not being able to see where he was walking.

The old woman was busy again with the fire, and, as the poor boy had surmised, she was piling it on as if she had a whole regiment of monks to collect it for her instead of just one small boy. He dumped the pile of wood beside her, rather hoping that she would trip over it and fall into the fire and then he wouldn't have to work so hard. Then turning aside he moved towards the Lama, producing the bowl, the charm box, and the scrap of cloth. 'It is mine, it is mine, it belonged to my husband!' shrieked the old woman, jumping to her feet as quickly as if she were levitating.

Rushing forward she grabbed them from the young man, and stared at them greedily. 'The only thing I have in the world now to remind me of him.' So saying she pushed the things into the bosom of her dress and turned back to the fire, tears streaming from her eyes.

The young acolyte looked gloomily at the Lama and muttered, 'Hope she doesn't get all that mess into the tsampa. I never did like messed-up tsampa.' The Lama turned away and re-entered the cave in order to conceal the mirth which was threatening to destroy his gravity.

Soon the Lama, the small acolyte, and the old woman were sitting in separate places eating the tsampa and drinking the tea, for those in Holy Orders in Tibet prefer as a rule to eat alone or only in the company of their close associates. The very sparse meal soon was finished, and the Lama, the acolyte, and the old woman cleaned their bowls with fine sand, rinsed them in the river, and put them back inside their clothes. The Lama then said, 'Come, Old Mother, let us sit by the fire and let us see what we can do to discuss and solve your problems.' He led the way back and threw a handful of sticks on the spluttering little blaze.

The young acolyte looked gloomily on, appalled at how quickly the wood was being consumed. The Lama looked up with a smile and said, 'Yes, you'd better get another load or two, we shall need some fire here. Be off with you!'

The boy turned again and wandered off in search of wood and whatever else should offer itself. The Lama and the old woman started to talk.

'Old Mother ' said the Lama, 'your religion and my religion take different forms, but all religions lead the same way Home. It does not matter what we believe, nor how

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we believe so long as we do believe, for a true religion with the mental, and spiritual discipline which it enjoins upon its adherents is the only salvation for our people and for yours.' He stopped and looked at her, and then resumed, 'So you had thought of killing yourself, eh? Well, that's no answer, you know. If you kill yourself, if you commit suicide you merely add to your problems, you do not end them.' The old woman looked up at him, for he was a large tall man and she very small. She looked up at him with her hands clasped. Wringing her hands, she said, 'Oh yes, do tell me. I am ignorant, I do not understand anything, I have no knowledge at all. But yes, I had thought of killing myself by throwing myself against the gorge and becoming dashed against the rocks below even as my husband and my sons were dashed against the rocks.'

'Suicide is no answer,' said the Lama. 'We came to this Earth for the purpose of learning, for the purpose of developing our immortal soul. We came to this Earth to face certain conditions, perhaps the hardships of poverty, perhaps the great temptations which assail the rich, for let us not think that money and possessions give one ease from worries. The rich also die, the rich also become ill, the rich also suffer from worries and persecutions and from a multitude of afflictions and problems unknown to the poor. We come to this Earth and we choose our station according to the task we have to accomplish, and if we commit suicide, if we kill ourselves, we are like a shattered bowl, and if you shatter your bowl, Old Mother, how are you going to eat? If you break your flint and your steel there is no spark left with which to ignite the tinder; how then will you survive?'

The old woman nodded dumbly as if in complete agreement, and so the Lama continued: 'We come to this Earth knowing before we come what our problems will be, knowing what hardships we shall have to undergo, and if we commit suicide then we are running out on arrangements which we ourselves made for our own advancement.'

'But, Lama,' said the old woman in an agony of exasperation, 'we may know on the Other Side what we arrange, but why is it that we do not know while we are here on this Earth, and if we do not know why we are here how can we be blamed for not doing that which we say we should have to do?'

The Lama smiled down at her, and said, 'Oh what a common question that is! Everyone asks the same. We do not know usually what task we have to do upon this Earth because if we did know we should devote our whole energy to accomplishing that task no matter how much it inconvenienced others. We have to do our task and at the same time help others. We have at all times to live according to the rule, "Do as you would have others do unto you" and if in a selfish hurry to complete a given task we tread upon the rights of others, then we just make extra tasks which we have to accomplish. So it is that it is better for the majority of people not to know the task which they have to accomplish, not to know so long as they are upon the Earth.'

The discussion was interrupted by a shout from the young acolyte. 'Look! Look!' he shouted. 'Look what I have found!' He hurried into sight carrying in his hands a small golden image. The weight was considerable and he had to carry it carefully, afraid that it might drop and fall upon his feet.

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The Lama rose to his feet and as he did so he happened to glance towards the old woman. Her face was a pale greenish color, her mouth was open, and her eyes were staring wide. She looked the absolute picture of complete terror.

The Lama took the figure from the boy. Turning over the image he saw on the base a mark. 'Ah!' he said. 'This is one of the figures which was taken from the small lamasery up there. Robbers broke in and this is one of the things they took.' He turned and looked at the old woman who was gibbering with fright. 'I see, Old Mother, that you knew nothing about this. I see that you had suspicions that your husband and two sons were doing something which they should not have been doing. I see that in spite of your suspicions that you were not sure and that you had no part in this. So, fear not. You will not be punished in any way for what is the sin of another.'

He turned back to the small boy, and said, 'There should be more gold, there should be precious stones also. We will go back to where you found this, and we will cast around to see if we can find the remainder of the articles which are missing.'

The old woman stuttered and stammered and at last got out some words. 'Oh, Great and Holy Lama, I know that my husband and my two sons were doing something over at the foot of that rock,' she pointed. 'I did not know what they were doing, I did not enquire, but I saw them over there, and that is near where they fell.'

The Lama nodded, and he and the young boy walked over there together. The young acolyte said, 'But that is where I discovered this thing. It was just sticking out of the sand so I picked it up.' Together Lama and acolyte dropped to their knees and with flat stones dug down into the sandy soil. Soon they struck something hard, and gentle rifling through the soil with their fingers dislodged a substantial leather bag in which, to their delight, were precious stones and small nuggets of gold. They dug together and ran their hands through the soil to see if anything had been missed.

At last the Lama was satisfied that they had completely recovered the stolen articles. They rose to their feet and went back to the fireside where the old woman was still sitting.

'Tomorrow,' he said, 'you shall take these articles back to the lamasery. I shall give you a written message to present to the Abbot and he will give you a sum of money as a reward for the return of these articles. I shall make it clear to him in my note that you are not the guilty one. So, with the sum of money, you should be able to travel the path to your former home in Assam where possibly you have relatives or friends with whom you can live. But now let us discuss your other problems, for the things of the spirit should take precedence over the things of the flesh.'

'Holy Lama,' said the young acolyte, 'could we not have more tea while you talk? I am very thirsty with all the hard work and all the excitement. I should like to have more tea.'

The Lama laughed, and bade the boy go to the river and get more water, and yes—they would have fresh tea.

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'Old Mother,' enquired the Lama, 'what is this other matter which troubles you so? You said something about being united with your family.'

The old woman sniffed a bit in her sorrow and fright, and then said, 'Holy Lama, I have lost my husband and my sons, and even if they did steal from the temple they are still my husband and my sons, and I would like to know if I shall meet them again in another life.'

'But of course,' said the Lama. 'Much misunderstanding is caused, however, by the manner in which people on this Earth will think that things are always the same. People do not like change. They do not like anything to be different. It is different on the Other Side. Here on this Earth you had your husband and then you had your son, a baby. Later you had another baby. The babies grew up, they became small boys, they grew older and became young men, they were not the same, they grew up. It is thus on the Earth because you came to the Earth and they came to the Earth for you all to be together. But your son on this Earth may not be your son in the next life. One comes to the Earth to live a part, to carry out a certain role, to accomplish a certain task. Here you come as a woman, but on the Other Side of life you may be a man and your husband may be the female one.'

The old woman looked dazedly at the Lama. Obviously she was not taking it in at all. Obviously it was a matter beyond her comprehension. The Lama saw it, so he continued:

'In Assam when you were a girl you probably saw some of those plays about the fertility of the soil, about Mother Nature. The actors were people whom you knew, and yet when they came out to play their parts they resembled other people, they were made-up, dressed up to resemble other people, to resemble Gods and Goddesses, and you could not recognize them for whom they really were. Upon the little stage they carried out their acting and their posturing and their miming, and then they disappeared from the stage, soon after to re-appear among you as the people you well knew. They were no longer the Gods and Goddesses and the Demons of the play, they were instead men and women well known to you your friends, your neighbors and your relatives. So it is down here upon this Earth.

'You are living a part, you are an actress. The ones who came as your husband and sons were actors. At the end of the play, at the end of your life, you will go back and be what you were before you came down to this stage which is the Earth, and the people you will meet on the Other Side are the people you love for you can only meet those who want to meet you and whom you want to meet. You can only meet those whom you love. You will not see your sons as small babies; you will see them as they really are. But yet you will be as a family for people come in groups, and what is a group but a family?'

CHAPTER TEN

So the end of the week came around as the end of the week always does. The Old Author heaved a sigh of relief to think there would be no mail on this day, for on a Saturday in Montreal there is no mail delivery. So while the highly paid mailmen were resting

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in their country cottages or going out fishing in their boats, the Old Author lay back in his bed and grumpily considered all the questions which still had to be answered. Here is a question which comes up time after time. It is:

‘To me it is most important to know where I am going. Once a man is born you state that it is somewhat like a mother giving birth to a child but with the Silver Cord still remaining attached. You state that the Overself is the nine-tenths of the subconscious of Man or, so to speak, the man behind the scenes. All right, if this be so then let us get to the man. He starts out limited to his one-tenth, and thus runs round in the dark most of his life. The man dies (he has done his job for the Overself), the Silver-Cord is severed and he is on his own. WHAT DOES THE OVERSELF GIVE HIM FOR HIS EFFORTS?’

‘Well, all right, let us get down to it. Yes, that is a question which can be answered. But you must remember that the Overself is the real you, and it is—as far as Earth terms are concerned—blind, deaf, and static, but of course only as far as this low Earth is concerned. The Overself wants to know what things are like on this Earth, it wants sensation fast because in the realm in which the Overself normally lives things move at the rate of a thousand years, or so, instead of a day. That is why in one of the Christian hymns there is that piece about a thousand years being the twinkling of an eye. But anyway, the Overself can be likened to the brain of a human. The Overself causes a human, or more than one human, to do certain things and to experience certain things, and all the sensations are relayed back to the ‘brain’ Overself, who then vicariously enjoys or suffers from those sensations.

‘We have difficulties, you know, because upon this Earth we are dealing with only three dimensions and only three dimensional terms so how are we to get over concepts which demand perhaps nine dimensions? You ask what sort of reward does the Overself give to the human for all the experiences which have been undergone, but there is a good question to ask in return; it is this—What reward do you give your fingers for turning a door-knob and opening a door for you? What payment do you give to your feet for conveying you along to another room in the house or to your car or for pushing you upstairs?

‘How do you pay your eyes for sending your brain those beautiful pictures? Remember—if ‘you’ are the brain and you are dependent upon hands and feet and nose and eyes, all those organs are dependent upon you for their existence. If you did not exist those hands, feet, nose, and eyes would not exist either. It is completely a cooperative effort. If your fingers light a cigarette your fingers do not enjoy the smoke; possibly another part of ‘you’ does, but anyhow when your fingers light a cigarette other organs do not reward those fingers with kind words or expensive gifts by way of thanks.

‘But even if ‘you’ wanted to reward those fingers, how would you do it? What could you give to fingers that would please them and reward them adequately? And if the real ‘you’ is the brain, then how can the brain, which is dependent upon those fingers, operate to reward those fingers? Do you make the left hand give a gift to the right hand and then the right hand give a reciprocal gift to the left hand, or what? Keep in mind always that the fingers are dependent on the brain for direction, the fingers are dependent upon

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'you'. So there is no reward because just as the fingers and the toes are part of the whole body, so you are just part of the whole organism which constitutes extensions of the Overself. Here on this Earth you are just an extension in the same way as you can thrust an arm through a window and feel things in a room beyond. a room beyond the range of your sight. So there you are. You are working for yourself. Anything you do here benefits your Overself and so benefits you because you are the same thing, or a part of it.

The same querist has another question which is applicable, and it is: 'If the said man must be reincarnated does he go back to the same Overself or does he get a new one? Is he sort of a permanent part of the Overself? Is man suddenly endowed with the other nine-tenths of the consciousness, or what happens?'

The answer to this—Well, your question really is, does the same body or spirit come down from the Overself? Let us suppose you get a cut on your hand. You don't get a fresh hand, do you? The hand, or rather, the cut heals because it is part of you, because it is directed by your brain to heal, it goes through the process of joining together. People are entities complete so that your Overself can direct extensions to itself to come down to Earth, and those extensions—humans—are something like the tentacles of an octopus; cut off a tentacle and it will re-grow.

My oh my! What a lot of confusion there is about this Overself business! But in an earlier part of this book the matter should have been clarified somewhat. To add possibly a little more light let us suppose that we have a big entity which has powers which we do not at present understand. This entity has the ability to think and thereby to cause extensions of itself to shoot out wherever desired—pseudopods, they are called. So our Overself, remaining in one place, has the ability to cause extensions to be sent away from the main body but still attached to it, and at the end of the extensions there is a node of consciousness which can be aware of things through touch or through sight or through sound, nodes of consciousness which merely receive on different frequencies.

Everything is vibration. There is nothing but vibration. If we think that an article is stationary, then it is merely vibrating at one particular rate. If a thing is moving, then it is vibrating at a faster rate. And even if a thing is dead it is still vibrating and actually breaking up as the body decomposes into different vibrations.

We feel a thing, no matter whether it is stationary or moving. We touch it and we feel it because it has a certain vibration which can be received and interpreted by one of our nodes attuned to that type of frequency, in other words, we are sensitive in the sense of touch. Another article is vibrating much more rapidly. We cannot feel it with our fingers, but our ears pick up that vibration and we call it sound. It is vibrating in that range of frequencies which a higher-receiving node can receive as a high sound, an intermediate sound, or a low sound. Beyond that there is a range of frequencies which are much higher, we cannot touch them, we cannot hear them, but even more sensitive nodes termed eyes can receive those frequencies or vibrations and resolve them inside our brain into a definite pattern and so we get a picture of what the thing is.

We get much the same thing in radio. We can listen-in to the AM band which is a fairly coarse vibration or frequency, or we can go to the short-wave bands which are

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much faster frequencies which an AM receiver will not receive. And we can also go down (or should it be up?) to the FM frequencies, or the UHF frequencies where we can pick up television-pictures. The radio receiver for television will not pick up AM or shortwaves, just as the AM or shortwave receiver will not pick up television pictures. So there we have an everyday illustration of how we can put out extensions to receive vibrations of a special frequency. In just the same way the Overself puts out nodes—pseudopods—humans—to pick up something which the Overself wants to know about.

Horrid thought for you. Something to make your flesh creep before you go to bed; we have seen how humans make things to pick up AM radio or FM or shortwaves.

Supposing your Overself regards this Earth as just AM, then the Overself can have pseudopods out in higher frequencies, eh? So sometimes you get a nightmare where the poor old Overself has got his lines crossed and you pick up impressions of bug-eyed monsters, etc. Well, there are such things, you know.

The Author picked up another letter and shuddered. He had no mirrors about, but had there been a mirror available it would have been observed that the Author turned very pale, shockingly pale. And why? How about this for a question?

‘I have a question and it is this; if a puppet can enter either a male or a female body depending on what it wants to learn, why is it always taken for granted that the entity which was the Dalai Lama will always incarnate as a man?’

Surely even this entity needs a change if it is to learn things generally rather than purely from the male viewpoint, and why can a woman never aspire to the highest level of Lamahood? In Tibet where I understand men and women are equal (or were before the Chinese arrived), why this discrimination?’

Once again a question can be partly answered by a question. Here is a question which may help; where in all history has there been a woman as a Supreme God? Can you readers tell of any single instance where a woman has been THE Supreme God? Yes, there have been Goddesses, but they have been ‘inferior’ to the Gods. The Dalai Lama was a God on Earth according to Tibetan belief, and so, as a God on Earth being a Goddess on Earth would not suffice. He came in male form because the things he had to do necessitated that he came in male form. But how do you know that the Overself of the Dalai Lama does not have female puppets elsewhere learning other things? As a matter of fact he did. As a matter of fact much was being learned on the female side also.

This particular Author has a screw loose about certain things. One is about the moronic press, and another is about the so-called Women’s Liberation Movement. This particular Author firmly believes that women have a very important job in life, raising the future population. If women would only stop aping men—and they do definitely try to ape men and try to wear the pants, forgetting that they don’t have the figure for it—then the world would be a better place. This Author believes that women are responsible for most of the troubles of the world through wanting to get out and be ‘free’, as they wrongly term it, instead of accepting their responsibilities as mothers. Women say they want to be equal, but are they not equal? Which is most important, a dog or a horse?

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They are different creatures.

Men and women are different creatures, a man has never given birth without the assistance of a female, let us say, but a female can give birth without the assistance of a male by parthenogenesis. So if the Women's Lib Movement wants a boost, why not boast about that?

What greater proof of equality or even superiority can there be than that women have the task of providing and bringing up the future race? The male co-operation in the matter only takes a few minutes, but a woman—well, she should bring up children until they are able to get on by themselves, and how she brings them up, the example that she sets them, that is how the future race will be. But now women want to beetle off to the factory where they can talk scandal, they want to be a hash-slinger, or anything except to accept the responsibility for which she is so well qualified by Nature. Women's Liberation? I think the sponsors of the Women's Liberation Movement should be slapped across the backside—hard!

The question goes on to ask why women never aspire to the highest Lamahood. Because women are irrational, that is why, because women cannot think clearly, that is why. Because women let their emotions run away with reason, that is why. If women would only stop being such asses and face up to their responsibilities, then the whole world, the whole Universe, would be a better place.

Women have the biggest task of all; women have the task of staying at home, making a home, and setting an example which future generations can follow. Are women not big enough to do their task?

Another question, 'What is the best incense to use?' That is something which cannot be answered because it is much the same as saying, what is the best dress to wear? What is the best food to eat? One cannot say what is the best of anything until one knows for what purpose it is required. Briefly, so that this shall not be entirely negative, here are some comments; You should try different types, different brands of incense, and you should decide which is the best type FOR YOU when you are peaceful or when you are irritated or when you want to meditate. Decide which is the best for you on those occasions, and lay in a good supply of those types.

Incense should always be thick sticks. The thin stuff is practically useless. It is like having a musical note; if you get a thin, reedy note it merely irritates, it merely aggravates one, but if you have a good, full-bodied note, then that can be peaceful, soothing, or stimulating. So—never be fobbed off with a thin stick of incense. If you use that you are wasting your money. Sticks are to be preferred rather than powders and cones. As to where to get the stuff—well, that is another matter. But please be very sure that there is no such thing as 'Rampa Incense'. Lobsang Rampa does not endorse any particular supplier, he does not endorse any particular incense. Many people have come out with blatant advertisements about 'Rampa This' and 'Rampa That', but Lobsang Rampa has no business interests of any kind whatsoever.

Sometimes there is a request for where to obtain a certain book or other items,

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and then a name and address is given, but these are ordinary suppliers and are entirely and absolutely unconnected with Lobsang Rampa. Other firms advertise that they are 'The Third Eye This' or 'Something That', but again it must be emphasized because of these advertisements that Lobsang Rampa does not endorse any of them, he does not favor any of them, and he does not necessarily deal with any of them.

'Oh, oh!' said the Old Author. Miss Cleo sat up with her ears erect and her whiskers sticking straight out, looking the absolute epitome of alertness and interrogation. The Old Author smiled at her and said, 'Hi Cleo, listen to this. We've got a letter here from a pressman. He is a Press reporter with the So-and-So So-and-So newspaper in the City of So-and-So and Something-Else.

He is very cross, Cleo, because he's read one of the Rampa books referring to the cowardly men of the Press. He thinks the Press are God-inspired, the Press have a right to write anything they want about people because they are doing holy work. Holy work, do you hear that, Cleo?' asked the Old Author. 'This pressman asks for a definite statement from Lobsang Rampa of how the Press do any harm. The Press, he says, do only good.'

The Press could be an instrument of tremendous good, but so could television. But both pander to the lowest emotions of mankind—sadism, sensuality, superstition, and assorted sinfulness. The big complaint against the Press is that they burst into print without being sure of their facts.

The Press get hold of some rumor and immediately they print it as absolute fact, and if the rumor is good then the Press distort it because sensationalism and sadism seem to sell more successfully than anything good. The Press talk about their freedom—the freedom of the Press—but how about freedom for individuals? If the Press are to have freedom to write whatever they want to write, then the people about whom they write should also be afforded equal space in the columns of the papers to refute the lies which the Press have written. Instead of that, if any attempt at refutation is made, the Press take sentences out of context and write up a thing which becomes perfectly damning as it appears to emanate from the person concerned but is actually just a mish-mash of statements taken haphazardly, or perhaps not haphazardly; perhaps with that devilish cunning which only Press reporters seem to possess.

Many people who are not in a position to defend themselves are attacked by the Press. Charlie Chaplin, for example, has been attacked and attacked and attacked most unfairly by the Press. Prince Philip is another; he also has been attacked and has no means of defending himself.

What about the freedom of the Press? How about the freedom of the people who are attacked? The Press cause wars and race hatred. The Press print only that which is sensational and which is calculated to stir up trouble. Without the Press there would probably have been no war in Viet Nam. There would have been no war in Korea. Without the Press causing race hatred there would not be so much trouble between different colors of humans, and now—the Government of the United States is having grave trouble because the Press, against the wishes of the Government, have burst into print with matters

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which should be kept quiet.

Every person has something which he wants to keep private. Every person has something which, while perfectly all right within the family, might look a bit 'off' to an outsider who did not know the exact facts and circumstances. The same appears to be the case with these Pentagon papers which the Press are now purveying as sensational things. It is causing trouble in Canada, England, France, and many other countries—just because the Press people want a few extra cents for their newspapers. In this Author's opinion the Press is the most evil force which has ever existed upon this world; in this Author's opinion unless the Press be checked and controlled and censored the Press will eventually control the world and lead to Communism.

The Old Author lay back and smiled at Miss Cleopatra as he said, 'Well, Clee, I wonder if that awful fellow, that Press reporter with the . . . newspaper in the city of . . . will take this to heart. I hope so. It could be one step towards salvation for him to leave his job with the Press and take something decent elsewhere.'

But let us turn aside from the Press and deal with some more questions. They are never-ending, aren't they? But it shows that there is a great need for some source whereby the questions may be answered, even partially.

Here, from England, are some questions and the answers:

1. 'Is it wrong to have an animal "put to sleep" when it is suffering and is perhaps incurably ill?'
2. As a Buddhist one should not take life, but there are certain things which are greater than any of the established religions, whether it be Buddhism, Christianity, Judaism, Hinduism, or anything else, and this is what one might term a duty to the Overself. In this Author's opinion it is definitely kinder to the animal to have it painlessly killed if according to the present state of veterinary knowledge it is incurable.

If an animal is suffering from such an illness that veterinary science cannot alleviate its suffering, then it is better to get a Veterinarian to destroy it as painlessly and as quickly as can be. That is kind. This particular Author is very, very experienced in the matter of pain having had more than his fair share, and as such he would have welcomed another stronger force which could put him out of his pain permanently.

Suicide is something quite different. Suicide is wrong. Suicide is very, very wrong indeed and those who are contemplating suicide truly have the balance of their mind disturbed by sorrow, pain, or by other circumstances which affect their judgment. Euthanasia would not be suicide because euthanasia would use the judgment of mature minds who were not directly involved and as such were not swayed by distressing emotions, who were not swayed by self-pity or by pain. Suicide, according to this Author's belief, is irrevocably wrong and should never be resorted to.

If an animal is ill it should be put out of its misery. If a human is ill, incurably so, and of an advanced age where he is a burden to others, then there should be a form of euthanasia in which the matter could be discussed with those who have no personal in-

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terest.

This next question has bearing on the one above because the question is, 'Would it be possible to have the animal sent back during a human's life?'

The answer is; of course, 'Yes,' if it were to the animal's benefit. So that if—this, of course, is just by way of a purely hypothetical example and must not be taken too seriously—an animal is put out of his misery without having done his job, then it is possible that that same animal could elect to come back to the same family as a young kitten or a young puppy, and live out that period of time of which it had been deprived by being 'put to sleep' as an alleviant of suffering. It does happen. But, of course, if an animal is on the Other Side of life and if the 'owner' can do astral travel, then they can meet IF THEY BOTH DESIRE IT.

The next question—'Does the astral form have an aura, or only the physical?'

The physical form, the basic form down here on Earth, has an etheric and an aura. Both are just reflections of the life form within. Many people cannot see the aura—most people cannot see the aura—because they are so used to it in the same way that most people cannot see the air in which they live; all they can see is the smog, and there is plenty of that to see nowadays.

In the astral world the aura is much brighter around astral figures, and the greater the degree of evolution of an astral figure the more brightly the aura flashes, scintillates, and undulates. So the answer is—Yes, very definitely there is an aura around astral figures. But just as on the Earth some people cannot see the aura, so there are those in the lower astral who cannot see the astral aura. That is a matter which improves as the 'nonseers' evolution increases.

This person in England asks some sensible questions! It is from a very intelligent English woman (do you get that, Reader? I am praising a woman!). 'Would it be permissible' asks the question, 'to use information gained from the Akashic record to write true histories of ancient civilizations and true biographies of famous people?'

No, because you would not be believed. Ancient history resembles printed history only by accident. History is written, or re-written, or erased according to the whim of dictators, etc. A fairly modern-day example is the history of Nazi Germany. It is fairly common knowledge that history was altered a bit so that Hitler appeared to be something different from what he really was. It is fairly common knowledge also that Russian history has been altered to suit the Communist dictators. So the whole point is, if you wrote the truth from the Akashic Record you would find that it was not believed because it diverged so greatly from the official history of the country concerned.

In the matter of biographies, etc.—well if one writes the truth one cannot often get it published, and if it is published there is usually an awful commotion after because some pressman turns up a faint rumor and he breathes heavily on the flame until he makes a roaring furnace which consumes the truth. If you want the real truth you will have to wait until you go into the astral to live!

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I say, Miss C., you've got some good questions! I am going to use another of yours. You say, 'Is abortion always wrong?'

I say, no, it is often very much better to have an abortion rather than to bring into an already over-populated world some poor little wretch who will not be wanted and who may have an extremely difficult time through no fault of his own. After all, why should he be penalized for a few moments of carelessness on the part of the parents? If there is an early abortion, then an entity has not yet taken possession of the body.

By the way, Reader who complained of too many 'I's' surely by the time I have reached this stage of the book I can cease to be an Old Author and can be an Old Man instead, because I assure you I am not an 'Old Woman'.

Anyway, in my books I try to keep the personal touch because we are all friends together, aren't we? We are not stuffed ducks standing on pedestals. Get yourself on a pedestal and you can soon get knocked off. Here is another of our soul questions. It is, 'If the soul leaves a person who has become like a cabbage should the medical profession keep all the cabbages alive by purely mechanical means?'

A personal opinion is—No. When a person gets to such a stage that the entity is no longer there and life is being sustained entirely by mechanical means, then it is wrong and foolish to sustain that life. Under such conditions mechanical means should be stopped and the body should be allowed to die. This is the kindest method. One hears so much nowadays of absolutely incurable people who are longing to die, who are being kept alive with whacking great tubes stuck in them and all sorts of devilish electronic devices—well, that is not life; that is living death. Why not let them 'go home'?

'With the population explosion there is increased pressure on the wild-life and wild places of the world—will these survive or will Man ruin his environment forever?'

Many animals, birds, and fish, will die and their species will be eliminated for all time from this Earth. Mankind is insatiable and voracious. Mankind has no thought for the people of the wilds, but only for putting a few more bucks in his pocket. As this is being written there is a scheme here in the Province of Quebec whereby millions of acres of land is going to be denuded of its trees to go into the papermaking industry because from some of these paper products newspapers are printed, artificial leather is made, and many other products which Man now finds indispensable to his existence for some reason.

'With the felling of the trees there will be no insects, no birds; no places for the birds to nest, no food for them, and so they will starve. Animals without shelter and without food will starve also.

'Man is committing suicide and ruining his world fast. With the removal of the trees there will be different thermo currents. The temperature of the trees caused air to rise and rain to fall, so without the trees there will be a climatic change. It could become a desert area in Quebec where the trees are being felled by the millions.

'The roots of trees reach out into the soil and keep it together in a solid mass.

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When the trees are felled and the roots pulled up there will be nothing holding the soil together, so the winds will come and blow the light soil into the air leaving desert areas reminiscent of the Dust Bowl of America.

'Mankind is ruining his world because of his quite insatiable money-grabbing. If people would only live more naturally without some of these synthetic compounds then they would be happier. As things are now, with all the developments of mankind, there is more and more pollution of the air and of the water and the soul, and soon there will come the point of no return when the earth will become barren and uninhabitable. Many people in high places out of this Earth, out of this world, are working hard to influence mankind so that this insensate destruction of the wild places of life shall be stopped, and so that Nature shall be afforded an opportunity of restoring the ecology to that which is most suitable for Man's continuance and for Man's evolution.

But—what is this? A large brown envelope inside of which there was a folded newspaper and a letter. The Old Author looked at the paper and put it aside quickly as it was a French language newspaper and he did not read French. The letter was in English. It said that the newspaper had an article by a man who was saying that Lobsang Rampa was ill and had retired and that he (the subject of the article) had now taken over as Lobsang Rampa's successor. The writer of the letter wanted to know who was this successor to Lobsang Rampa? Was it true?

There have been many people who claim to be Lobsang Rampa. But about this newspaper article first, No, I have no successors. No, I have no disciples, no students. I have no one who is my 'heir'. When I die and leave this Earth I shall have done all that I have tried to do, and if anyone sets up as my successor, my heir, my representative, then he is indeed definitely a fake. Let me repeat once again in capital letters—I HAVE NO SUCCESSORS. THERE IS NO ONE TO WHOM I HAVE DELEGATED ANY 'AUTHORITY'.

One of the awful things about being an author who is fairly well known is the number of people who go about and claim that they are that author. For instance not long ago I had a letter from an air hostess who said how glad she was to meet me on a recent air flight, but where was the set of autographed books which I had promised her? I am confined to a wheelchair or to a bed. All my flights are made in the astral without air hostesses. There have been quite a number of instances when people have passed themselves off as me. Sometimes they have been offensive to other people, and other people have written to me complaining of my attitude. Sad, eh? Possibly this sort of thing could be stopped if everyone had identity cards because I have had bills charged to me and all sorts of things without, even knowing the first thing about it. So you have been warned. You should know what I look like by now, although I think sometimes the pictures on the covers of my books are painted by a blind man in complete darkness.

'Now, Lobsang Rampa, I would like your opinion in general about healing. Is it wise of a person living in the twentieth century to get herself involved in this? I mean, doctors are so clever nowadays, they can do almost anything, so are we needed? Then take the ordinary man today, he does not know what you are talking about if you tell him you can cure a headache quickly instead of him taking a lot of pills. He will tell you that

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you are just right for a mental home. So, I would like to hear from you. Is it wise to use this healing ability?’

No, it is definitely unwise to use any so-called healing ability unless one has definite medical knowledge. It is possible to have a person suffering from a very dread disease, and it is perfectly possible by hypnotism to disguise the symptoms. But although one can disguise them, one is not curing the illness, and if the person feels ill or becomes even more ill and then goes to a doctor, well—the symptoms have been disguised so what can the poor unfortunate doctor do? Had it not been for the disguised symptoms, the doctor possibly could have located the precise disease and cured it.

Unless one has definite medical knowledge and is working with the cooperation of a registered medical practitioner one should never, never go in for these healing things because they can be lethal. The same goes for this prayer stunt. When a whole bunch of people get together to pray about a certain thing, unless they know the precise condition and circumstances they may invoke the law of reversed effort and make things a whole lot worse than they were before. So, the best motto to adopt is, ‘Leave well

alone.’

Dear, dear, a whole bunch about the same sort of thing! All right, let’s have a second on this, shall we? This next question is, ‘Why is it that, say you have two people who suffer from the same type of illness, that one can be cured instantly and the other does not respond at all?’

The answer is as stated above, that one person is so hypnotized that the symptoms have been disguised and you think the person is cured instantly, while the second person is not so susceptible to hypnotic suggestions and so there is no change. Note, ‘hypnotic suggestions’ because healing, faith healing, etc., is basically of a hypnotic nature.

Question—‘Why is it that when I heal other people my hands become hot, but when I give myself healing they become ice cold?’

Answer—When you are healing, or trying to heal, another person you are giving a hypnotic suggestion that he gets better, but you are also giving excess prana which you have available, so the passage of this prana makes your hands become hot. Naturally you cannot give your own prana to yourself because you already have it, and so you are, in effect, invoking the law of reversed effort and merely depleting your own energy and so your hands become cold.

This healing power, so-called, is basically hypnotic and being able to put over an acceptable suggestion to a susceptible person. But healing power is also possessing a large amount of etheric energy which we will call prana, and if you have this energy you may, if you are versed in such things, be able to convey it to another person. It is like having a car which is stuck on a cold morning because the battery is low. The car won’t run because the battery is too low to turn over the starting motor, so then another car comes along and the driver gets out and he connects his battery to the discharged battery of the stalled car. Then there is a large flow of energy and the stalled car starts right away. That should give you an idea of how this transference of energy takes place.

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CHAPTER ELEVEN

We seem to be quite international. We have had questions so far from Africa, India, Iran, England, so let's get one from nearer home, one from Quebec. The question is about retarded children. 'What purpose does a child have who is born retarded, or even crippled or blind? I know that nothing is ever in vain, but I do not see the reason for all the retarded children we have in our society. I might sound cruel, but how can these poor souls learn anything? Are they not better off dead?'

Answer—Some of these retarded children are born in their retarded condition because before coming to the Earth they definitely chose that sort of life to gain that sort of experience. After all, how can you be acquainted with the sensations of a retarded child if you have never been one? And if you have never been a retarded child and recovered, how can you help retarded children?

Other retarded children are cases which could be greatly improved; they may be caused by carelessness at birth or simply by bad training, often by elderly parents. But invariably most of the latter class have a 'poor connection' with the Overself, and thus the messages are not properly relayed. Of course there are in the world many people who should be sent 'Home' just as one sends an animal 'Home' when it is obviously incurable, but it is one of those things which we just cannot do because public opinion is not yet in favor of it. In theory it is the best thing to kill a person who is mentally retarded—in theory. In actuality it would be impossible to distinguish between those who were incurable for the purpose of learning, and those who actually are learning nothing but bitterness. There is a further point, and it is this; the person who is incurable today and so a candidate for euthanasia might be cured tomorrow or next week by the advancing sciences.

A nice question, this, one which I am sure you will like.

It is—"To what extent should one be forgiving? The Bible says "An eye for an eye and a tooth for a tooth," but this is inhuman. The man Jesus said to forgive seventy times seven, yet this is impossible in today's life. How much tolerance should one give?"

Well, this is an answer which might make certain old ladies of either sex blush, but I have a rough rule for how much one should take. I know all about 'turning the other cheek', but really, you know, we have only four cheeks, two in front and two behind. When all four have been slapped then it is time to slap back—much harder—and stop the nonsense once and for all, because to continually sit back meek and mild and take all the abuse which is hurled at one is just to prove oneself a ninny and a weakling and not worthy of any consideration at all.

We should consider, are we man or mouse? If we are mouse, then squeak to your heart's delight but run back into the wood—work out of the way. If you are a man—or mankind—then if people go beyond certain limits it is foolish to tolerate any more.

'Dr. Rampa,' the letter started, 'you can look into the Akashic Record, you know

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what is going on. Tell me, what was the truth about the Shakespeare affair? Did Shakespeare write his books, or what?’

Yes, for those who know how and who know how not to abuse it, the Akashic Record is available—for special purposes. But it doesn’t really matter who Shakespeare was or why there is all the mystery, but here are some absolute facts.

The poor farmer’s boy who was later to be known as Shakespeare, had a very great attribute. He had a ‘frequency’ which was entirely compatible with an entity who needed to come to the Earth to do a special task. so the boy who was to be known as Shakespeare was watched very carefully, watched as the careful gardener watches the blooming of a rare and precious plant. At the appropriate moment arrangements were made whereby the entity then inhabiting the body of the person who was to be known as Shakespeare, the author, was released from what to him had become tiresome bondage. He didn’t like a life of poverty, a life of hardship, and so it was easy to arrange that the entity controlling Shakespeare left—relinquished his control—and passed on elsewhere.

The entity who had this special task to do and who for some considerable time had been seeking a suitable vehicle because it is so wasteful for such high entities to have to come down and be reborn and risk losing much knowledge through the traumatic experience of birth the entity looked for a suitable grown host, and when the time was ripe the body was vacated by one and instantaneously re-occupied by the other.

Now there was a giant intellect in the body of the poor peasant, a giant intellect which had some considerable difficulty in adjusting to the confined space, in adjusting to the limited convolutions of the brain. And so for a little time there was a period of stasis during which no creative work was done. Then the giant entity controlling the peasant body set forth to London, set forth to explore, to become accustomed to the new body, and to overcome its gaucheries.

With the passage of time, and as increasing familiarity had been acquired over the body and over the brain, the entity began its task, writing immortal classics. But the writings were obviously impossible to an author of that body’s apparent upbringing. So it is throughout the years there have been doubts, skepticisms, and wild surmises about who was Shakespeare, who wrote the works of Shakespeare.

The answer? The entity who took over the body of Shakespeare wrote those works because that was his task, and having accomplished his task he departed, leaving behind him what to many is an enigma, a problem without solution. Yet if mankind would only listen to others who have had similar experiences, they too would be able to consult the Akashic Record and know something of the true marvels amid which we live.

Here is another question which may be of some interest. It is, ‘When you say patience is needed to achieve astral travel do you mean, weeks, months, or years? Or does the period vary widely according to the person concerned, the amount of time they have been practicing, and the individual latent ability?’

Actually astral travel is done by all of us. Most people are unconscious of it, and

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when they have an experience which they dimly remember in the morning they put it down as a dream or imagination.

Astral traveling, or rather, learning to astral travel, is much the same as learning to ride a bicycle. Really it sounds quite impossible that anyone should ever learn to ride on two wheels, and as for those unicycle things——! Well people can learn to ride a bicycle or a unicycle.

People can learn to walk a tightrope, and there is no set time for how long it will take one to become proficient. It is only a knack. If you believe you can ride a cycle, then you can ride a cycle. If you believe you can walk a tightrope or a slack rope either, then you can do so. It is the same with astral travel. It is not possible to set out a list of exercises on how you start to astral travel. How would you tell a person the manner in which he should learn to ride a bicycle? How would you tell a person how he would learn to use roller skates? Besides the obvious one of tying a cushion to his posterior, that is. And again, how would you teach a person how to breathe so that he could live? Breathing is a natural thing, we just do it. We are not always conscious of doing it, are we? We are only conscious of breathing when there is some difficulty. We are not conscious of astral traveling, either, most of us, but it is just as easy as breathing, just as easy as riding a bicycle.

The main thing is that you should decide that you are going to astral travel consciously. The emphasis is on the word 'consciously'. Unfortunately the word 'imagination' has a bad name. People think that to imagine a thing is to pretend something which does not exist. Perhaps we should say 'visualize' instead. So to start astral travel you should go to bed—alone, of course, and in a room alone also. You should rest in any position whatever so long as it is comfortable. If you could stand on your head that would be quite all right if you found it comfortable. But if you want to lie on your back, on your side, on your front, so long as it is comfortable, that is all you need do. If you find it comfortable then it is all you need.

So—lying down comfortably, make sure that your breathing is complete, that is, slow, and deep, and even, naturally, comfortably, not forced. Lie like that for a few moments, collecting your thoughts. Then with the light out visualize yourself as a body within a body, visualize you are in a body withdrawing from your outer body in much the same way as you would withdraw your hand from the glove which encompassed it.

Form a mental picture of your body just as you are lying on the bed. Do you have pajamas on? Then visualize them, even to the stripes or patterns or flowers. Do you have a nightdress? Visualize that precisely as it is. Do you have pretty little bows and laces round the neck? Well be sure you visualize them. Or are you one of those hardy souls who sleeps like a peeled banana?

Well, visualize yourself just as you are. And then go on with your visualization to imagine (sorry! VISUALIZE) your astral form to be absolutely identical with the outer form. Visualize this body sliding out of the flesh body and rising up so that it is about an inch or two above the flesh body. Hold it there, just concentrate on visualizing what it is like. If you are a girl you will have long hair, but that is a mistake because boys, too,

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seem to have long hair nowadays. But, anyway, if you have long hair visualize it hanging down. Is it touching the face of the flesh body? Then push it up a few inches. Visualize that body as a solid creation. Look at it from the top, from the ends, and from underneath so that you get a complete picture, a solid picture of it. Then let yourself feel satisfaction. You are out of the body. Do you feel the astral body swaying up and down slightly? Be careful, if it sways too much you will have a dreadful feeling of falling, and then you will slam back into your flesh body again with a horrid 'bonk' which will jerk you back to being just in bed.

Be satisfied for the moment thinking of your body, your astral body, floating a little way just above your flesh body. Then gradually visualize the astral body sinking back inside the flesh body just as you would slide your hand into a glove.

Try that for a night or two until you can hold the visualization strongly, and when you can do that go further. You have got out of your body. You are floating just above your flesh body. Think—where do you want to go?

Do you want to go and see Dr. Armand Legge, the doctor who gave you such a bad medical report, or something? Alright, you know what he is like. Think of him, think of yourself traveling, think of yourself arriving. If you can do it like this you can just tickle him on the back of his neck. He will become frightfully uncomfortable! But perhaps it's a little unkind to tell you of a trick like that.

Do you want to think of your girl friend? Well, you can go and see your girl friend, too, if you want to. But remember if you have the wrong thoughts in your mind about what you are going to see you will find that until you've got an awful lot of practice you'll end up back in your body with a hearty slap. What happens is this; you get out of your body, you think you will go and see some girl friend or someone whom you would like to have as a girl friend. You know it's her bath time and you want to see if she has any moles on her birthday suit. You get there, but her aura detects your presence and alerts her subconscious. Her consciousness may feel uneasy, she may keep looking over her shoulder or something, she may wonder if the landlord is peeping through the keyhole. She won't see you, but her aura will sense you and the subconscious will rise and give you such a bonk that you will forget all that you have seen and you will be chased back to your body with more of a shock than you thought possible.

Only when your thoughts are pure can you intrude on a person's privacy like this, and to those people who write in and ask how they can peep at their girl-friends at the wrong time—well, the answer is, for your own sake don't. You will get pretty rough treatment.

Practice this visualization. It is an easy thing indeed. When you can visualize it, then you can do it, so how long it is going to take depends upon you, upon how quickly you can realize the truth. The truth is that you do astral travel, but because of civilized conditioning, etc., you do not always realize it, you do not always remember it, and when you do remember it most times you pass it off as imagination, a dream, or as wishful thinking. As soon as you accept the reality of astral travel then you can sincerely visualize astral travel. And when you can sincerely visualize astral travel, then, believe me, you

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can do it because it is far more simple than getting up off a chair, it is far more simple than picking up a book. Astral travel is basic, it is part of a living person's birthright, no matter whether it be a horse, a monkey, a human, or a cat—every one does astral travel; but how quickly you do it consciously—that depends, on you.

Curiouser and curiouser; the very next question is: 'You say that in the astral everything shimmers, but to me everything shimmers always. Is it because I wear glasses?'

When you are in the astral everything shimmers because it is full of life, full of vitality. If you are doing it properly you can see little speckles of light around you. You see as if everything was in a shaft of sunlight. No doubt you have been on some grimy railroad station and had a shaft of sunlight peer in through a murky window. In the shaft of sunlight you have seen little specks floating about. Well, in the astral everything is like that, you are in perpetual sunlight, and everything shimmers with the vitality of life. It is the opposite of being in smog. In the astral, by the way, bad sight does not matter. It does not matter if you are blind. In the astral you have all your senses. You can hear and see, you can smell, and you can feel. A hundred per cent efficiency every time. So why not try astral travel? It is easy and it is natural. And, finally, astral travel is utterly, utterly safe. You cannot get hurt, and so long as you are not afraid no harm of any kind can happen to you. if you are are afraid, well you are just wasting energy. There is nothing to it except that. The only thing is, if you are afraid you are dissipating your energy needlessly, and—you are slowing down your vibrations so much that you are making it difficult to stay in the astral in the same way that an aeroplane that loses its forward speed sinks. You don't want to sink, do you? All right then, don't be afraid. There is nothing of which to be afraid!

So the questions come rolling in ad infinitum, add two and two together. The old typewriter goes clacking away and the pages come churning out—not churning out really because everything is thought out, but with a bit of practice typing comes fast. So the pages come out anyway, which means as there are more and more pages there is less and less room for further questions. So let us answer just one more question in this chapter. Here is a good one:

'You tell us that when we are on Earth we are only one-tenth conscious, but from what we read in your books it does appear that we are less conscious than are beings who inhabit other planets; the Gardeners of the Earth, as one example, either are in possession of one hundred per cent awareness or they must have greater power than Earth people or is it that in their third dimensional state they could be more than one-tenth conscious? Their intellect and technical knowledge seem to be so far beyond ours not only their intellect but their compassion and understanding. Can you explain this please?'

Yes, sure, nothing to it. On this Earth we are upon one of the most measly of little dust spots in the Universe. You see, there are more planets, more worlds, than there are grains of sand upon all the sea-shores of the Earth and you can throw in for good measure all the sand on the seabed too, because the number of universes is beyond human comprehension. If you get a bit of dirt beneath your nail and you look at it all beneath a microscope you find there are thousands of bits of dirt. But then think of all the stuff on

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the surface of your body, think also that no matter how this 'dirt' appears to you, yet still it is formed of the basic carbon molecule. So, piece of dirt beneath a nail, how are you going to imagine how many molecules—how many worlds—there are in one human body? And having decided upon that, how about all the other human bodies, the animal bodies, the bodies on other worlds, etc.

Upon this world we are one-tenth conscious, but upon other worlds people may be several more tenths conscious. But if they were even one-twentieth conscious they could still be far more intelligent than the people of Earth.

The Gardeners of the Earth are not just three-dimensional people living somewhere out there in space ready to slap down an intruding astronaut or cosmonaut. They are in a different dimension also, and of course their technical abilities are so far above that of humans that humans to them would be like a particularly scruffy microbe sitting on a particularly scruffy piece of dirt.

The big difficulty is that upon this Earth we have to live and deal with three dimensional terms, so how is one to describe things which happen perhaps in nine or more dimensions?

So, to answer the question—yes, upon this Earth we are only one-tenth conscious. And, yes, we are less conscious than are beings who inhabit superior planets, even if, by chance, they also should be only one-tenth conscious.

Yes, the Gardeners of the Earth are much more conscious, and they are also much more conscious in many more dimensions. They have worked their way up from what we are now, and yet above them there are higher beings and to them the Gardeners of the Earth are just as we appear to the Gardeners of the Earth. But if we adopt the correct law, and that law is that we should do that which we would have others do unto us, then we too can climb our way up to the state of the Gardeners of the Earth and from thence onwards. The best way to explain it is to take the R.A.F. motto, 'Through Hardship to the Stars.'

CHAPTER TWELVE

Henrietta Bunn glowered gloomily as she looked at her friend. 'Can't understand this author,' she complained, 'here am I trying to study his books and there is no Index. How does he expect one to find a thing again—read all the books?' Her breath trailed off into a series of muttered fulminations as she flipped the pages as well as her lid.

Her friend, Freda Prizner, smiled indulgently, 'Well, you know, Hen,' she replied, 'I read his books for pleasure. The thought of STUDY turns me off and I want someone to Turn me On!' She sighed and added, 'But you got something there, girl, all books should have indexes so you can look up what you want to avoid.'

The poor wretched Author groaned as he wriggled in discomfort on his hard steel bed. What DO people want? he wondered. First, it is a 'sin' to use too many I's—and after all, am I not entitled to an I or two more than average? There is "The Third Eye", you

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know! But now Readers (bless their hearts—one to each Reader!) want an Index!!! The Old Author felt his pangs and pains increase at the mere thought.

Deep in the Heart of the United States where the Buffaloes no longer roam (the Elks having taken over instead) a most brilliant and talented woman was hard at work. With one husband—she says it is enough! —and two children—she says it is too many as they are boys!—to look after, she **STILL** found time to compile An Index. Out of the blue it came, well no, this is a **TRUE** book. Out of a mailman's mail sack it came. A package. The Old Author's fumbling fingers easily unwrapped the parcel because it had already been opened by Canada Customs (a very **BAD** custom they have). Inside—**INSIDE**—yes, you guessed it. **THERE** was An Index.

Mrs. Maria Pien is a brilliant woman, talented and capable. Yet no one is perfect; even she has a fault. Her writing is minute, and the Old Author has rapidly failing sight. So to read Mrs. Pien's writing a **STRONG** magnifying glass is used. She missed her vocation; her natural work should be to write books on the head of a pin.

Thank you, Mrs. Pien, for your greatly-appreciated work. Thank you, Miss Sekeeta Siamese Pien, for keeping her up to it.

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In the interest of space, the initials of the title are used, thus:

The Third Eye = TE

Doctor from Lhasa = DFL

The Rampa Story = RS

Cave of the Ancients = CA

Living with the Lama = LWL

You-Forever = YF

Wisdom of the Ancients = WA

The Saffron Robe = SR

Chapters of Life = ChL

Beyond the Tenth = BT

Feeding the Flame = FTF

The Hermit = TH

The Thirteenth Candle = TC

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More yet—now you get the ‘Wise Sayings’ as a bonus, too!

WISE SAYINGS

It is better to light a candle than to curse the darkness. FTF 6

The more you know the more you have to learn. FTF 9

Never reply to criticism; to do so is to weaken your case. FTF 26

Everything that exists has motion. FTF 27

Without extremes how can there be anything? FTF 27

It is not bad to have extremes, it just means that two
points are separated from each other as far as they can be. FTF 27

The right path is close at hand yet mankind searches for it afar. FTF 41

Success is the culmination of hard work and thorough preparation. FTF 56

A hundred men may make a camp; it takes a woman to make a home. FTF 70

Time is the most valuable thing a man can spend. FTF 87

Injure others and you injure yourself. FTF 107

If people would plan their days properly and stick to the plan, there would be adequate time for everything. This is the Voice of Experience because I practice what I teach—successfully! FTF 119

If you don't scale the mountain you can't view the plain. FTF 120

Remember, the turtle progresses only when he sticks out his neck. FTF 138

The gem cannot be polished without friction, nor man perfected without trials. FTF 155

A man has to hold his mouth open a long time before a roasted partridge flies into it. FTF 172

If you don't believe in others how can you expect others to believe in you? FTF 184

Divide the enemy and you can rule the enemy, stay united yourself and you can defeat a

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divided enemy, The enemy can well be indecision, fear, and uncertainty. SR 87

Humans—man and woman—must try to live with each other exercising tolerance, patience, and selflessness. ChL 187

By keeping pure thoughts, we keep out unpure thoughts, we strengthen that to which we return when we leave the body. SR 194

One can ask in prayer that one shall be able to assist others because through assisting others one learns oneself, in teaching others one learns oneself, in saving others one saves oneself. One has to give before one can receive, one has to give of oneself, give of one's compassion, of one's mercy. Until one is able to give of oneself, one is not able to receive from others. One cannot obtain mercy without first showing mercy. One cannot obtain understanding without first having given understanding to the problems of others. SR 196

Return good for evil and fear no man, and fear no man's deed, for in returning good for evil and giving good at all times, we progress upwards and never downwards. YF 22

To the pure, all things are pure. YF 55

Whatever you believe you are, that you are. Whatever you believe you can do, that you can do. YF 77

Be still and know that I am within. YF 90

Give that you may receive. YF 102

What a person fears, that he persecutes. YF 109

We fear that which we do not understand. YF 112

When we are on the other side of death we are living in harmony. YF 117

'Unless you be as little children you cannot enter into the kingdom of heaven' should read:

'If you have the belief of a child uncontaminated by adult disbelief you can go anywhere at any time.' YF 120

Dreams are windows into another world. YF 128

If you keep on telling yourself that you are going to succeed, you will succeed, but you will only succeed if you keep on with your affirmation of success and not let doubt (the negative faith) intrude. YF 144

We must at all times cultivate inner composure, cultivate tranquil manner. YF 150

The distilled essence of all that we learn upon Earth is that which makes us what we are going to be in the next life. YF 150

Ask yourself: will any of these matters, any of these worries, be important in fifty or a hundred years time? YF 153

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The more good you can do to others, the more you gain yourself. YF 154

If you think peace, you will have peace. YF 155

We must be at peace within ourselves if we are going to progress. YF 156

With inner composure and faith you can do ANYTHING. YF 164

As we think today so we are tomorrow. YF 166

If you are showing the effects of strain it means that you do not have the correct perspective. YF 169

If you work too hard you are so busy thinking about the hard work you are putting in that you have no time to think about the results you hope to obtain. YF 169

It is well to remember that in any battle between the imagination and the will power, the imagination always wins. YF 175

The only thing to be afraid of is of being afraid. YF 180

If you control your imagination by building up faith in your own abilities, you can do anything. YF 180

There is no such thing as 'impossible'. YF 180

As you think, so you are. YF 184

We should forgive those that trespass against us, and we should seek the forgiveness of those against whom we trespass. We should always remember that the surest way to a good Karma is to do to others as we would have them do to us. YF 185

In the eye of God all men are equal, and in the eye of God all creatures are equal whether they be horses or cats, etc. YF 185

We should at all times show great care, great concern, great understanding for those who are ill or sorrowing or are afflicted, for it may be that our task is to show such care and understanding. YF 185

The sick person may well be far more evolved than are you who are healthy, and in helping that sick person you could indeed help yourself immensely. YF 186

Sorrowing unduly for those who have 'passed over' causes them pain, causes them to be dragged down to Earth. YF 190

Just as we should do as we would be done by we should give full tolerance, full freedom to another person to believe and worship as he or she thinks fit. YF 195

Failure means that you were not really strong in your resolution to do this or not do that! YF 213

The beggar of today might be the prince of tomorrow, and the prince of today might be the beggar of tomorrow. YF 216

Do not at any time inflict your own opinion on others. YF 217

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Those who talk least hear most. WA 120

The mind is like a sponge which soaks up knowledge. WA 81

Peace is the absence of conflict internally and externally. WA 99

This world, this life is the testing place wherein our spirit is purified by the suffering of learning to control our gross flesh body. CA 33

There can be an evil man in a Lamasery just as there can be a saint in prison. CA 47

We came to this world to suffer that our Spirit may evolve. Hardship teaches, pain teaches, kindness and consideration do not. CA 62

Fear corrodes the Soul. CA 141

Life follows a hard and stony path, with many traps and pitfalls, yet if one perseveres the top is attained. CA 145

The greatest force in the world is imagination. CA 181

Let your conscience be your guide. CA 188

Never despair, never give up, for right will prevail. CA 188

You cannot have a cultured man unless that man has been disciplined. CA 196

It is a sad fact that we learn only with pain and suffering. CA 197

There must be love between the parents if the best type of child is to be born. CA 203

Almost any couple could live together successfully provided they learn this matter of give and take. CA 203

Do not quarrel or be at variance with each other, for the child absorbs the attitude of the parents. The child of unkind parents becomes unkind. CA 210

The master always comes when the student is ready. CA 223

Iron ore may think itself senselessly tortured in the furnace, but when the tempered blade of finest steel looks back it knows better. RS 14

He who listens most learns most. RS 96

Race, creed, and colour do not matter, all men bleed red. RS 138

Imagination is the greatest force on Earth. RS 149

It is not good to dwell too much upon the past when the whole future is before one. DFL 43

It is better to rest with a peaceful mind than to sit like a Buddha and pray when angry. TE 58

It is a sad thing that people condemn that which they do not understand. ChL 137

There is a definite occult law which says that you cannot receive unless you are first

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ready to give. ChL 200

'Let there be light' means 'lift the Soul of man out of darkness that he may perceive the Greatness of God'. ChL 209

Death to Earth is birth into the Astral World. BT 20

All depends upon your attitude, upon your frame of mind because as we think so we are. BT 64

This Earth is just a speck of dust existing for the twinkle of an eye in what is real time. FTF 24

Everyone has to be an island unto himself. FTF 48

Suicide is never justified. FTF 64

Your body is just a vehicle, a vehicle whereby your Overself can gain some experience on Earth. FTF 76

Man, when evolved, can have his 'service' within himself, anywhere, at any time, without having to be herded and congregated like mindless yaks. TH 10

The more a man's spirituality the less his worldly possessions. TH 11

One without eyes is particularly helpless, completely at the mercy of others, at the mercy of EVERYTHING. TH 15

Man is temporary, man is frail, life on Earth is but illusion and the Greater Reality lies beyond. TH 43

Appearances can be misleading. TH 48

Rumours are never reliable. TH 91

Some of us are doing our best in very difficult circumstances and our hardships were to encourage us to do better and climb upwards, for there is always room at the top! TH 98

This is the shadow life. If we do our task in THIS life we shall go to the REAL life hereafter. I know that for I have seen it. TH 103

Time upon Earth is just a flickering in the consciousness of cosmic time. TH 108

Learn to endure hunger now. Learn fortitude now. Learn always to have a positive approach NOW, for during your life you will know hunger and suffering; they will be your constant companions. There are many who will harm you, many who will attempt to drag you down to their level. Only by a positive mind—always positive—will you survive and surmount all these trials and tribulations which inexorably will be yours. Now is the time to learn. ALWAYS is the time to practice what you learn now. So long as you have faith, so long as you are Positive, then you can endure the worst assaults of the enemy. TH 117

No man is given more than he can bear, and man himself chooses what tasks he shall perform, what tasks he shall undergo. TH 117

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One of the main troubles of this world is that most people are negative. TH 155

If people would always think POSITIVELY there would be no trouble with the world, for the negative condition comes naturally to people here, although it actually takes more effort to be negative. TH156

Man upon Earth is an irrational figure given to believing that which is not so in preference to that which is. TC 33

You may get a very good person who gets a lot of pain and you-the onlooker-may think it is unfair that such a person should have such suffering, or you may think that the person concerned is paying back an exceedingly hard Karma. But you could be wrong. How do you know that the person is not enduring the pain and suffering in order to see how pain and suffering can be eliminated for those who come after? Do not think that it is always paying back Karma. It may possibly be accumulating good Karma. TC 104

We have to manage on our own, everyone of us. It is wrong to join cults and groups. We have to stand alone, and if Man is to evolve Man must be alone. TC 108

This is the Age of Kali, the Age of Disruption, the Age of Change when mankind stands at the crossroads deciding to evolve or devolve, deciding whether to go upwards or whether to sink down to the level of the chimpanzee. And in this, the Age of Kali, I have come in an attempt to give some knowledge and perhaps to weigh a decision to Western man and woman that it is better to study and climb upwards than to sit still and sink down into the slough of despond. TC 112

You can be reaching for Buddhahood whatever your station in life. The only thing to go on is-how do you live? Do you live according to the Middle Way, do you live according to the rule that you should do as you would have others do unto you? If so, then you are on the road to Buddhahood. TC 118

We came to this Earth for the purpose of developing our Immortal Soul. TC 127

'We come to this Earth knowing before we come what our problems will be, knowing what hardships we shall have to undergo, and if we commit suicide then we are running out on arrangements which we ourselves made for our own advancement.' TC 128

Anything you do here benefits your Overself and so benefits you because you are the same thing. TC 133

Without the Press causing race hatred there would not be so much trouble between the different colors of humans. TC 139

If you are afraid, you are dissipating your energy needlessly. TC 153

DO AS YOU WOULD HAVE OTHERS DO UNTO YOU

THE END

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